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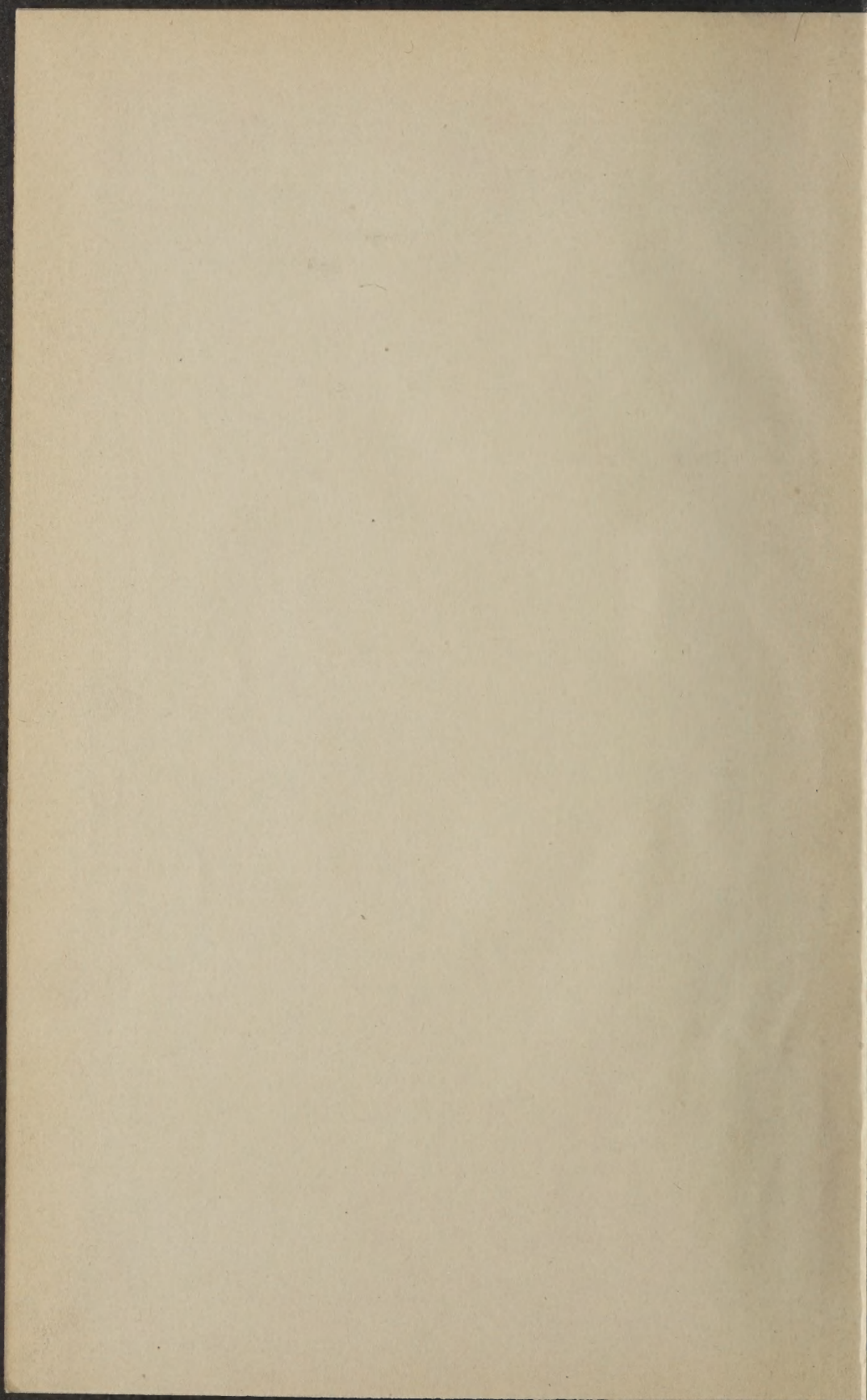
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The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast



January, 1923

The Greatest of Outdoor Sports



"Let's have a run," someone suggested in Sam McPherson's store, the San Diego, California, dealer. This is part of the bunch that turned out four days later.



Two to nothing in favor of San Francisco, was the score of this thrilling motorcycle polo game between the Reno, Nevada, and San Francisco Motorcycle Club teams.



All that's left to do is to collect the bounty. Wolf hunting is a paying sport. Twenty-five dollars plus the hide makes a pretty good day's wages.

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George "Usco" Ellis and his sidecar passenger, Harold Haskard, arrive in Chicago.

How I Cut Eleven Hours Off the Boston-Chicago Record

By George "Usco" Ellis

George Ellis is one of the country's best known motorcyclists. His nickname, "Usco," dates back to the time he was with the United States Rubber Company. George has been a Harley-Davidson salesman since August 1st.

At the time I received word from the factory to make arrangements to be in Milwaukee November 27th to attend the service school, I was traveling snow-covered roads in northern Vermont. The call to the factory was welcome because the weather was cold, the roads were full of ruts and frozen, which made going rather tough. The thermometer at Waldon, Vermont, held the red fluid at 14 points above zero.

As I was rolling along headed for Boston my thoughts wandered back to my trip to Chicago which I made just a year ago with a four cylinder sidecar out-

fit without passenger when I established the first Boston-Chicago record of fifty-five hours and ten minutes actual riding time. My elapsed time was around one hundred hours.

In my travels throughout my New England territory, I was often asked by riders and dealers when I was going to attempt to lower my Boston-Chicago record with a Harley-Davidson. In the three months I travelled for the Harley-Davidson Motor Co. I learned to depend on the stamina and dependability of the 1923 electrically equipped 74 cubic inch twin. It was only natural, therefore, the thought came to my mind why not ride to the factory service school and at the same time lower my old record.

I felt that a little salesmanship on my part might win the factory's approval of my plan, so I wrote a letter to Mr. T. A.

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Miller, domestic sales manager. In a few days I received a reply from Mr. Miller stating my run was under consideration and he would let me have his decision not later than Tuesday. That was on Wednesday, and from then on time hung heavy. If I only knew I was going to make the trip I could prepare for it, as it was drawing near the date to report at the factory school.

Factory Wires Consent

That week I decided to go home to Yonkers, New York, to visit my wife who was ill and the kiddies, for it would be a long four weeks before I would see them again. I returned to Boston Monday morning and hurried over to the factory's New England Branch. My eyes were crossed looking for the mailman to bring the letter with the good news to start on my record run. The only thing I received from him was a "Good morning, looks like rain."

Gloom turned to joy when a messenger boy opened the door and asked for Ellis. Boy, I was all thumbs and no fingers open-

ing the telegram. "Go ahead. Best of luck," wired the factory.

We Get Under Way

That was Monday, November 20th, and on Wednesday, November 22nd, at 6:05 A. M., I was on my merry way headed for Chicago and for the record.

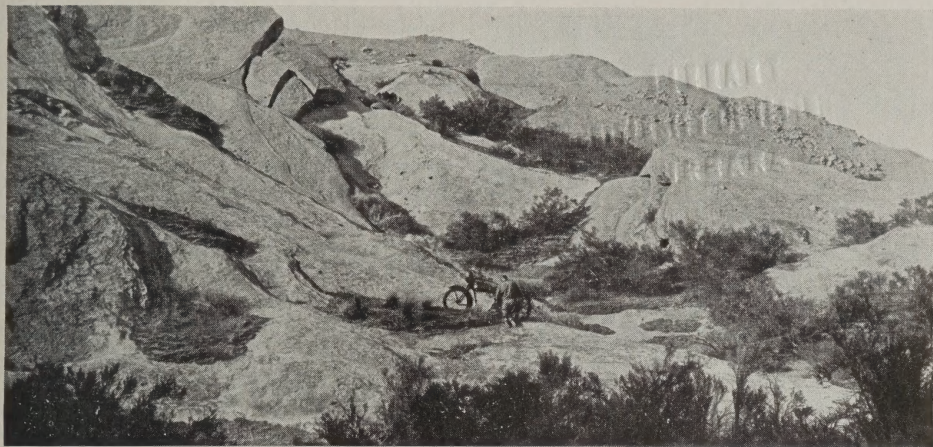
With the stage all set for an early start on Wednesday, I pulled into the hotel at 9 o'clock Tuesday night, and left word with the clerk to call me at five bells. I went to bed for a good night's sleep, but my brain refused to stop working, so I had very little sleep.

When the phone rang at five o'clock in the morning, I was all dressed and within five minutes was down at the desk checking out. The clerk told me that if I could ride a motorcycle as fast as I could get dressed, that I would break all records. I had breakfast at 5:30 and was over at the starting point getting on my riding clothes when Harold Haskard, my sidecar passenger, came along. We were to check out at 6 o'clock from George

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Bill Donovan of the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co. checking out "Usco" Ellis at Boston at 6:05 A. M. Wednesday morning, November 22.



Jack Fletcher starts taking the machine apart.

Caught in a Desert Death Trap

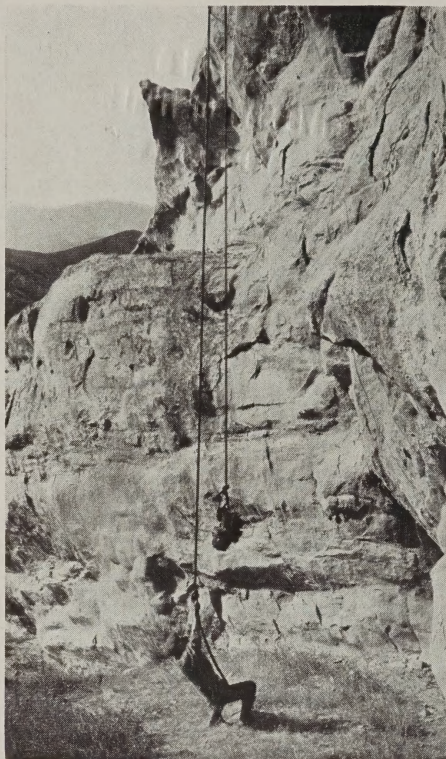
(Continued from the December Enthusiast)

By John E. Hogg

WE slept contentedly under our blankets that night, and awoke with the sunlight streaming among great black shadows over the surrounding rock cliffs. Both of us were so stiff and sore from the bruises and injuries received in our plunge over the cliff that we could scarcely move, but little by little managed to limber our battered muscles and joints until we were able to get about once more with no restriction greater than an occasional twinge of pain. We breakfasted, and while talking over our coffee, began to figure out a plan for getting back into the desert.

Meanwhile I had been studying the surrounding walls of the canyon, and it was only then that the first inkling of our real plight dawned upon me. The walls on all sides were almost straight up, and the floor of the gulch in which we found ourselves surpassed anything I have ever looked upon for rocky ruggedness. There were rocks as big as a city skyscraper all about us, and all of them fashioned and tilted into the most wierd and fantastic forms and positions imaginable. All of

the rocks within our range of vision were unquestionably of volcanic formation. As I observed this, I felt cold chills running up and down my spine as I came to a sickening realization that we were probably not in a waterworn canyon at all—but in all probability trapped in the crater of an extinct volcano. In that event, I mused, we're going to have a fine job getting out. With this fear virtually confirmed to my own satisfaction, I walked through the brush to the very lowest portion of the ravine, hoping against hope that I might find some traces of water having flowed through the place to bolster up my fading hope that we might be in a canyon. The ground for these fears was simply that I knew if we were in a canyon we would probably have little difficulty in making our way out, and in getting the machine out into the desert where we would be able to travel. On the other hand, if we were in a crater, getting out forecast some difficulties. We could unquestionably get out on foot, but if we could not get the machine out of the hole we would be afoot in the desert



—an utterly impossible journey from the nearest water, food or civilization!

Returning to our camp, I told my findings to Fletcher. He listened intently, and then with his usual optimistic attitude said: "Well, maybe you're right, but we'd better go easy on our water and provisions until we find out. We'll get out all right! We'll find some way to make it." For my own part, however, I could not be so hopeful. I had seen other desert craters and earthquake faults, and realized only too well that if we were in one like some I had seen, getting the motorcycle and sidecar out of the place was going to be a job somewhat like trying to get an automobile out of a mine-shaft, while without the machine we would be in as sorry a plight as if we were to fail in getting out of the hole ourselves.

Before going any further with the plans for our salvation, we decided to get the

sidecar outfit on its wheels, and determine whether or not the machine was beyond repair. If it were damaged beyond hope of our putting it in running order, we faced a prospect too horrible to even contemplate. The motorcycle sidecar outfit, with its reserve supplies of fuel, water and what equipment remained in it, weighed close to 1000 pounds, but with Fletcher's enormous strength we managed to lower it to the ground partially by brute force and awkwardness, and by cutting the brush out from under it. After getting the machine on the ground there was little difficulty in getting our shoulders under the sidecar and toppling the whole outfit on to its wheels. To our great delight the motor started with the first stroke on the starter, and a most detailed inspection showed no damage greater than a bent handlebar and a broken foot-board.

Chances for Getting Out Look Slim

With that much of the task accomplished, we set out to inspect the bottom of the chasm to see what our chances were for finding a way out. Disregarding the jumble of rocks at the bottom, the chasm appeared to be longer, and had more the appearance of being a canyon when considered from its extent to the east and west. From north to south it was so narrow as to have all the earmarks of a large canyon, but with walls so high and almost straight up that we knew it was useless to begin our search in either of those directions. Accordingly, we set out toward the west, figuring the while that if we could find an outlet in that direction we would be so much nearer our path of escape. An hour's walk, however, brought us under nothing but towering rock walls, and a few minutes later the worst of our fears were half realized when we came to the place where the walls closed in to form the end of the chasm. There was nothing to do but retrace our steps back to our camp, and then renew the search in the other direction. Prospecting this last remaining lead which seemed to offer us a ray of hope, it took us just forty minutes to

again find ourselves face to face with nearly straight-up walls of twisted rock, and to feel our last hope go glimmering! We were trapped, and we knew it—trapped just as completely as two mice that had fallen into an upright metal barrel.

Fletcher Loses Heart

We returned to the machine, and sat down to talk things over. Fletcher's usual cheerfulness and optimism had gone, and his expression was that of a man grave, serious and sorely troubled. "John," he said, as we sat down, "it looks as if we're marooned here for keeps. If we go out of here without the machine we'll only jump from the frying pan into the fire. I believe our only chance is to just sit tight until they miss us back at Bakersfield, and come out after us. They won't suspect anything is wrong with us until we're at least two days overdue. Then it would take them at least three days to get here, even if our tracks are not already drifted over with sand. It'll be five days before we could even hope for a rescuing convoy, and maybe not then. By that time we'll be down to our last drop of water and our last biscuit. After that, God only knows what's in store for us."

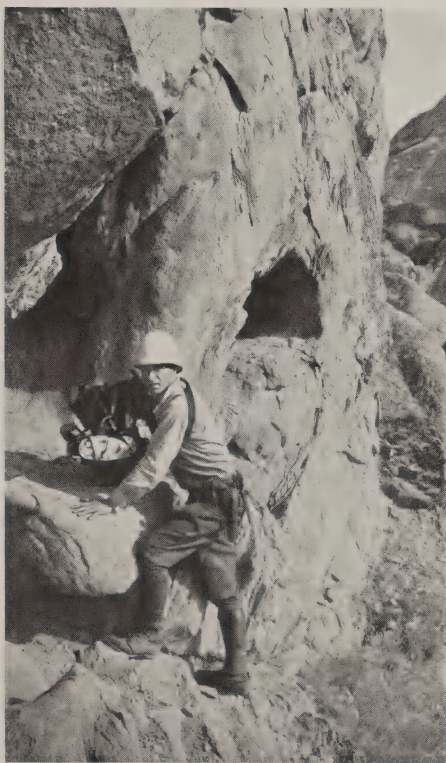
I Outline Two Plans

I agreed with Fletcher most emphatically that to go out of the chasm afoot, and attempt to walk to water or civilization was nothing short of suicide. "There's just two chances I can see, Jack, for getting ourselves out of this," I said. "The first of these chances is, to find water here in this hole. If we could find water in here we ought to be able to put out bases of supply between here and Owl Hole. We've got six six-quart canteens that can be used for the purpose, and we can also use the fuel tanks of the machine for packing water. We could pick up the cans as we go, and after getting over the 75 miles to Owl Hole, relay ourselves on to Paradise Spring in the same manner. Paradise Spring's 120 miles from Owl Hole, but if we can get there, it would be PARADISE for us, for it's only 32 miles from there to Bar-

stow, and we could make that easily. Barstow, you know, is the nearest outpost of civilization—on the transcontinental railroad, and from there we could get a train to Bakersfield. The other chance that I can see is to take the motorcycle and sidecar to pieces, lug it out of here, and reassemble it. I reckon it's a good five miles we'd have to pack the pieces, and we couldn't carry more than about fifty pounds at a time up these cliffs. The job would probably take us a week, and it would be working on short rations of food and water. Then if anything went wrong to seriously delay us we'd be done. As to our supply of food, I believe we could make it—but water is a different story. If we can find water in this place we'd be safe."

As I outlined these two plans, Fletcher's face brightened a bit. "All right, then," he said, "which will it be first—start tearing down the machine, or find water?"

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The Class in Motorcycles Recites

By "Hap" Hayes

FROM across the Atlantic Ocean way down in Albania in Southern Europe, as far west as Chehalis, Washington, as far south as Columbus, Georgia, and as far north as Welland, Canada, Harley-Davidson dealers, mechanics and mechanics-in-charge of police motorcycle equipment came to school here at the factory, during the first three weeks of December.

S. Mangeri came from Pogradec, Albania in southern Europe where there are few railroads and most of the traffic and travel is by oxen carts, automobile trucks or motorcycles. Mangeri can repair a motorcycle and at the same time carry on a conversation in seven different languages. No, dear reader, this does not include the language most of us use when the gasoline tank goes empty and the nearest gas station is five miles away. Mangeri is going back to his country in a few months and expects to be placed in charge of motor repair work for his government.

"Show me some snow. I want to take a picture of it with my camera." That's the way Felix Lawson in charge of the automotive equipment for the city of Columbus, Georgia, greeted Howard Jameson, chief instructor of the school, when

he checked in the first day. Almost three weeks went by and the second last day of the school, Lawson saw snow again for the first time in eleven years. Immediately, he and Jameson jumped into a sidecar outfit and rode out to one of the city parks. Lawson started snapping pictures of the rare and beautiful snow and he quit only when he used up all of his film. We hope the pictures turn out O. K. so Felix can give the natives back home a real thrill and can show some good pictures when he tells 'em about it.

Because of the condition of the roads and the great distance many of the boys had to travel, only one student rode to Milwaukee for the school. Victor Plum, a new Harley-Davidson dealer, rode solo from his home in Fairfax, Missouri. W. Nelson of Bartlesville, Oklahoma, another of the recent additions to the Harley-Davidson dealer family, also attended the school.

George "Usco" Ellis, Harley-Davidson salesman, who tells you how he did it in this issue of the Enthusiast, and his partner in speed, Harold Haskard, finished a course at the school after they broke the record. During the first few days of the school both George and Harold

had cracked lips—scars from their battle with the stinging winds—but by the end of the three weeks' course they recovered their normal beauty.

P. G. Tilson of Asheville, North Carolina was the attendance champion at this year's service school. This is Tilson's third term. Maybe he plans to start a school of his own some one of these days.

Canada was well represented. Fred Russell, dealer at Welland, Canada and H. J. Aldis who helps Walter Andrews, Toronto dealer, give his riders service, crossed the border on their way to school. Otto Erickson, Spencer, Iowa, and M. Brown, mechanic for Myron Affron, Newburgh, New York dealer, are world war veterans who took in the school as part of their Government Vocational training.

Roy Imboden, rode via Pullman for two days and two nights from Chehalis, Washington, to attend the school and get some helpful information so that he and his boss, R. E. Sullivan, can give their riders the best kind of service.

George Neidengard, Steubenville, Ohio, dealer, liked the school so much the last time he attended that he came back again this year.

A big banquet was held Friday night, December 15th, for all the students who completed the course. Walter Davidson, President of the Harley-Davidson Motor Company, "Bill" Harley, chief designer of your motorcycle, Joe Kilbert, manager of the factory service department, T. A. Miller, domestic sales manager, and Howard E. Jameson, chief instructor of the school, made short, snappy talks.

When the photo on the opposite page was taken, the air was brisk and snappy so all of the boys had a regular "School boy complexion." Here's the line up:

Standing: (Left to right) Lawrence Unbehaun, Toledo, O.; Geo. (USco) Ellis, Yonkers, N. Y.; P. G. Tilson, Asheville, N. C.; H. J. Haskard, Boston, Mass.; Felix Lawson, Columbus, Ga.; V. J. Plumb, Fairfax, Missouri; Fred Russell, Welland, Ont., Can.; Otto Erickson, Spencer, Ia.; S. Mangeri, Pograd, Albania; Roy Imboden, Chehalis, Washington; A. S. Neubauer, Fargo, N. D.; H. E. Jameson, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sitting: (Left to right) Joe Ryan, Milwaukee, Wis.; D. E. Goldsmith, Gary, Indiana; W. Nelson, Bartlesville, Okla.; H. J. Aldis, Toronto, Ont., Can.; G. W. Edwards, New York, N. Y.; E. A.



Czechoslovakia has its lady motorcycle enthusiasts, too. Here are Mrs. Harry Wagner-Reifensstuhl, wife of a prominent manufacturer in Graslitz, with her sister in the sidecar.

Kirk, Fairmont, W. Va.; L. F. Brouse, Toledo, Ohio; M. Brown, Newburgh, N. Y.; Ed. Nelson, De Kalb, Illinois.

Wins Many Perfect Scores in Atlanta Endurance Run

Out of thirteen Harley-Davidson riders entered in the Southeastern Sectional Endurance Run held December 1st, eight finished with perfect scores. A Harley-Davidson rider, Clarence Springs, also won the cup donated for the highest individual score. The run was held from Atlanta, Ga., to Columbia, S. C., and return, a distance of 524 miles in all. Twenty-nine riders started, and twenty-four finished, seventeen with perfect scores. The Harley-Davidson perfect scorers were: John S. Balmer, J. H. Hopkins, Wayman Boyles, B. A. Ponders, Clarence Springs, Cecil Gray, Ollis Parks, and Gene Dix.

Motorcycles are being used more and more for commercial work in Australia and New Zealand. Recently fourteen Harley-Davidsons were purchased in Sydney by the Postmaster General's Department.



No wonder Foley hurried home, with a family like this waiting for him.

Old Models Can be Fitted With New Type Manual Switch

THE new manual key switch and buzzer can now be furnished for machines fitted with centrifugal switches. This includes all electric models since 1918. The manual switch makes for easier starting because it provides positive connection between generator and battery as soon as it is turned on, insuring a hot spark as soon as the motor is turned over. This easy starting feature will be particularly appreciated at this time of the year.

To stop, you turn off the key. Should the motor be stopped by any other means than the switch, a warning buzzer sounds—an alarm that cannot be disregarded, and continues until the switch is turned off.

If you are interested, see your dealer about having a manual switch fitted to your machine. The cost will be very reasonable.

For the third successive year, Harley-Davidson has distinguished itself in South Africa by capturing the Webb Memorial 182-Mile Reliability Trial Trophy. This is one of the most important events of the year in South African motorcycling circles. This year a 1922 Harley-Davidson and sidecar tied with a solo machine for first place.

Battles Sand, Mud, Snow and Ice on Long Ride Home

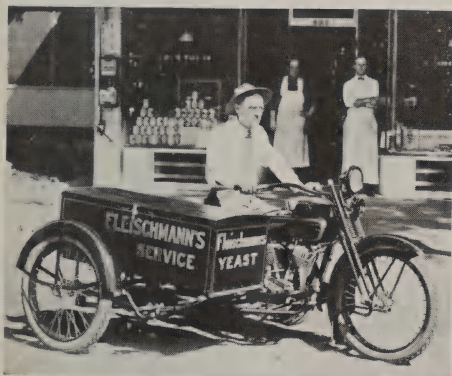
BATTLING snow and ice for miles and miles with the weather hovering around zero may not be particularly to the liking of O. C. Foley, Greenville, Tenn., but nevertheless when he found himself face to face with the necessity of doing so, he certainly put up a brave front. This necessity arose last November when Mr. Foley found himself stranded up in Pocatello, Idaho, and a hurry-up call home was received. He had his 1919 Harley-Davidson motorcycle with him and therefore did not intend to resort to trains, regardless whether it was the most favorable time of the year for touring or not. Nevertheless, he did not count on quite the stormy time he encountered.

Greenville, Tenn., is some 2500 miles from Pocatello, and the route Foley had to take was over roads that would have tried the patience of a saint. The first day or two he found himself floundering through stretches of deep sand and dust so heavy that for many hours he could not see ahead of him. While crossing through the Great Desert of Utah and Wyoming, not a car was in sight. No one, Foley said, wanted to take a chance on running into a desert snow. Two days later he ran into a snowstorm. The thermometer went down to 14 degrees below zero, and it was all he could do to keep going. Near Sayre, Okla., he ran into twelve miles of nothing but sand where many a car failed to get across. His Harley-Davidson finally got him through, however, as well as through a muddy stretch in Arkansas.

In winding up his account of the trip, Foley said: "Anybody can travel in the best time of the year on a good motorcycle, but when you have to take any kind of roads to keep out of snow, be sure the motorcycle is a Harley-Davidson—with a 74" motor for a sidecar."

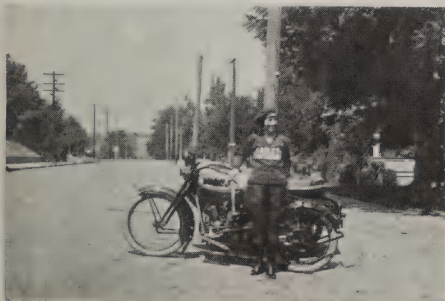
The American Motorcycle Club has just been organized in Brooklyn, N. Y., with twenty-two members, all M. & A. T. A. registered riders.

The photograph below is a picture of Mr. L. H. Bailey of Ft. Collins, Colo. Mr. Bailey is distributor for Fleischmann's Yeast in a large territory in northern Colorado and has found that his Harley-Davidson and sidevan furnish the best means of covering his territory. Since March he has been covering his routes with the machine, making an average of 75 miles per day, and has never missed a delivery. The van body is mounted on



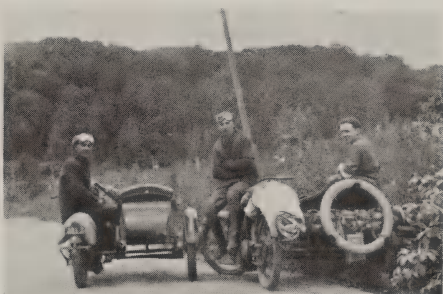
a regular passenger chassis and on week ends and holidays it is quickly detached and Mr. and Mrs. Bailey go touring.

No motorcycle rider is more popular around Roseburg, Ore., than Mrs. Frank Poole, who is the natty-looking young woman in the picture below. Mrs. Poole is proprietor of the Harley-Davidson Sales Agency and has the unique distinction of being the only woman motorcycle dealer in the United States. She takes a prominent part in all local motorcycle runs and activities.



Here's Leslie C. Trow, deputy sheriff of Bradford, N. H. Mr. Trow, who is also a Harley-Davidson sub-dealer at this location, neglected to give us any further information with this picture, but we gather from the expression on his face that he is getting ready for a pleasure jaunt rather than a criminal-hunt.

"Give us the life of campers—when we have a motorcycle," is the sentiment of



these riders of Sheboygan, Wis., who made a 1200-mile trip around the state and through Minneapolis and St. Paul last summer. There were four in the party, Frank N. Behrens, Ralph Thomas, William Johne, and Toney Stiglitz. They used two Harley-Davidson sidecar outfits, loading the tent, blankets and part of the cooking utensils on the one, while the other carried the tent poles, extra clothing, more utensils and food.



Temple, English Racer, Beats Eight World's Records

AT the Brooklands race track near London, England, October 4th, C. F. Temple and T. R. Allchin, riding a stock model Harley-Davidson, established eight new world's records. The records are as follows:

2 hours.....	163 miles, 606 yards.....	81.67 m.p.h.
3 hours.....	228 miles, 708 yards.....	76.13 m.p.h.
4 hours.....	307 miles, 361 yards.....	76.80 m.p.h.
5 hours.....	385 miles, 1,712 yards.....	77.19 m.p.h.
6 hours.....	444 miles, 849 yards.....	74.08 m.p.h.
200 miles...2 hrs., 30 mins., 32/30 sec.....		79.71 m.p.h.
300 miles...3 hrs., 53 mins., 3/22 sec.....		77.73 m.p.h.
400 miles...5 hrs., 10 mins., 41/22 sec.....		77.24 m.p.h.

Again, on October 11th, Temple and Allchin put up the following remarkable sidecar marks:

50 miles.....	40 mins., 36/59 sec.....	73.87 m.p.h.
100 miles.....	1 hr., 23 mins., 57/12 sec.....	71.47 m.p.h.
1 hour.....	73 miles, 1,018 yards.....	73.58 m.p.h.

Within the last few years, Temple, whose picture appears at the top of this column, has earned an enviable reputation in England as a motorcycle racer, winning many of the more important races held in that country.

Thirty-two motorcyclists of Marshalltown, Ia., were treated to a wild duck dinner recently when J. M. Johnson, the Harley-Davidson dealer, returned from a hunting trip in South Dakota.

Pennsylvania Rider Pulls Off Difficult Climbing Stunt

CLYDE Smith of South Williamsport, Pa., recently put over a mountain climbing stunt that promises to keep the natives talking for some time to come.

There are lots of mountains in that section of Pennsylvania, but one particular mountain near the city has always had the reputation of being the steepest and most difficult to climb. A flag pole stands on the very summit, but only a few daring individuals make the ascent yearly, and as for going up on a motor vehicle such a thing was never dreamed of.

The snapshot shown below gives a fair idea of the job Smith tackled and conquered. Logs, boulders, gullies, brush and sliding earth made the ascent anything but a joy ride. Six tire chains were broken on the way. However, the ascent of about a mile was made in an hour. Coming down was even more dangerous than going up. The descent was made in twenty minutes.

The local paper gave Clyde a big write-up on his performance, and the South Williamsport riders declare it's going to be a long time before his feat is duplicated.





The Lincoln, Nebr., motorcycle squad. From left to right: Joe Rymer, Kenneth Curran, and Major Gross, who figures in the story below.

How a Lincoln Motorcycle Officer Catches Speed Hounds

By Jack Casey, Police Reporter

"DRIVE up to the curb, please!" Many Lincoln motorists have heard this pleasant request, made by a uniformed man on a motorcycle, who has the habit of bobbing up most unexpectedly in unexpected places.

"But I didn't know I was going fast," is the usual retort.

"I am sorry," is always the answer of Motorcycle Officer Major Gross, "but you will have to tell that to the judge tomorrow morning. Name, please?"

Another minute, and all formalities disposed of—Zipp! off goes Speed Officer Gross after another speeder. It may be that he has to "hit it up" to 60 miles an hour, to overtake the offender, but unless an accident occurs the speeder's fate is certain.

Officer Gross has been chasing speeders on the streets of Lincoln since 1910, and can boast of being the oldest motorcycle officer in the state of Nebraska, in the point of service.

"So far in all my career as a motorcycle officer," Gross says, "not a single speeder has gotten away from me. Sometimes when I get after some cocky offender with a high powered car I have to chase him ten or fifteen miles into the country, but I get him. I'd go clear to Helena after one, before I'd let him go!"

"I can tell the speed of a car just by looking at it," says Gross, "I've been after 'em so long. Some of the drivers are pretty foxy nowadays and you've got to match your wits against theirs to get them sometimes. The drivers develop a keen eyesight after they have had a warning or two. It's laughable to see them put on brakes and slide tires when they spy me, and then try to appear unconcerned."

"I can tell from afar whether a speeder is approaching, and am usually ready to be off at once, when I detect one coming. I fall in behind the speeding car, and settle down to the speed the driver is maintain-



Nothing slow about this Harley-Davidson bunch, who copped four out of five events in the Second Annual Maryland Motorcycle Club Hill Climb.

ing, to get his exact mileage on my speedometer, which is a specially tested instrument. When I get the mileage, I close in on the offender.

"It's really amusing to see the surprise on the face of the drivers when they become aware of my presence," Gross confides. "Nearly always the driver will say, before I have a chance to open my mouth, 'Why I haven't speeded.' Every driver has an alibi. He was late to work, or for an appointment, and stepped on the gas; he had merely speeded up for a few feet to pass another car; foot slipped accidentally on to the accelerator; he was hurrying to catch a train or his speedometer wasn't working, or something else."

Gross has a method all his own in dealing with racing drivers. He will spy a race between two machines, and make for the rear auto. When he overtakes this, he forces it to stop, and then takes the driver's keys. Leaving the driver helpless to start the car, Gross goes after the other racer and overhauls him, and makes him return with him to the spot where the other driver is waiting.

The speed mania exists among all classes of people, according to Officer Gross. The millionaire banker in his Rolls-Royce, or Packard twin six, and the motorized hobo, in a dilapidated jitney, are each as prone to speed as the other. There is

little difference between people when it comes to speeding. Gross says he has arrested bankers, salesmen, ministers, tourists, students, taxi drivers, evangelists, editors, cartoonists, professors, flappers and every other class of speeder.

About his machine, Officer Gross says, "I use Harley-Davidsons entirely now. I have used several different makes, but the Harley-Davidson has stood tests which none of the others would."

Harley-Davidsons Make a Day of it at Maryland Climb

FOUR out of five events, and the fastest time of the day! November 30th was a day of thanksgiving indeed for the Harley-Davidson riders who took part in the Second Annual Thanksgiving Day Hillclimb of the Maryland Motorcycle Club. Four different men were responsible for "bringing home the bacon—and turkey," but to Gus Heinz goes the honors for making the fastest time of the day. His time was 7 2/5 seconds, and the event was the 80 Inch Open. Bert Heinz starred in the 37 Inch Event, while W. W. West-erfield took the 61 Inch Novice, and Frank Kotmair won in the 74 Inch Class with the time of 7 3/5 seconds. The climb was at Hereford, twenty miles from Baltimore, and was well attended by both motorcyclists and automobilists.

How I Cut Eleven Hours Off the Boston-Chicago Record

(See Page 4)

Cliff's, the Boston dealer's store. Many little things, however, came up at the last minute and we were a little late in getting started.

"Bill" Donovan, manager of the New England Cycle Tire Department for the B. F. Goodrich Tire & Rubber Company, checked us out at 6:05 A. M. and we were on our merry way. "Goodbye and good luck," were his parting words.

We headed for Worcester, Mass., with Fred Norquist, our pilot, in the lead. The weather was cold and dreary with a head on wind which I was in hopes would die down when the sun came up. Fred hit a fast pace until we reached Marlboro. Then he waved goodbye. At Worcester, we were greeted by O. T. Sheldon who loaned me an aviator's mask. We stopped there only a moment.

Break Boston to Springfield Record

Springfield, Mass., was our next big city to mark off the map. The wind was still blowing hard and the weather was very snappy. To riders who have driven over the stretch between Worcester and Springfield, I need not explain the condition of the road, but to those who are not familiar with it, will say that it is like riding on the top of a table. With everything on but the brakes and what seemed to both Harold and me, all the wind in the country against us, we pulled into Springfield, a distance of one hundred miles from Boston, in two hours and twenty minutes, setting a new Boston to Springfield record. Much to our surprise, George Everett who was supposed to meet us, was not to be seen. As he later explained he did not expect us to be there much before 8:30 or 8:45 but we fooled him that time.

In New York, my home state, I felt at ease. Owing to my wife's illness, I did not let her in on my record-breaking plans. However, I stopped at Yonkers to say goodbye. This took about ten minutes of my time, but I did not deduct it from my elapsed time as I figured this was a personal matter and should not be



"Roast duck for dinner," said the bill of fare. Noon check of first annual Turkey Run held by the Greater Milwaukee Motorcycle Club.

included in the run. Not counting these ten minutes, would have brought my actual riding time down to forty-three hours flat.

We checked in New York City, at the Forty-second Street Ferry, a distance of two hundred fifty-two miles from Boston in the record breaking time of seven hours and ten minutes. You want to stop and consider, too, the many large cities that we had to pass through. W. H. Parsons, editor of "Motorcycle and Bicycle Illustrated" was at the Ferry to check us in and out.

At Philadelphia, we were met by Jes Campbell, the local dealer, and a half dozen riders. Jes did not look for our coming for at least another hour. We arrived in Philadelphia at 4:10 P. M. Jes escorted Harold and myself to a nearby restaurant where we had a couple of egg sandwiches and a cup of coffee. Harold also had a bowl of soup which he claimed he still tasted when we reached Chicago. We lost a half hour here and then headed for York, Pennsylvania.

Train Holds Us Up

All went well until we arrived at the bridge which spans the Susquehanna River at Columbia, Pennsylvania. Here we were held up for forty-five minutes. A freight train was on the bridge and could not pull off until a delayed train on the main line went by. The wind was blowing strong and the minutes seemed like hours. I offered all kinds of bribes to the bridge



"On time." Here's how Bill Friedewald kept time. No wonder his driver, Frank Trispel, copped the turkey in the Greater Milwaukee Motorcycle Club's run.

tender, but it was useless. This was our first real set-back. After the train passed we were on our way and soon arrived at York, Pennsylvania, where Harry O. Young, local dealer, and a bunch of enthusiastic motorcyclists greeted us. About ten miles outside of Cumberland, Maryland, we were met by Mark Seifert, the local dealer, who escorted us to a restaurant where we ate plenty and rested for an hour. With the mountains ahead of us, we set out for Uniontown, Pennsylvania. On coming out of one of the mountains, Seifert's machine let out a beautiful display of fireworks and quit. He told me that he blew out his butterfly valve. So we were alone once more. The last mountain, Mount Summit, I believe they call it, has an elevation of 2,900 feet, and was covered with snow. It was snowing and the wind was blowing hard. It was on this mountain that I made my first and only shift to low gear. From that time on to Chicago, I did not shift out of high. You who have been over these mountains can appreciate what this means.

The Wind Gets Stronger

We arrived in Uniontown in the wee hours of the morning. Here we filled our tanks and steered for Wheeling, West Virginia, arriving there in time to be compelled to cut down our speed as the kiddies were traveling along the roadway to school. Before we knew it, we were in Zanesville, Ohio. The wind was still blow-

ing and giving us a hard fight. Since we left Boston Harold's right hand had swollen twice its normal size caused by pushing away from him the sidecar apron which he held up to break the wind. His face was swollen so much, I felt better if I didn't look at him. My lips were swollen twice their normal size.

Passing out of Columbus, Ohio, I looked down at the motor and said, "Chicago Limited, on your merry way." I have not said anything about my motor for the reason that I had forgotten I had a motor in the frame. It never missed a fire or refused to answer the twist of the wrist. What more could I ask for?

We Fight Sleep and Cold

At Richmond, Indiana, Earl Wright, the local dealer, soon got his crew ready. He furnished me with a gas tank cap as I had lost mine. With four pilots we headed for Indianapolis, somewhat tired from the head on wind which we had been fighting all day over the level Ohio roads. My pilots seemed to forget that I had been going steady since Wednesday morning and lead me a merry pace, but I soon caught up to them and took the lead. After going about twenty-five miles at a speed of about fifty-eight miles per, my big gasoline tank went dry. I put my hand out to stop the bunch that I supposed were behind me. Much to my surprise they were nowhere in sight. It was a good joke on Harold and myself.

Before long we reached Indianapolis. Paul E. Gott, the local dealer, soon caught up to us and lead the way to his store. Here we were greeted by Mrs. Gott, R. E. Platt, Harley-Davidson factory salesman, and many riders. While Gott and his mechanics were lining up my sidecar which began to pull heavy on my left arm, Platt led us to a restaurant. We put away the first real meal of our trip. Then our eyelids began to feel like lead, and it was a job to keep them open.

After an hour's rest here we headed for

Danville, Illinois, by way of Crawfordsville. When we arrived at Danville, everything including the sidewalks were pulled in for the night. We lost considerable time looking for the arm of the law to help us in getting some gasoline. Finally we found one and also a place where we could get some gas.

* After we left Rossville, Illinois, things began to loom up ahead of me. I saw fields of soldiers which proved to be fields of corn stalks; bridges and archways over the road. I finally turned to the right to pass under an arch and ran off the road. I stopped the motor and turned my spotlight back on the road to see if there really was an arch and found there was none, so I decided it was time to quit for a while until I could get my mind back. We rode back to Rossville, talked to the owner of the local garage, and he allowed us to come in. I walked up and down the garage for one solid hour. By that time, I felt more like myself and headed once more for the windy city.

From there on, the weather was biting cold. All the clothes we had did us little good. With noses running, lips cracked open and also beginning to bleed, eyelids slowly closing, it was a battle to fight the severe cold and winter winds. Determined to reach our goal, I pulled myself together and

(Turn to Next Page)



Here's the load S. C. Mitra of Jubbulpore, India, carried 1200 miles on his sidecar outfit.

Hindoo Attorney Makes Long Trip with Harley-Davidson

TWELVE hundred miles over the improved state and national highways of the United States and 1200 miles over the jungle paths and rough dirt roads of India are two different matters. Yet this is exactly the kind and length of trip S. C. Mitra, a native of that country, made a few months ago with his 1917 61 cubic inch Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit. Mr. Mitra carried six passengers, four grown-ups and two children, whose combined weight amounted to 659 pounds, as well as luggage weighing some 247 pounds. They traveled slowly, wishing to take in as much of the country enroute as possible, their actual riding time being 78 hours. The trip was made from Jubbulpore located in the Central Provinces, where Mr. Mitra practices law, to Srinagar without the least trouble being experienced.

Grove Takes Three Events at Maryland Climb

Cumberland, Md., was the scene of the latest triumph of John R. Grove. Here he made a clean sweep of all three professional events, taking the 61", 74" and 80" events. The hill was 610 feet long and steep, with loose dirt and a lot of big rocks to ride over. Grove made the climb in 18 seconds flat in both the 61" and 80" events, while 25 seconds was the closest any one else was able to get to this mark. Between 5000 and 6000 people witnessed the climb.

Lassiter Wins Solo Events in Raleigh Races

Five out of six events! This is what the Harley-Davidson did at the races staged recently at Raleigh, N. C., under the auspices of the Raleigh Motorcycle Club. Otha Lassiter was one of the Harley-Davidson riders who made a good showing. He captured both the 3-Mile and 5-Mile Solo events, while James Bland won both of the 5-Mile Sidecar races. The 10-Mile Professional Sidecar event was taken by R. C. Upchurch.



Way down in Guatemala, Central America, tours and trips are a popular sport with motorcyclists. Above is a quartet of sidecar enthusiasts from Guatemala City.

How I Cut Eleven Hours Off the Boston-Chicago Record

(From Page 17)

gave her the gas. I told Harold, "It's Chicago or bust, this time."

When we got about fifty miles outside of Chicago, our gasoline gave out, and we were compelled to take our reserve supply to refill our tanks. The wind was blowing hard and it sure was some job to get the gasoline in the tanks. I guess we got about half inside and half on the outside. Harold said he was glad we ran out of gasoline instead of getting a puncture. What would we have done if we had a puncture, Lord only knows. As it was, we arrived in Chicago with the same Boston air in our tires we left with. No tire trouble was experienced on the entire trip.

Chicago—and Sleep

We arrived in Chicago Heights at 7:50 on Friday morning and were checked in by I. I. Woodward, local dealer. I then called up T. J. Sullivan, editor, Motorcycling and Bicycling, and C. H. Lang, Chicago dealer. We ate breakfast in the same restaurant where I ate just a year ago when I checked in with my four cylinder outfit.

"You broke the record, George, by eleven hours!" shouted Lang, slapping me on the back in his enthusiasm. "Broke

the record!" sounded faint and far away to me. I was so tired and weary from the two day night and day battle with the slashing winter winds that the only two things I was interested in were something to eat and a bed.

A couple of hours later, we hit the mattress. It seemed so strange. It was the first sleep we had since the Tuesday night before we left Boston. Man, but we slept.

Yes, we broke the record by eleven hours. Our new Boston to Chicago sidecar record is 43 hours and 10 minutes actual riding time. Our elapsed time was 49 hours and 45 minutes. My former record with a four cylinder outfit was 54 hours and 10 minutes of actual riding time and my former elapsed time, 100 hours. This old record, by the way, was made in a sidecar outfit without a sidecar passenger.

Harold and I wish to thank all the dealers and riders whose co-operation made this new record possible. Without their friendly help, I am sure we never could have accomplished it.

In the Port Elizabeth-Humansdorp 115-mile Reliability Trial which was held in South Africa recently, F. G. Peterson, a Harley-Davidson rider, won the Harley-Davidson shield, the club's special Gold Medal and certificate. He rode a 74 cubic inch machine.

Caught in a Desert Death Trap

(From Page 7)

"Suppose we go fifty-fifty," I suggested, "you hunt the water, and I'll start the work of taking the machine to pieces." "Fair enough!" said Jack, and so saying we shook hands. Forthwith, he shouldered a canteen and set out through the brush and rocks, while I broke open the tool roll, and began the work of taking down the sidecar outfit. First I removed the sidecar body, then the chassis from the motorcycle, and began pulling out wheels and fuel tanks.

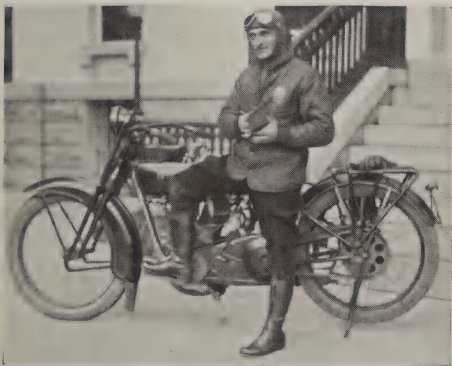
We Must Find Water

I soon realized that unless we were successful in finding water, we should undoubtedly face dire suffering, or even death from thirst before the task I had set about to do would be accomplished. I had been at work for perhaps an hour, during which time I was twice driven to tapping the precious contents of the canteens, when I was startled to hear a pistol shot far off up the chasm in the direction taken by Fletcher. "What was he shooting at?" I wondered, and then I went on with my work thinking perhaps he'd come upon a rattlesnake and was probably only putting an end to such an unwelcome neighbor in our desert prison. For another hour I went on with my work, and though I made every effort to keep my mind off the ever present

annoyance of thirst, I was again compelled to seek the canteens. The sun by this time was well up in the heavens, and was beating down upon my back with unrelenting desert fury as I stooped at the work. The parts of the machine became so hot that I could scarcely touch them with my bare hands, and I was finally driven to wearing my gloves.

Where is Fletcher?

When by this time Fletcher had failed to return to camp, the thought suddenly flashed through my mind with the memory of having heard the pistol shot, that he might have accidentally shot himself. The terror of this fear was such that I dropped my tools, and set out up the chasm in the direction he had taken. I followed his tracks for half a mile, lost them in a pile of rocks, and then began hallooing through the brush in an effort to locate him. Presently he answered my call, and I came upon him down on all fours between two huge rocks pawing away at the earth like a terrier endeavoring to unearth a bone. He was so intent upon his work that he never even stopped digging when I approached. He merely glanced around over his shoulder crying—"I've found it! I've found it!" "Found what?" I asked. "WATER! man, WATER! Look at that earth! It's moist!"—and he went right on clawing the ground with renewed vigor. I saw at a glance that the earth was moist as he had said, and almost at the same time



Arrests McAdoo, Son-in-law of Ex-President Wilson

William Gibbs McAdoo, son-in-law of former President Woodrow Wilson and former United States treasurer, was arrested recently by a traffic officer of Tulare County, California.

This illustration shows Jack Hagstanz, Tulare County speed officer, who arrested him. Jack says he plays no favorites.

my spirits soared high as my eye fell upon a dead jack-rabbit placed on a rock alongside of Fletcher's hat and pistol. The mystery of the shot I had heard was solved. "Great Heavens, Jack!" I exclaimed. "We're sure in luck! We've got meat to eat, and a fine prospect for water!" "Prospect for water!" he yelled—"We've got it! Look in the hole!"

By this time Fletcher had scooped out the hole to a depth of about four feet, and now using a flat stone to dig with, he was pulling out quantities of slimy mud. Then as he ceased to dig for a moment the hole began to fill, and in five minutes more there was nearly a gallon of dark liquid at the bottom of it. It didn't look very appetizing as something to drink, but it was water just the same, and water of any sort was WATER under the circumstances. We waited a few minutes for the mud puddle to settle, and then Fletcher got down on all fours and put his face to the pool. He sucked up a mouthful, then rose to his feet, and spat upon the ground with an expression of disgust and disappointment. "Pure brine!" he said sourly. "We'll have to find another water hole." Just to satisfy my own curiosity to know if there could be any possibility of drinking the water, I sampled a mouthful of it myself, only to promptly spit it out. It was at least two or three times as salty as sea water. A moment before our hopes had soared so high that with the dis-

covery that our water hole was salty, they seemed to sink to altogether new levels of despair and discouragement. Fletcher dropped upon the rock beside his jack-rabbit, and sat with his head in his hands—from around the muddy finger nails of which the blood was oozing as a result of his feverish digging for water. For a moment he was silent, then he spoke half hopefully and half wearily, saying: "Well, there's nothing to it, except that we've got to dig ourselves another water hole! The only thing I'm hoping for is that the entire floor of this hole isn't a bed of salt."

Search is On Once More

Before our hunt for water could be resumed it was necessary for both of us to go back to our camp to further reduce the dwindling contents of our canteens. By this time we had fully realized that our plan of getting the machine out of the chasm and making our way to civilization without first finding water was altogether an idle dream. We should never live to accomplish the job. Accordingly, we decided to find water, if there was any to be found, before attempting to go on with the work of dismantling the machine. We therefore set out in opposite directions through the chasm, with the understanding that neither of us were to return until we had found water, or were compelled to return to our meagre and rapidly disappearing water supply. In the event of either of us wanting the other to come, we agreed that four pistol shots fired in quick succession would be the signal. Taking up my hunt through the chaparral, I had scarcely gone a quarter of a mile before a coyote jumped up and ran away through the brush. This was food for thought at least. I know that coyotes can go a long time without a drink, and that they frequently travel a long distance to water, but seeing the animal helped to confirm my belief that there might be drinking water in our earthly prison.

Rabbit Gives Me a Lead

After seeing the coyote I had gone but a few hundred yards before I jumped a



These Vancouver, B. C., riders are taking a rest after climbing 2,000 feet up the side of Grouse Mountain.

rabbit out of the brush. He hopped along for a little way, and then stopped. This was my chance for something to eat, if not to drink, and with a single well-directed pistol ball, I laid the rabbit low with a shot through the head. I wanted the rabbit for what information I might be able to gain from its body almost as much as for food. With this thought in mind, I ripped up the rabbit's body cavity with my hunting knife, and began a careful inspection of the entrails. Again my hopes rose high when I found the contents of the stomach to be quite moist and the bladder nearly full. This was unmistakable evidence that there must be water near, and in the hope of finding it, I began following the rabbit's tracks through the gravel sand—but only to lose them a few yards further on where the creature had gone through the rocks leaving no trace of a footprint. After hunting around the rocks for fully an hour, I found the rabbit's trail again leading away from the rocky ground, and for half an hour tracked him down the bottom of the gulch, crawling for considerable distances on all fours at times through the brush to keep from again losing the trail.

Death Lurks in the Brush

It was while crawling through the brush that I experienced another thrill to our adventure that came all but ending disastrously for me. I was wiggling along on my hands and knees under a clump of thorny mesquite when I put my hand down on something cold and clammy. My first instinct, of course, was to shrink away from whatever it was, but long experience in the desert has steeled my nerves against the normal instincts of such action, and has taught me better. I knew almost the instant I touched it that I had put my hand down upon the slimy body of a coiled rattlesnake, and that if I attempted to withdraw it the snake would undoubtedly get his fangs into me before I could beat a retreat through the dense brush. For several seconds I simply crouched there wondering what I



Put on chains for snow and slush

Then when you give her the throttle, you get a sure start. Your chain equipped drive wheel digs in the snow or slush, takes hold and drives your motorcycle ahead. It's a skid protection for sudden stops and quick turns.

Motorcycling on snow-covered roads is great sport. You get all the joy and protection, too, when you put Weed Chains on your rear drive wheel. They come packed in a bag, all ready to attach.

Complete only

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How many miles will you go in 1923

There's twelve months of motorcycling for you this year. There's that big vacation trip, summer week-end tours and club runs. How many miles will you ride this year? This good looking, dependable

Johns-Manville Speedometer

will give you the correct total. It will tell you, too, how fast you're going. Johns-Manville make the kind of motorcycle speedometer that stands jars and jolts and keeps a reliable account of your speed and mileage. The 80-mile plain dial style, shown above

Complete only

\$15

at your dealer's

was going to do, the cold chills running up and down my spine. I believe I'd have been standing there paralyzed with fear holding the snake to the ground to this very moment had not the snake itself broken the moment of suspense. Feeling the warmth of my hand, and evidently knowing that some enemy was upon him, the snake wiggled his tail and body out from under my hand, and set his rattles going. With his rattle thrashing the air within a foot of my head, and in the dead silence which reigned, it seemed to me that the noise was as loud as that of a snare drum in the orchestra pit when one has a seat in the theatre in the "bald headed row." I still had the snake's head pressed firmly to the ground. I wanted to let go, and flee, but at the same time I knew full well that any attempt to do so undoubtedly spelled my doom from one of the most horrible deaths that human beings have ever been known to suffer.

How do Hogg and Fletcher get out of this Death Canyon? Read all about their escape in the February Enthusiast.

Get Your Motor Ready Before You Turn on Your Switch

IF your machine is equipped with a manual ignition switch, get the motor ready for starting before turning on the switch and save taking an unnecessary charge from your battery. Prime the cylinders if necessary, close the carburetor air valve, open the throttle, raise the valves, and turn the motor over several times with the starter. Then advance the spark three-fourths, or less, and with the throttle slightly open, turn on the manual switch and turn the motor over with the starter. It is easy to understand that if you turn on your switch the first thing you may waste a lot of battery current before your motor starts.

1,790 more motorcycles were registered in Pennsylvania this year at the close of business on October 31st than were registered last year at that time.

“Connecting rod roller bearings must be fitted perfectly”

—says *Frank*



“Fitting the lower connecting rod roller bearings is one of the most exacting jobs in overhauling or rebuilding a motor. The rollers must travel between the steel connecting rod bushings and crank pin with exactly the right amount of clearance.

“With each explosion a pressure of 250 pounds per square inch is forced on the piston head and passed through the connecting rods to the crank pin roller bearing. Let’s stop to consider what this means. When you’re rolling along with the throttle wide open, your motor is turning over at the rate of about 3,000 revolutions per minute. This makes it easier to understand why these bearings must be fitted so accurately.

“The Harley-Davidson factory grinds these rollers to within one ten-thousandth of an inch of the regular stand-

ard sizes. That’s why we service mechanics for Harley-Davidson dealers are able to make a perfect fit of every job.

“There are other important operations in fitting the lower connecting rod bearings. For instance, lapping of the connecting rod steel bushings with a special factory tool to get a perfect bearing. Truing the flywheels between the center with a special truing device with indicators is another important job. This makes it easy to line up the flywheels so that the shafts run true.

“Poor work or a loose fit in any one of these important operations means a sluggish, sick motor. It costs too much to take a chance with any one except a Harley-Davidson mechanic.”

“I’ll give you some helpful hints about winter repair work in the February *Enthusiast*.”—Frank

“On such repairs your local dealer can do it right and save you money, too.”



Give your motor a fresh start now at the start of the new year

Now at this time of the year when you're making pledges and fresh starts, give a thought to your motor. Right now is a good time to drain out all the old oil and fill your tank with fresh Genuine Harley-Davidson Oil. Your local dealer sells this oil that is made especially for your motorcycle.

You save money, too, now by these new, reduced prices on Genuine Harley-Davidson Winter Oil:

1 Gallon Can, now only \$1.40

5 Gallon Can, now only \$6.25



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The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast

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February 1923

Midwinter Motorcycling Sports



Motorcycling over snow covered roads is great sport. Even the old familiar roads look new and different in the winter time.



Bundle up and come out. This is one of the winter motorcycling sports that makes a big hit on the dikes of Holland. They say it is great for the appetite.



No need for the photographer to say "Smile" to this merry bunch of Lansing, Michigan, motorcyclists.



Fletcher trying to climb out of the canyon with almost an entire motorcycle less wheels and motor.

Caught in a Desert Death Trap

(Continued from the January Enthusiast)

By John E. Hogg

MY brain and nerves were all aflutter, but in spite of it all I managed to keep cool enough to realize that my only hope of getting away from the serpent unharmed, was to hang on, at least to the head, if not to the tail and body that were thrashing and buzzing about my face, arm, and shoulder. In fact, my only hope lay in being able to keep the snake's head pinned firmly to the ground until I could devise some means of killing him. At last I managed to reach for my pistol with my left hand, but only to find that I had the mouth of the holster and the butt of the weapon pressed firmly into the fork of a large piece of brush, and was utterly unable to withdraw it or move to enable me to withdraw it. My hunting knife was in a sheath on the other side of my belt on the right side. I attempted to reach under my body for the knife, but only to snag my fingers

on the thorny bush over which I was crouching. My hope now lay in getting that knife, and with an effort that would have put a circus contortionist to shame I nearly dislocated my lame shoulder in reaching completely around my back with my left hand until I felt my fingers on the hilt of the knife. I fumbled, it seemed to me for several minutes, endeavoring to unhook the snap fastener that held the knife in the sheath, but my fingers were all thumbs: I got cramps in my wrist, and all but tore my arm out of its socket trying to release the fastener. Then I lost my temper, and with a single vicious yank at the knife hilt tore the blade and sheath clear of my belt. In another second I had the sheath fastener between my teeth, and with a furious twist withdrew the blade with the sheath still clenched between my teeth. In another instant I had inserted the knife between my



fingers, and set the keen edge of the blade down against the back of the snake's head. Then I pushed the knife into the ground with every ounce of strength left in my still tingling left arm. The writhing body fell away from my arm splattering blood along my sleeve and the rattles ceased to rattle, which was evidence enough that the fight was won.

Even then, however, I was half afraid there might be sufficient life left in the head to close the fangs upon my fingers, and for a minute or more I crouched there half fearful to let go lest this probably unreasonable fear might be realized. When I finally did muster sufficient courage to let go, I did it with a single quick motion. The knife blade, however, had done its work clean, for the snake's head was slashed just back of the skull, and the fangs were holding a death grip upon a dead mesquite twig into which there had undoubtedly been spewed enough venom to have killed a dozen men. The snake was nearly five feet long, and on the tail there were sixteen rattles and a "button". I trimmed off the rattles to take back to Fletcher as relics of my encounter with the snake, but the incident put an

end to my further search for water—at least, insofar as crawling through the brush in search of it was concerned.

Jack Finds Substitute for Water

After getting back to camp after a fruitless all day search for water, I told Fletcher I'd die of thirst before I'd again crawl through the brush hunting for it. Fletcher likewise, had returned to camp without having found a trace of anything save undrinkable salt water, but he had made one important discovery. He had found a clump of barrel cactus, and had dragged a huge stem of one into camp. We chopped this open with our camp axe, and spent an hour or more chewing the pith. From each pound of pith chewed up and spit out, we managed to extract a fluid ounce or more of the watery juice. The cactus juice had a sharp metallic taste, and was a miserable substitute for water, but it helped moisten our parched throats and mouths, and enabled us to get through the balance of the day without further attacking the precious water supply in our canteens.

We ate the two rabbits for supper, and



after an evening by the camp fire talking over various plans for our salvation, we rolled up in our blankets, thirsty, tired, discouraged, and seemingly no nearer to a solution of our problem of getting back to civilization than we were at the outset of our mishap.

Another Day Dawns!

Daylight dawned again—one of those cruel cloudless desert days with the sun beating down upon us like the concentrated rays of a burning glass. We breakfasted from our dwindling supplies, but thoughtfully refrained from eating bacon or other food that would tend to create thirst. With the rations we still had on hand, and the brush about the gulch undoubtedly containing more rabbits, the food problem was not causing us any particular worry; but the question of water was one that had to be solved within the next 48 hours if our doom were not to be sealed. We compromised upon a plan of activity whereby Fletcher, who was the best mechanic, was to push the work of dismantling the machine, while I renewed my search for water. Then we brought another barrel cactus into the camp for Fletcher to relieve his thirst with while he worked, and I renewed the hunt for water.

Get Ready to Take Out Machine

Suffice to say that I returned to camp that evening, almost exhausted, and feeling as parched and dry as a cinder, after tramping the gulch all day without food, and with nothing to relieve my thirst save cactus juice. I had found no water, had seen no rattlesnakes, and not even a rabbit. I was discouraged, and well nigh hopeless when I came into camp, to find Fletcher had made excellent progress at tearing down the machine. He had the machine scattered all over the camp, and we were about ready to begin lugging the parts up the chasm wall. He told me that near noon he had heard some desert quail whistling in the nearby brush, and had taken time from his work to construct and set some snares which he had baited with hard-tack crumbs. "I didn't figure there was



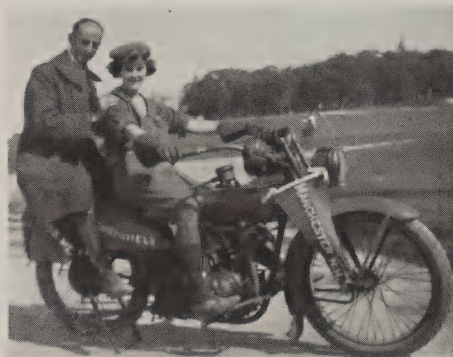
much of a chance to catch them," he said, "but I thought the plan might be worth trying anyway. We'll go out and have a look at them shortly." Forthwith we visited his traps, and to our great delight found that two of the despised snares contained a bird apiece. Here was food for supper at least, even if we did have to wash it down with cactus juice. Neither of us had touched a drop of water all day, since we were endeavoring to conserve our meagre supply for the task of getting the machine parts out of the gulch and re-assembled. We decided, however, that we had earned a drink for ourselves, and at any hazard divided a quart of water between us.

In the morning, and at the risk of dying from thirst before we saw the task completed, we began the work of lugging the parts of the motorcycle and sidecar up the walls and into the desert. Fletcher took all three wheels, and the frame of the motorcycle, while I slung

(Turn to page 14)



The Upper Michigan Peninsula has some mighty deep snow in the winter time, but Francis Samuli of South Range has found a way to combat the drifts. With his 1918 Harley-Davidson rigged up as shown in the picture, he has found the snow-drifted roads easily negotiable, and uses his machine thus equipped every day during the winter, going to and from work.



No wonder Harry Crockett of Philadelphia, Pa., had a good time up in Poland Springs, Me., last summer where he stopped for a few days when making a two weeks' tour with his Harley-Davidson. Who wouldn't when they have a Harley-Davidson and a good-looking lady friend to while away the hours? Crockett covered 1500 miles in all, going through the New England States, and returning via Portland, Me., Boston and New York City.

Foster Gardner, better known as "Doc" of Fargo, N. D., whose photograph is shown below, claims that he should be considered when deciding who is the national long distance champion. He believes that his total mileage exceeds the 255,000 miles claimed by Guy Webb in the September Enthusiast. He has been riding since 1908 and from that year to and including 1917 he covered



90,000 miles. Since 1917 he has practically lived in the saddle, estimating his annual travel at 36,000 miles.

He is proprietor of "Doc's Delivery" and can be seen hustling around town early and late.

His Gypsy Tour record is 100%, never having missed one. In 1920 he rode from Fargo to Annandale, Minn., a 420 mile round trip, to join the Twin City tour at Annandale.

It's more fun going skating when you have a quick means of getting to the skating rink. Ask John Smith of Paavola, Mich., and his friend, who have gone on many pleasant skating trips with a Harley-Davidson, as shown below.





The morning after the night before. Williams and his companions proudly displaying their three raccoons. Williams is the man last in line.

Six Motorcyclists Go Coon Hunting

By Walt Williams

RECENTLY a few of us Williamsport, Pa., riders tried a new stunt with our motorcycles. We went out coon hunting one night. We climbed a number of mountains that no automobile ever thought of climbing, and brought back three as fine coons as you ever saw, but I am getting ahead of my story.

The two things you need to hunt coon with is a good motorcycle and a good dog. We had both. The dog we had was what they call a silent hunter. I will have to admit that he was silent all right. He would disappear and would be gone for about an hour, then we would hear him bark about ten miles away, up on top of some mountain. This meant that he had a coon treed. Then we would dash up the mountain in the direction of the dog's bark. After we got to the tree which the dog would be sitting under, somebody would start to climb up (if it wasn't too big), and after a lot of puffing and grunting would announce that there wasn't anything in the tree. We did this several times, and I was getting

ready to shoot the dog, when he disappeared. We then heard him bark fourteen miles away. I was willing to let him go to where "Dante keeps his coal," but the fellow who owned the dog said he would have to go and get him anyway. So we galloped over to where the dog was barking and the owner climbed up the tree and told us there were three coons in it. I wasn't sure whether he was seeing things or not, but after he shot and I saw a bunch of fur come flying out of the branches I knew there was something up there.

When the coon hit the ground, the dog had his fun, and if you don't believe a wounded coon can fight, you will have to go coon hunting, and see for yourself. We got three coons out of one tree and decided that was enough hunting for one night. We got back to Williamsport about six o'clock in the morning and everyone had a good appetite and was ready to go to work. Teddy Roosevelt in his trip to Africa had nothing on us when it comes to coon hunting.



The Kansas City motorcycle police make an impressive sight when on parade.

How Kansas City Uses Motorcycles In Its Police Department

By C. C. Wilcox

THE residents of Kansas City, Mo., pride themselves on having one of the most efficient police departments in the country. One swelteringly hot Saturday afternoon last June I visited police headquarters (voluntarily) along with Bill Stranahan, the genial Harley-Davidson dealer in Kansas City, to get a first-hand idea of the workings of this department of which I had heard so much, and was inclined to discount as the over-enthusiasm of these peppy civic boosters, and they are all boosters in that town.

I've been in many police headquarters (voluntarily, you understand) where they "do things," but never one in which things moved with more precision and snap than that with which the Kansas City force acts. It was like a humming business office that seems like a beehive—all activity, with no wasted motion, and everyone going about his business and paying no attention to anyone else.

Through the open window was heard the familiar putt-putt-putt of a motorcycle exhaust, and in a second it trailed off into the distance as its uniformed rider glided away in answer to some

hurry-up call, of which there are hundreds in any big city police station every day. That opened the way for a question about the pride of the department—their motorcycle squad. And, believe me! they have **SOME** motorcycle squad, and **SOME** system by which they work.

We were taken out for a visit to some of the sentry-booths that are scattered all over the city and out of which motorcycle officers work in details of two at a time. These sentry-booths are practically small sub-stations for receiving emergency calls and despatching officers in answer. They are only working centers for motorcycle officers, however, as prisoners are not "booked" there, but taken to one of the regular sub-stations or to headquarters.

Booths Connected With Headquarters

Each booth is equipped with two telephones, one connected with the city telephone system, and one, which is a private wire, connected with police headquarters. When a call comes into the central police station for an officer, it is relayed on to the sub-station or sentry-booth that is nearest the place from which the call comes, and an officer

sent out immediately, or if the nature of the call warrants it, two officers respond. In extreme cases officers are notified at the two nearest stations. By the use of telephones connecting all sub-stations, and motorcycles for transporting officers, it is only a matter of from one to two minutes after an alarm is given that four or five policemen, if that many are needed, can be at any particular point in the entire city. There are residence sections of Kansas City that are policed entirely by motorcycle officers, working out of sentry-booths, it being found that one motorcycle officer can cover as much territory as ten or fifteen men on foot.

Machines Are Given Good Care

Then we took a ride over to the police garage where the fifty Harley-Davidson motorcycles of the department are kept. And when we say "kept," that's what we mean. For they surely treat their mounts well (and they are well repaid in the service they get from them). As each officer brings his machine in, he flushes it thoroughly with kerosene and wipes it off carefully, and before going off duty it gets the O. K. of the Sergeant for cleanliness and completeness. Then it is turned over to the police mechanic who gives it a most rigid inspection, and makes any necessary minor adjustments so that when that particular rider goes on duty again his machine is in tip-top condition, and ready for any emergency.

Not all the motorcycle police, however, work out of sentry-booths. There is a sizeable detachment assigned to traffic duty out of headquarters, who spend their entire time in the down-town section guarding against traffic violations. One can scarcely look up or down a business street in Kansas City without seeing one of these olive drab uniforms—a constant reminder to the careless motorist.

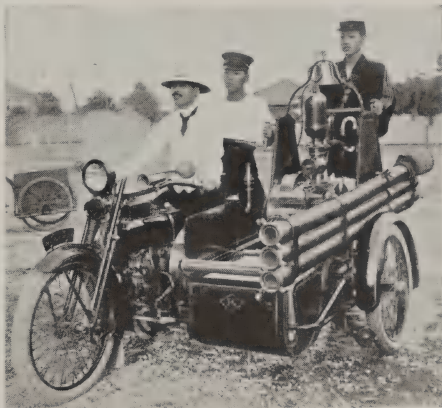
And they are gentlemen—all of them. Not a bunch of hollering, blustering noisy "cops" who, when they talk to you, make you feel like three ten-cent

pieces. When they ride down some one who has over-run a traffic signal, or has parked double, or some other minor traffic violation, they don't commence to tell the entire district about it and get the offender "sore" at them and the department too. They tell them in a firm but courteous manner of the violation, and explain the traffic rule in question in such a way as will help the motorist to understand. And their consideration for the public isn't IMPOSED on, either. When you look into the eyes of one of those husky fellows astride of his machine, leaning easily on the handle bar, with a gun dangling conveniently in its holster on his hip, you have a feeling that if he started to "unwind" there would be sure enough action; and now and then there is. For a good officer with a good gun on a good motorcycle is a hard proposition to get mixed up with.

No wonder the Kansas City people are proud of their police department! They have a right to be.

A new Harley-Davidson rider, T. P.

Robb of Berkeley, Calif., was the only rider who made a perfect score in the Novice Class in the 340-Mile Northern California Endurance Run which was held recently under the auspices of the Oakland Motorcycle Club.



Streets are narrow in Japan, so this Harley-Davidson motorcycle fire pump used by the Fire Department of Tokyo, is just the thing.



This Booklet Will be Sent Free to Clubs and Riders

By "Hap" Hayes

LAST December, I told you about a booklet with suggested Constitution and By-Laws for a Motorcycle Club that would be sent Free to any rider who asked for a copy. The supply didn't last long.

Now we have printed a new booklet with certain changes. The suggested Constitution and By-Laws in this new booklet have been approved by A. B. Coffmann, secretary and general manager of the Motorcycle & Allied Trades Association. Some of the largest and most successful motorcycle clubs in the country use this constitution and by-laws.

We'll send these Constitution Booklets Free to any rider or motorcycle club that asks for copies. This offer is open to riders of any make machine.

According to our friend, Coffmann, of the M. & A. T. A., there are now over 160 registered M. & A. T. A. motorcycle clubs in the United States. Have you fellows a club in your town? If you haven't, you're missing a lot of fun. Talk it over. If there's anything I can do to help you get going, let me know and I'll jump on the job.

Give 'Em Room and They'll Grow

KANKAKEE, Ill., may be a small place, but it boasts of one of the liveliest motorcycle clubs in the country. The club was organized in October and now has twenty "live wire" members, who take an active part in all of the meetings. Naturally, the club is flourishing with members like these, who believe in furthering in every way possible its aim to make motorcycling more enjoyable for its riders. A large, comfortable club-house, in which it is planned to hold many merry gatherings, is almost ready for the club to move in. The president of this "up-and-doing" organization is William N. Ulveling.

The Bound Brook Motorcycle Club of Bound Brook, N. J., announces that a newcomer in the family of one of its members, Motorcycle Officer Otto A. Williams, has been named Otto Walker Williams, after the famous Harley-Davidson motorcycle racing star. Mr. Williams was formerly connected with the Central Cycle Co., former Harley-Davidson dealers for this territory, and is now a speed officer on the Bound Brook force.

In a 25-mile motorcycle race held at Kochi, Japan, under the auspices of the Osaka Motorcycle Association, recently, S. Matsumoto won first place riding a Harley-Davidson, while S. Ishikawa, also riding a Harley-Davidson, won second place.

A Page of Club News

Club secretaries can now begin to dip their pens in the ink bottle and tell us about their club doings. Beginning with the March "Enthusiast" we're going to publish a page of Club news each month. This page will go over big if you fellows help us. Remember we can make better use of your news items when you send photos along.



Show us a peppier bunch than the Janesville Motorcycle Club. They're always doing something. Here they are lined up and rarin' to go on one of their frequent Sunday trips.

You Can Now Get Improved Battery Terminal Block for J Models

THE battery terminal block mounted on the outside of the battery box at which the generator and battery wires are connected, has recently been improved.

Instead of holding the wires with a screw, they are mounted on a stud imbedded in the terminal block. With the new construction there is no possibility of an open circuit due to the screw working loose.

This improvement can easily be applied to any electric model.

Order part No. GJ61B through your dealer.

Coveted Norwegian Prize is Won by Harley-Davidson

The most sought-after prize ever presented in Norwegian motorcycle circles was recently won by Erik Westerberg, a Harley-Davidson rider. This was "Novemberkasan", which to be claimed, has to be won three times in the course of six years. Westerberg won the prize during three consecutive years, using the same Harley-Davidson machine each time, and in competition with the best riders.

Seventy-five per cent of the members of the Seattle (Wash.) Motorcycle Club, of which William Mouat is secretary and treasurer, are Harley-Davidson riders.

Harley-Davidson Triumphs in Big South American Race

A BIG Harley-Davidson victory was staged recently down in Buenos Aires, South America, on the National Circuit of Moron. The event was the 203 kilometer or 126-mile Sidecar Race which was promoted by the Club Motociclista del Oeste (Motorcyclists Club of the West). Tadeo Taddia, with Antonio Carrau as sidecar passenger, won the race in 3 hours 4 minutes and 16 3-5 seconds, while Victorio Trasino took second place, also riding a Harley-Davidson, with F. Triflelli as his passenger. His time was 3 hours, 5 minutes and 55 seconds.

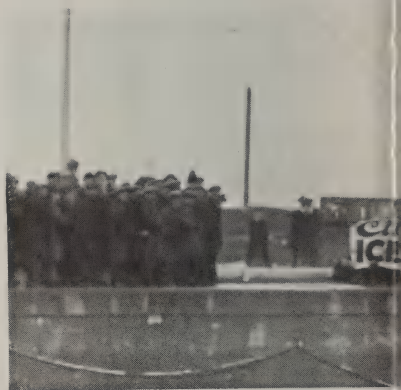


"Ten years old and still going strong," writes Godfrey B. Nelson of Ortonville, Minn., about his 1913 Harley-Davidson.

MOTORCYCLING—Outdoor



Ducks beware! When Charles Forsythe of San Diego, California, goes after them with this outfit, it's slow music for the ducks.



Diving champions will step aside and make room for a big crowd saw Moffatt make this sensational dive in Ontario, Canada. Moffatt broke his previous record.



Winter? No, this picture was taken on a hot summer day up in the snow covered California mountains by Claude Salmon of Fresno, California.



This line-up of motorcyclists look as if they are waiting for a log cabin fashioned dinner in the mountain log cabin where motorcyclists can eat. Next time these riders will be able to eat.



"Let's have our picture taken," said one of the members. So the South Philadelphia...

s' Greatest Sport on Wheels



...orris Moffatt pass into the Hall of Fame. ...l leap of 210 feet into Western Gap, Lake ...rd by 100 feet.



We wish we could ride to Australia but the ocean is in the way. This fair rider is Miss R. McBride of Adelaide, Australia. The sidecar body is an Australian make.



...h they had made a big raid on an old ...own in the background. We know that ...visit this cabin, we hope they'll invite us.



A bunch of California motorcyclists stop to take a look at the scenery after climbing the mountains just east of Fresno, California.



...ia Motorcycle Club lined up, the photographer clicked 'em and here's the photo.



Paris police with motorcycle sidecar outfits follow the official automobile of President Millerand of France. The president is shown in the back seat of the motor car with his hat off.

Caught in a Desert Death Trap

(From Page 5)

the motor on my back with several pieces of stout rope and found that I could stagger along under the weight of the load. At this point, I got out my camera, and began taking pictures, which Fletcher, of course, thought was crazy until it occurred to him that the photos might help our wives collect our life insurance.

We Get the Motorcycle Out

The task of getting the motor parts up the face of the cliff was by no means easy. It took us three full hours to get the wheels, motor frame and motor out into the desert to the point where we found it was safe to reassemble the machine again. I failed completely in my effort to get up the cliff with the motor, and we had to leave it on a ledge about half way up. After getting the other parts up, we lowered a rope, and with both of us on the ledge above we managed to hoist it over. By the time we got back to camp our lips were parched and swollen, and our mouths and throats were so dry that neither of us could speak above a whisper. Unwilling as we were to drink the little water we had left we could get no relief from the torture of thirst sufficient to enable further work until we had drunk fully a quart apiece.

Then after eating a square of hardtack

apiece, we decided to lug out one more load of motor parts before giving the task up for the day. On that trip we got out the fuel reservoirs, the sidecar chassis, and a gunny-sack full of screws, drive chains, bolts, the gearbox, storage batteries, lamps and a few other accessories. The sidecar body, and the rest of the "junk" we decided could be gotten out with a single trip in the morning when we would begin the reassembling job. After getting this last load out we returned to camp, burning up with thirst, with our heads buzzing from the heat, and fagged in body and spirit. An inventory of our water supply after taking a last drink for the day revealed that we had only six quarts of water left—so little that we were virtually convinced that all our labors had been useless; for death was almost sure to overtake us before we could ever assemble the machine again—much less to make the dash across the desert to Owl Hole, unless we found water—within the next twenty-four hours.

The next morning Fletcher shouldered the sidecar body like an Indian portaging a canoe, and with myself carrying the few remaining parts of the machine we made our way out of the chasm. The sidecar body was an impossible load to get up the cliffs, so after getting the rest of the outfit on top we hoisted it

up with the rope the same as we had done with the motor. There it was agreed that I should begin the work of assembling the machine while Fletcher went back to bring out our provisions, camping equipment, and blankets. No time was to be lost, and as Fletcher took his departure over the face of the cliff it was with the cheery statement—"I'll be back in about an hour to give you a hand on putting the machine together, and if we have any kind of luck at all we ought to get on our way tonight. We've still got a chance to win the race with time and water." His head had scarcely disappeared below the ledge before I was busy at my task. I set the wheels in the motor frame, put on the sidecar chassis, and then began the work of installing the motor.

Where Is Fletcher?

I was so intent upon what I was doing that I took no account of time, or even the fact that I was thirsty, until suddenly it dawned upon me that Fletcher was somewhat past due in returning. I looked at my watch, which I had carefully kept running during our enforced stay at the bottom of the gulch, and sprang to my feet in alarm as I noted that he had been gone more than two hours. Something must have happened to him, I thought. Thereupon I reached for my field glasses, and went to the edge of the chasm. For fully ten minutes I combed the rocks and brush at the bottom of the gulch without getting sight of him. I continued to scan the gulch with the powerful lenses, and as I swung them around toward the floor of the chasm almost at the foot of the ledge upon which I was standing, a sight came into my field of vision from which I all but plunged over the edge of the cliff with joy. There at the base of the ledge less than 600 yards away was a stream of clear sparkling water trickling into a tiny pool right out of a crack in the solid rock of the wall. It was invisible to the naked eye, but in plain view with the glasses. A luxuriant growth of grass surrounded the pool which dispelled any



They eat his dust. Meet S. Ishikawa of Tokyo, Japanese racing star.

doubt that the water might be undrinkable. We had apparently failed to discover it in our search for water, because the water hole was back in a crevice in the main wall, and completely screened from the floor of the gulch by a thick growth of brush.

Running along the margin of the cliff I reached the crevice above the spring, and in another minute was dropping down from ledge to ledge, half falling, and half sliding at times in my haste to get to it. In ten minutes I was down the cliff, and flattened out on the rocks like a horned toad gulping down the water. I just drank enough to convince myself that it was sweet water, pure and cool. Then I yelled, "Hey! Jack! Fletcher! I've found water!", and fired my pistol shots in quick succession. As the pistol shots echoed through the gulch from wall to wall, I listened to hear his four shots in answer. I stood there with my hands cupped behind my ears awaiting his reply—but nothing came out of the gulch but silence. "Where was Jack? Why didn't he answer?" I began to count as a means of marking time, and when I had heard nothing after counting a hundred, I fired four more pistol shots and listened again. Again I counted a hundred, and there was no response. "Something's gone



B. Pedrazzi, famous South American racer, after winning first place in the 280-kilometer (174-mile) endurance run held recently in Argentina.

wrong with Jack!" I exclaimed aloud as I dived into the brush toward the floor of the gulch, and began tearing my way through it. "Jack! Jack! Jack!" I kept yelling at the top of my voice. "We're saved men! I've found water!" But, to the sound of my voice I received no response except derisive echoes that were hurled back at me from the walls of our former prison.

As I reached the camp the worst of my fears were realized—for there were our blankets and our entire outfit just as we had left them. It was evident that Fletcher had not been there after he had left me working on the machine.

Fletcher Is Seriously Hurt

In another instant I was going like a wild antelope along the floor of the gulch toward the base of the cliff where we had made our way out. I cleared rocks at a jump that we'd previously walked around, and dived through the brush utterly regardless of thorns, or how much of my clothing I left behind. Reaching the base of the cliff where we had climbed out I was still yelling "Jack! Jack!", when I rounded the base

of a huge rock, and all but stumbled over his prostrate form. He was lying face downward with his head in a pool of blood between two jagged boulders—and to all appearances was dead. It was much as I could do to lift his 225 pounds of brawn and muscle from between the rocks, and drag him out to a flat place where I could stretch him on his back. I tore open the front of his shirt, and pressed my ear to his heart. It was beating although somewhat feebly. He was alive, and it was up to me to keep him alive if it was within my power to do it. A glance up the face of the cliff convinced me that he had lost his footing in making the descent, and falling into the rocks below had suffered injuries that might be fatal or otherwise.

Fortunately I possessed a fair knowledge of surgical first aids, and immediately stripped off the prostrate man's clothing for the purpose of determining the extent of his injuries. The pool of blood about his head that had startled me terribly when I first saw it, I found was from an ugly scalp wound that was undoubtedly painful, but not serious. I examined him from head to foot for broken bones but could find none except under a terrible bruise on his side under which I deduced that he had three broken ribs. This injury was undoubtedly caused by his pistol jabbing him in the side in his fall. I covered him with his clothing, and then ran to the camp and returned with our thoughtfully provided box of surgical first aid. Returning I found Fletcher still unconscious, and just as I had left him, but he began to show signs of life when I started to dress his wounds. With a ball of lint on the end of a twig, I began painting his injuries with iodine. Anyone who has ever undergone this treatment for an open wound knows that it is an excellent remedy, but one so painful as to be almost enough to bring a dead man to life. When I touched his cuts with the chemical he groaned aloud, and about the time I had put the last six stitches in the wound on his head, he opened his eyes. He was clearly "out of his head", and began a line of

talk that was literally that of a madman: "Who in hell are you?" were his first words, "and what are you trying to steal my clothes for?" I tried to reason with him, but it was useless. He went on with a tirade of curses and abuse every time I touched him.

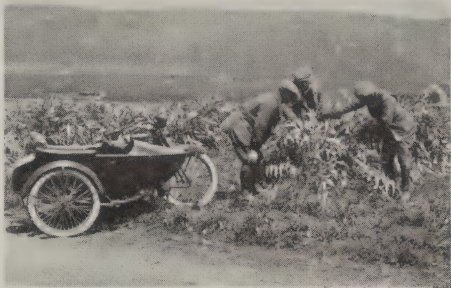
Eventually I had all his injuries dressed and bandaged, and by that time he began to become a little more rational. He ceased his verbal abuse, and managed to sit up with pain that galled him terribly. After a time he began to recover his senses gradually, but for the rest of the day and for several days to come his mind was still hazy. In the matter of attending to his injuries, I had done the best I could for him, but he was practically helpless insofar as doing anything for himself was concerned, and the problem of effecting our escape to civilization was complicated by his condition to almost a greater degree than it was simplified by my discovery of water.

I Have to Work Alone

Toward the middle of the afternoon Fletcher had recovered sufficient of his powers of reason that I felt I could safely leave him alone. Accordingly, I went up the cliff and spent the rest of the daylight assembling the machine. With all the water I needed to drink, the work progressed much more rapidly than before, and by sundown I had the motor installed, and the machine all set up, with the exception of putting in the miscellaneous lot of parts that could easily be accomplished during the forenoon of the day to come. I returned to camp in high spirits, but only to face new troubles when I found Fletcher raving in a delirium of fever. He had lost every trace of reason, and but for his weakened condition I would have been powerless to handle him with his powerful physique. With the discovery of water the danger of impending death from thirst had vanished, but we scarcely had food enough to last another day, and there was no telling when I would be able to get Fletcher up the wall of the cliff. If he could not recover

his strength sufficient to enable him to climb out, I speculated that we would have to remain in the gulch until he either recovered or died, for there appeared to be little possibility of my carrying him up unaided. Of course, with the newly discovered source of

(Turn to Next Page)



Guess again. No, not thistles.

Clarence Potter, manager of the Motorcycle & Supply Co., Portland Ore., and his friends were very much interested in these big thistle-like bushes near San Francisco, Calif. A closer examination showed them to be artichokes, a vegetable much in demand for salads.

Below is a picture of Leo Jubb of Larchmont, N. Y., who likes nothing



better than to buck a good snow storm with his Harley-Davidson. Once he traveled solo for ten miles through snow 18 inches deep without chains. All other traffic was stopped, but Jubb managed to get through O. K. In one year his machine covered 22,000 miles, being on the go from eight in the morning until eleven at night, Sundays included.



Motorcyclists in France like to go on tours and trips just as much as their American brothers across the sea. This line-up shows some of the enthusiasts at Grenoble.

Caught in a Desert Death Trap

(From Page 17)

water supply, and the possibility of shooting more rabbits and quail, we might have lived in the chasm indefinitely, but with the extent of Fletcher's injuries not definitely determined I felt that the necessity of getting him out and to medical attention was of grave importance.

Get Ready for Dash Across Desert

That evening I cooked from our diminishing larder a meal that was prodigal in extravagance. At least it seemed so under the circumstances, but I had a method in this. Fletcher could eat nothing, and without the extra mouth to feed, I ate the heavy meal I had prepared speculating that it would give me the strength to carry out the plan I had in mind. In the morning I planned to eat the last remnants of the food we had left, summon all the strength I could, and then make a desperate attempt to get Fletcher's prostrate form up the wall of the cliff. If this could be accomplished, it would take me but a couple of hours more to complete the assembling of the machine, load the injured man into the sidecar, and make a dash for civilization. Whether I would succeed in this rash plan or not depended about equally upon whether my strength would be equal to the task, and to mere luck.

For breakfast that morning I ate a large tin of baked beans, the last bit of solid food we possessed; the last

three squares of hardtack, and several cups of strong coffee. Although I offered to share this food with Fletcher, he only declined it with a negative head-shake, and a grimace to indicate that even the thought of food sickened him.

After getting up the cliff, I spent two hours completing the work of assembling the machine, and satisfied myself that it was in serviceable condition by giving it a quarter mile trial run. The motor could not have worked better, and returning to the spot where I had assembled it, I made one more trip down the cliff, and filled all of our empty canteens. Then I packed the outfit, and went into the gulch to begin my task of getting Fletcher out.

Struggle Up Cliff With Fletcher

When he did get on his feet, his mind was so uncertain and his limbs so wobbly under him, that I knew any attempt to get him up the cliff by his own efforts would probably result in his taking another fall. Therefore I got in front of him, took hold of his arms, tumbled him on to my back, and began carrying him "wounded soldier" fashion. His weight was a load for me in my weakened condition, under which I could barely stagger, and I knew that before I got to the top of the cliff, the task was going to be well nigh impossible.

For the next half hour I struggled up the wall, moving only a few inches at a time before being compelled to drop on to convenient projecting ledges of rock to

rest and recover my breath. It was only the raggedness of the wall at this point that enabled me to make any progress at all. The toe-holds in the rocks were fairly numerous, otherwise I could not have moved upward a single foot without the use of my arms, which were fully engaged in holding the injured man on my back. Eventually I reached a large projecting ledge, which Fletcher and I had previously named the half-way point up the wall, and with the perspiration pouring off of me in streams, my throat and mouth almost parched, and my legs quivering under me almost on the verge of a collapse, dropped my human burden to snatch a bit of rest. Above this point the wall was next to perpendicular, and with scarcely a projecting rock or crevice to offer a finger or toehold. In climbing this portion of the cliff previously, we had been compelled to hold on with fingers and toes, and had passed the machine parts along from one to the other over portions where it was impossible to climb without the use of hands. To get up this last forty feet with Fletcher's helpless form on my back was no more possible than it would be for a camel to go through the eye of a needle.

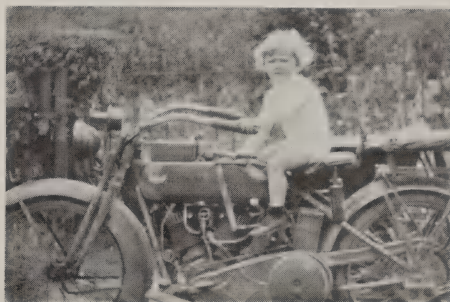
Another Plan to Get Jack Out

Groping about for some plan of action, I left Fletcher on the ledge after placing a large flat rock against him to keep him from rolling off into the gulch again, and climbed up to where I had left the machine. I went out to investigate the feasibility of hoisting a prostrate man up the face of the cliff with a rope attached to the sidecar outfit. This plan, however, was promptly discarded. The machine had the power to accomplish such a job, but the wheel traction on the ground above was poor, and the failure of such an attempt would mean dropping Fletcher into the gorge again. Furthermore, I could devise no means of holding the machine, working single-handed, while I removed Fletcher from the end of the rope after getting him to the summit of the cliff. But, this idea of using a rope to hoist offered a good suggestion.

I had thought of using the force of gravity to pull Fletcher's helpless bulk up the face of the cliff. With our camp axe I cut down a mesquite tree with a trunk about a foot in diameter. This was dragged to the edge of the cliff, and worked out until the trunk protruded over the wall for a distance of about four feet, directly above the ledge on which I had left my injured companion. Then I began piling the biggest rocks I could carry on to the branches of the tree, until I had the end of the tree securely weighted down with fully half a ton of rock. With this part of the work completed, I went to the sidecar, got out the two fifty-foot ropes we carried, and hung them over the end of the tree trunk to dangle into the gulch. To one end of the rope I tied a heavy canvas sea-bag that we used to carry our bedding in, tying it so as to leave one side of the mouth of the bag open. Then I went down the wall, and secured the other end of the rope to Fletcher's body, taking the rope around under his thighs so as to form a sort of seat, and tying him again under the arms so there could be no possibility of his dropping off the end of the rope.

With this crude hoisting rig set up, I went to the top of the cliff to begin carrying out the desperate plan which I knew must terminate either in success—or in failure, (that meant instant death for my base of the precipice.) I began gathering

(Turn to bottom of Page 20)



Doesn't look old enough to have covered 80,000 miles, does he? His dad, J. B. Reimer of East Toronto, Ontario, Canada, says that's the mileage Junior has covered.



Lucien Vulliamy, champion of France.

Championship of France is Won By Harley-Davidson Rider

LUCIEN Vulliamy, a Harley-Davidson rider, is the champion of France for 1923 in the tourist category in the 1000 cmc (61 cubic inch) sidecar class. Vulliamy won his championship in the Criterium de Provence, the third and deciding race of this season. He also won first place in this class in the two earlier races, the Tour de France and the Grand de Marseille.

The course used in the Criterium de Provence race, is one of the most difficult ones in France. It is about 33 kilometers (20 ½ miles) in circumference and had to be covered ten times. The course is full of twists and turns, no single straight stretch being more than 800 meters long at any point. In order to avoid a penalty, the circuit had to be covered at an average speed of 40 kilometers (about 25 miles) an hour. Vulliamy and Andre, who also rode a Harley-Davidson, finished first and second respectively, without being penalized.

Caught in a Desert Death Trap

(From page 19)

rocks from the size of a goose egg to stones as big as a man's head, and piled them on the edge of the cliff until I estimated that I had fully 250 pounds of them. Then I began loading them into the sea-bag. The rope tightened upon Fletcher's body, and as I continued to

pile into the bag I could hear him groan. This was the psychological moment for me to make a success of the job, and with feverish haste I dumped additional rocks into the bag.

Presently the rope slipped a little over the trunk of the mesquite tree, and as I added one more big rock to the collection already in the bag, Fletcher's prostrate form swung clear of the cliff. The weight of the rocks in the bag, just a little more than counterbalanced the weight of the man, but scarcely enough to overcome the friction of the rope against the tree. I gave a pull on the end of the rope from which Fletcher was dangling, and up he came, while down went the bag of stones. In another instant his shoulders were dangling afoul of the trunk of the mesquite tree, and I faced the difficult problem of getting him over the edge of the cliff safely and at the same time getting rid of the bag of stones that now dangled in mid-air.

My Plan Succeeds

With this much of the task safely accomplished, I didn't propose to take any chance of letting my plans go awry at that stage of it. I had previously secured a short length of rope to a large branch of the mesquite tree, and as soon as his shoulders touched the trunk I lashed the other end of this rope under his arms to prevent the possibility of his falling back into the hole. I would have to lift him from the end of the tree trunk on to the solid rock of the cliff—an operation that I could not hope to accomplish with one hand, while slashing the rope with the other.

Accordingly, I had a different plan all ready to put into operation. From the motorcycle I had withdrawn a tincup of gasoline, and as Fletcher's shoulders came against the tree trunk, I poured the motor fuel down the rope over the end from which dangled the bag of stones. Then I applied a lighted match, took a death grip upon the rope ends about Fletcher's body, braced myself for the strain, and waited for the rope to burn in two. In that strained position

I waited as the slowly passing seconds lengthened into a full minute, I felt the heat from the fire, and was almost suffocated with the fumes of the burning motor fuel that came directly up into my face.

Suddenly the rope parted! The bag of stones crashed on to the floor of the gulch below, and with a single terrific heave, that all but unbalanced me, I threw Fletcher clear of the edge of the cliff and landed him in a heap in the branches of the mesquite tree. We were clear of our terrestrial death trap at last, and with the full realization of it, I shouted for joy as I struck the ropes off of Fletcher with my hunting knife. In another minute I had hustled him into the sidecar, pressed the starter of the motor, and we were roaring across the desert in the direction of Owl Hole.

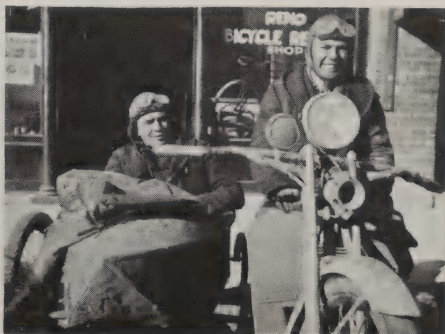
It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when we left the edge of the gulch that had come so nearly being our tomb, but from that hour until sundown I never once had the motor throttle completely closed. I drove over the rough ground with Fletcher bouncing about in the sidecar like a bag of meal. Occasionally he groaned until I could hear him above the roar of the motor. I knew that the ride was undoubtedly causing him untold agony, but there was nothing to do but push on, and just as the last rays of daylight faded away we pulled up at Owl Hole.

But for the fact that our headlights had been smashed when the machine plunged over the cliff, I would have pushed on to Paradise Spring that night, for the pangs of hunger gave me ample reason for wanting to reach the first outpost of civilization at the earliest possible moment, but without headlights, attempting to travel would probably only take us into new troubles, the escape from which might not be so successful as those we had just quitted at such effort and hardship. There was nothing to do but camp for the night, with only coffee to partially relieve my necessity for food. As I was boiling the coffee Fletcher scented the aroma in the air,

You and 46,137 other motorcyclists are reading the February issue of the Harley-Davidson Enthusiast. This is more than double the total circulation of all three American motorcycling magazines.

began to talk more rationally than at any time since meeting with his injury, and declared that he thought he could drink a bit of the beverage. I poured out a tincup full of it for him, and after drinking it, he seemed to be tremendously improved. In the morning we had more coffee, and the light stimulant of it seemed to add to Jack's strength to the point where he was able to stand without my holding on to him. Later when we were ready to move he appeared to be quite rational again, and managed to get into the sidecar unaided. Best of all, I noted from feeling his forehead that his fever had gone almost entirely.

With Paradise Spring 120 miles away, and the desert village of Barstow only 32 miles beyond, I drove across the desert that morning, determined to reach that outpost of civilization that day if it were humanly possible to do so. I drove all forenoon without a stop, and on into the middle of the afternoon until my strength began to wane to the point where it seemed that I could not



Breaking a trail through deep snow, R. E. Clay (left) and William Kelly set a new mark of 4 hours, 57 minutes for the 76-mile run from Reno, Nev., to Truckee, Calif.

hang on to the handlebars another minute. The desire to sleep almost overcame me, and a number of times I was all but jolted off the machine as we dropped into cross-washes and deep sand at moments when I believe I was on the verge of dozing off. Realizing that my condition was liable to again lead us into disaster, and knowing that we were in no condition to face it, I was compelled to slow down our schedule somewhat. Accordingly it was nearly six o'clock that evening before we reached Paradise Spring where a distinct surprise was in store for us.

Friends Greet Us

Paradise Spring is located in a deep canyon between two ranges of volcanic hills, where any vehicles approaching it from the surrounding desert must come down the bottom of the wash. With the sidecar motor roaring in our haste to get to the spring, and on to Barstow, we came rattling down the canyon, and around the face of the wall beside the water hole to come upon a man kneeling beside the water hole filling a canteen. The man had much the appearance of a desert prospector, but was a complete stranger to us. As we came up he looked at us for several seconds with an expression of dumbfounded amazement. He was as pale as a sheet. Then he dropped his canteen, and ran down the canyon like a lunatic, or one who had seen a couple of evil spirits, and shouted at the top of his voice: "They're

alive! They're alive! They're alive!" At this, a dozen men came running up the canyon, and I recognized the man in the lead as Mark Williamson, the President of the Los Angeles Motorcycle Club. Williamson came running forward and grabbing Fletcher and myself by the hands exclaimed:

"My God, men, it's good to find you alive. We gave you up for dead three days ago. We'd combed this desert over, gave you up for gone, and were on our way home."

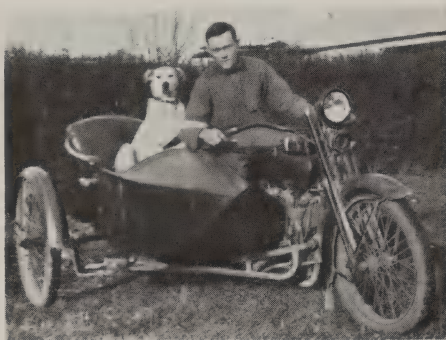
The End

Travel South and Cheat the Weatherman

RAYMOND Wills and Joe Mickey, two Columbus, Ohio, riders, have it all over the rest of us when it comes to cheating the Weatherman. Let him bring on his cold northwest winds. All they do is map out a trip through the south, hop on their Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit and beat it as fast as they can away from the chilly blasts that sweep through the valley of the Ohio at the first suggestion of winter. Recently, they passed through Savannah, Ga., stopping for a brief visit at the Harley-Davidson dealers, the Cleary Motorcycle Co. They were on the road for six days, coming by way of Pittsburgh and Richmond, Va., and were headed for Tampa and Southern Florida. Not the slightest mechanical difficulty was experienced enroute, and fifty cents they spent at Savannah for an oil cap they had lost and a couple of leather washers was the sum total of their upkeep expense.

What is the average life of a Harley-Davidson motorcycle? This is a matter for much discussion, but the following notation that Mr. George Stirn of Delphos, Ohio, put on a recent parts order, might help to answer the question:

"This parts order is for a 1911 Harley-Davidson battery model, belt drive. This is the first set of piston rings and bushings this machine has had since it left the factory, and the machine has been in constant use every year and is going good yet."



No ordinary dog's life for this sidecar passenger. The owner is Harry W. Pipher of Orleans, Indiana.



**Frank
says—**

“There’s a rider who gets the most out of his motorcycle”

“We motorcycle mechanics get a funny slant on human nature. We can almost judge a man by the appearance of his motorcycle. Some fellows seem to think that as long as there is gas and oil in the tanks all is well.

“Then there’s another type—the fellows who keep their machines spick and span, use good oil, watch their batteries, keep grease cups filled and look over bolts and nuts once in a while.

“And you can take it from my years of motorcycle experience that riders who spend a few minutes once a week going over their motorcycles are ahead in the long run. Riders like this fellow get the most pleasure and miles out of their motorcycles.

“I have worked on all kinds of jobs as a motorcycle repair mechanic and I have found that the rider who has

his machine inspected and gone over once a year by his local dealer saves money. His upkeep cost is lower and he keeps his motorcycle going all the time.

“No doubt, you have learned from my previous talks in the Enthusiast that there are certain jobs in motor overhauling that can be done best by your local dealer because he has special factory tools, Genuine Harley-Davidson Parts and trained motorcycle mechanics.

“There is a big year of motorcycling ahead for you. February is a good month to have your local dealer give your machine the once over. Chances are, too, he has time now to give you better attention.”

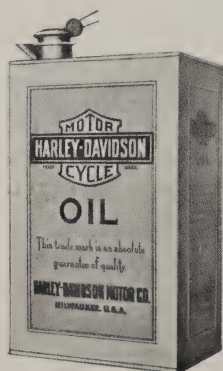
“I am going to tell you in the March Enthusiast how you can look after your storage battery and save money.”—Frank.



Why take a chance?

You can expect **more** power when you use oil that is refined **especially** for your Harley-Davidson motor. There's less wear on the moving parts of your motor, mechanics will tell you. At the new, sharply **reduced** prices, Genuine Harley-Davidson Oil costs no more than ordinary oil. So why take a chance with just ordinary oil?

Your Harley-Davidson motor will start quicker and run smoother, these winter months, if you fill your tank with



Harley-Davidson Winter Oil

38.05

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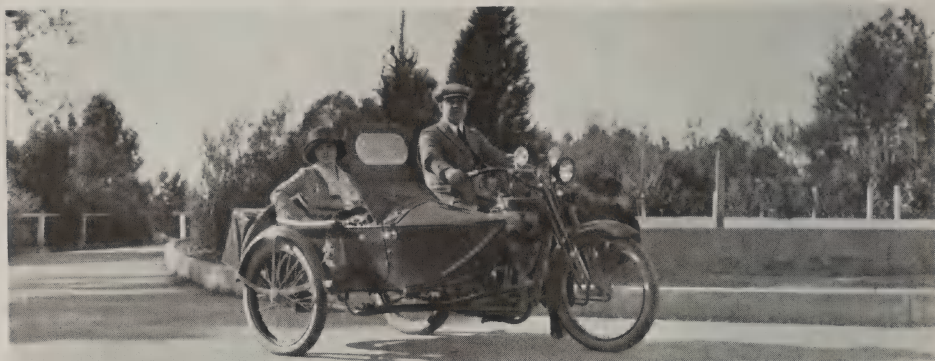
MAR 6 1923

The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast



March, 1923

Why They Go to California



Verne Guthrie, our Western salesman, and his wife know how to get the full benefit of California's sunshine and roses. Here they are enjoying the scenery on the foothills near Pomona.



"Old Baldy," Southern California's snow covered mountain, is claiming their attention here. "Old Baldy" is the only peak in Southern California that has snow on its roof all the year around.



The road from San Diego to San Bernardino the Guthries found has its attractions, too. The old settler's cabin interested them for a minute here.



We stop to look down on Estes Park while going up Fall River Pass.

Our Vacation Trip to Colorado

By "Art" Rochow

WELL, fellows, it's sure good to see you home again. Must have been a wonderful trip. Gee, but you both look fine!"

Such were the greetings we received on every hand when we returned home to Rochester from our three weeks' tour to the West last summer. It had been a wonderful trip, but it sure was great to be home again and to have bodies and minds refreshed and stimulated by some of the most wonderful scenery in this United States. We patted the old faithful Harley-Davidson and silently thanked it for the first-class service it had given us at every turn of the road. Some day we'd advise you to make your tour west and bring home in your minds the wonders of the Rockies. It will sure blow away the cobwebs.

Originally, we had planned a hunting trip to Maine, where I had visited several years ago and had learned of a grand woods country near the New Brunswick line, but something of the wanderlust

took hold of us at the time of the National Motorcycle Rally last fall and nothing short of a trip to the Rockies finally would do. I called in Roy Riley, who has been my companion on many pleasant trips, and together we laid out our route across 4,000 miles of country. We decided to go west via Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Topeka and the newly posted Victory Highway to Colorado Springs. Through the Auto Club and tourist bureaus in the various large cities enroute, we gathered all the road information we could desire. The Denver tourist bureau was particularly generous, forwarding through the railroads splendid pamphlets full of information and pictures of the mountains.

Our motorcycle was well groomed for the trip. After being thoroughly inspected and adjusted, a reasonable amount of extra parts was packed away and with the piling up of luggage we wondered where we would stow it all.



Coming through Williams Canyon, near Manitou, Colorado.

A 7x9 wall tent had been selected by Roy, who had made many canoe trips through the Canadian lakes, and with a set of canvas sleeping bags, two blankets each, spare clothing, heavy overcoats and incidentals, we sure stowed away a complete load. A collapsible grate and two boxes to contain our food supplies and pots, pans, etc., were sufficient for the inner man's needs. A good axe, and most important, Roy's carefully selected medicine kit. For several weeks we had listed our probable needs and finally weeded it down to only the essentials.

We were careful to rope on all our luggage and thus it never caused us trouble by loosening as would have been the case with straps.

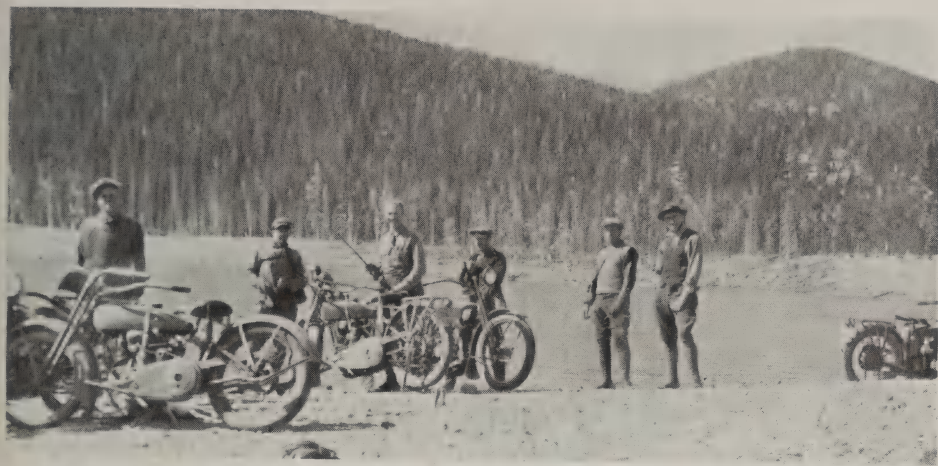
And here's a tip to the tourist who does not want to become "seat sore." Purchase a sheepskin with unclipped wool and use this to cushion the sliding you always do when touring. It was our guarantee against soreness.

We're Off for the West

Our experiences from Rochester to Colorado, our destination, while they would fill a book, were no different we suppose than those encountered by every tourist making the same trip. The first day found us bowling along over the long, rolling hills of Pennsylvania. After that came the broad, straight roads of Ohio, which carried us through one busy bustling little town after another, right on to Indiana. From Brazil, Ind., to St. Louis, the roads were a positive joy to the motorcyclist—almost all concrete except for a few short stretches. Once out of St. Louis, however, and in the heart of Missouri, concrete roads became a pleasant dream of the past as we found ourselves wrestling with the sticky masses of mud that have made Missouri famous. Ask us anything you want about Missouri "gumbo," and we'll



The breezes were far from gentle upon the Continental Divide at Berthoud Pass, 12,202 feet above sea level.



Somebody told us there were fish in Hour Glass Lake. They were right, so we had fish for dinner.

cheerfully verify any tales that have ever been told about it. One lesson we learned through our experience with it, we pass on, hoping that it will prevent others who read this from making the same mistake we did. Don't think that you can dash through the mud. It can't be done. We tried it, only to have the mud stick us tight. Our combined efforts did not budge the outfit, and it was only after forty minutes of prying with a few fence rails that we finally got out. Take it easy and your motor will get you through.

Man, We Did Sleep!

Nights we spent out underneath the stars. Curled up in our sleeping bags, it made no difference what weather it was. Daybreak always found us wide awake and ready to push on. Meals we cooked ourselves with the aid of the utensils we had brought along, at little expense of time or labor, and simple though they were, they always left us satisfied. The nights were always cool and refreshing.

Many nights we spent at tourist camps provided for the convenience of tourists by many of the larger cities along the route. Staying at these camps is great fun! The veteran campers you meet at

these places are always ready to give out a lot of good pointers. Indianapolis has a nicely situated tourist camp, with water and cut wood, as well as Abilene and Goodland, Kansas. At Abilene, the camp is even provided with lights, shower baths and cookstoves.

The roads were fairly good through Kansas. At Topeka, we learned that the headquarters for the Victor Highway Association were located there, where we were given the information that the new route is well posted all the way to 'Frisco.

From Goodland, Kans., to Flagler, Colo., the roads were so good that we made our best time of the trip between these two places, covering the distance of 79.6 miles in two hours. We kept up a steady 45 mile per hour rate. When we finally arrived at Colorado Springs, our first real stop, we had covered close to 2,000 miles. We had been on the road seven days.

We spent two days at Colorado Springs, taking in the sights mentioned in the touring literature received from the railroads. The roads on all of these tours were good, and our Harley-Davidson sailed right over them with ease.

(Turn to Page 17)



Trapping Business is Good in Kansas

"This is a three night catch, which brought us \$68.00," wrote Ed Ballew of Cherryvale, Kansas, when he sent us the above picture. Ed is the man on the left, while the other fellow is his friend, Charles Headley.

"I have the dogs that go and get them,

and the motorcycle that takes me there and back without a grunt," Ed wrote further. "That's why the boys always say, 'He sure is lucky.' Sometimes I go as far as twenty miles from here to do my hunting. I have about forty-eight more furs on hand now to ship."



There's no doubt that these South Americans from Sao Paulo, Brazil, believe in sociability. The rider on the first machine is Joas Gual, the Harley-Davidson dealer at Sao Paulo.

Registration Aids in Restoring Stolen Machine

ANOTHER stolen machine has been restored to its rightful owner through the Harley-Davidson registration system. The machine was stolen from W. C. Cummings of Winslow, Ariz., on December 7th. A fugitive from justice who was on \$10,000 bail and with a reward of \$3,000 for his arrest wanted something for a quick get-away—and he got it. On December 12th, when Cummings wrote us, he reported that all traces of the thief had been lost after the first 35 miles. He gave the motor number as 22F3475.

On December 14th, Sam McPherson, our dealer at San Diego, Calif., wrote us that the police there were holding a Harley-Davidson motorcycle which they had picked up on the streets. The motor number had been chiseled off, but the transmission number had not been tampered with and was K3479. When this information was received, and our records looked into, it was found that this transmission number corresponded with motor number 22F3475, the same number given by Cummings as the motor number of his stolen machine. Cummings' registration card was then looked up and the information verified. He was promptly notified of the recovery of the machine, and told to get in touch with the San Diego police through Sam McPherson and claim it.

Did you know that it takes two and a half million German marks to buy a twin-cylinder Harley-Davidson motorcycle? In fact, to be exact a machine would really cost three million marks at the present time, because the two and a half million price was quoted several months ago by Walter Friedt, a motorcycle dealer at Denzig, once a part of Germany, but now a free state. Since that time, marks have gone down in value from 7,500 to 10,000 to the American dollar. Before the war, a mark was worth around 24 to 25 cents in United States money, or about 4 to a dollar.



How Does John E. Hogg Take Photos of Himself and Friends?

MANY of our readers have asked us this question. They have wondered whether Hogg takes a third party along on his hunting, fishing and other motorcycling trips he tells you about in the Enthusiast.

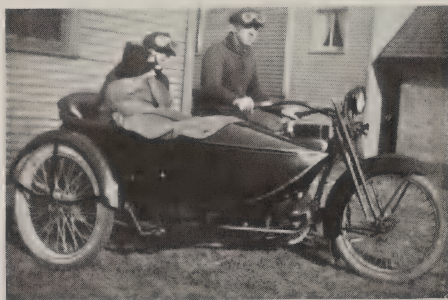
Hogg uses a little picture taking device called a Kodak Self Timer. He places his Kodak on a tripod and then sets this self timer so he will have plenty time to get in the picture himself before the self timer clicks the shutter. Most any camera shop or store that sells camera supplies can furnish you with a self timer—the same device that Hogg uses to take most of his motorcycling photos. The price is only \$1.25.



This works—in the movies. Herbert Rawlinson, popular film star, is the smiling tempter, and Hal Craig, the motorcycle officer.

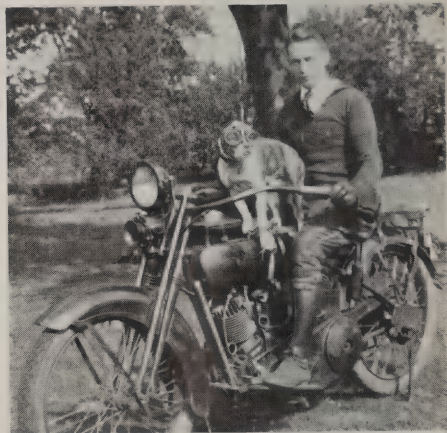


Hunters, attention! This is Edward H. Fisher of Casper, Wyo., and a bunch of Wyoming rabbits. How far is it out to Wyoming? Not far with your Harley-Davidson. Ed says there is all kinds of game in his state and invites the bunch to come out and try the shooting. Thanks, Ed, we sure accept the invitation.

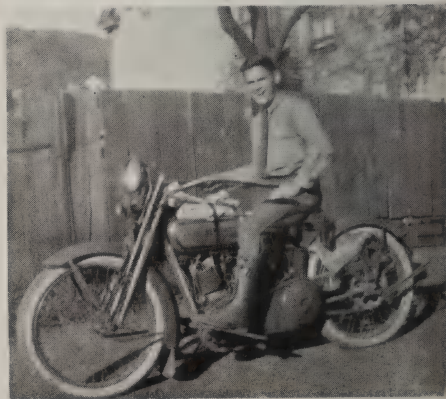


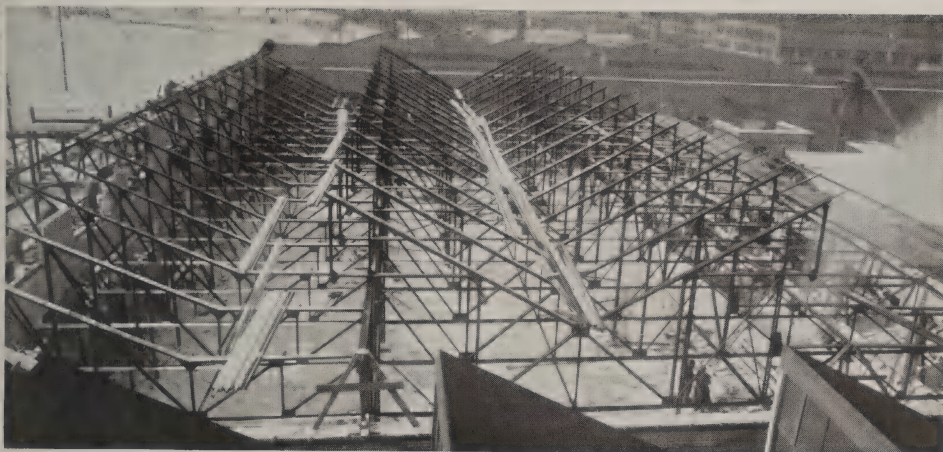
"Sometime ago I wrote you an account of a trip I took on a 1919 model Harley-Davidson, and I said I was going to get a 74," wrote Emil L. Olsen, Michigan City, Ind., on December 9th. "Well, I could not wait until spring, so I got one now. Here's a picture of the machine with my family. The new 74" is sure some machine, and I hope to take another 'Real Gypsy Tour' next summer."

Like Mary's much-famed lamb, everywhere Wallace Tracy of Manchester, Conn., goes, his dog is sure to go,— goggles and all. They make a pretty good-looking pair, too, don't they? A good-looking pair on a good-looking machine. Recently one of the Manchester papers gave Wallace and his dog quite a favorable write-up. Wallace says his chubby bulldog will ride as fast as you want to go.



"I ride solo, and as for my opinion of motocyeling, I don't think the fellow is born who likes the sport any better than I," says F. J. Riedel of Passiac, N. J., who is the handsome young fellow in the picture shown below. Riedel thought that just because he has never made over 150 miles at a stretch that his trips weren't worth speaking about. Not so, F. J., not so. Where'd you get the idea?





All ready to put the roof on the newest factory addition.

The Builders are Still on the Job

By "Hap" Hayes

LAST fall the builders added 10,000 square feet of floor space to the main building of the Harley-Davidson factory to keep pace with the growing demand for the 1923 Harley-Davidsons. Before the builders put on the roof to this new addition, Walter Davidson, president, told them they could start work on another new addition as soon as they finished that one. Again, increased sales made necessary increased factory space.

The old racing department that riders and dealers who visited the factory a couple years ago remember so well, was torn down to make room for the new addition, shown above. Dust covered racing machines, frames, trunks and sidecars were carted over to another resting place.

This new building will add 14,000 more square feet of floor space to the present factory. All the carbonizing and heat treating furnaces, the welding and riveting departments will be located in the new building. Such parts of your Harley-Davidson as the gears, hubs, forgings, rollers, handle bars—parts that get a lot of strain, will be heat treated in the hardening furnaces in this new building. In

addition to the old furnaces that have been moved from the main building, there will be four new carbonizing furnaces and one new heat treating furnace. These new furnaces are of the most modern type and in addition to increasing production, they will help to make a better and even stronger built motorcycle. It is figured that these new furnaces will increase the production of the heat treating department about thirty per cent.

Why is all this heat treatment of certain parts necessary in a motorcycle? First, you want to remember that "Bill" Harley and his staff of engineers in designing new motorcycle improvements each year must consider weight. A few pounds makes a big difference. Finest grades of steel must be used in order to get strength with least weight. Not alone better material but more skillful and exacting workmanship goes into your Harley-Davidson in order to combine strength with minimum weight.

If a modern motorcycle was built on the slap-'em together and-run-'em-out-on-a belt system of factory production, you could ride one lap around the block. Then you could walk another lap around the

(Turn to Page 18)

What the Motorcycle Clubs are Doing

Paterson, N. J. "You aren't in it if you haven't a club these days," decided some of the riders in this city recently. Result—some of them got together and voted in favor of a motorcycle club. The club is in full swing now and all sorts of activities are being planned to pep up the social life of Paterson motorcyclists. The new club is called the Silk City Motorcycle Club.

Pittsburgh, Pa. The Highland Motor Club is another club that isn't going to let anybody get ahead of them. John H. Graves is president, Harry E. Gatewood, secretary, and J. E. Bollen, treasurer. Watch them!

Chicago, Ill. Felix G. Lipski was elected president at the twelfth annual election of officers of the West Side Motorcycle Club. Other officers chosen were Charles Kral, vice president; Joseph Dolezal, treasurer; Frank Siebert, recording secretary; W. F. Wieshmann, financial secretary; Michael Alix, sergeant at arms. Plans were made for a big year of club activity. The club has a summer home at Fox Lake where many of the members spend their vacations.

NOTICE

Next month we're going to feature a story on one of the most successful motorcycle clubs in the country—the Reading (Pa.) Motorcycle Club. So watch for it. You might get some helpful pointers.

Also, "Hap" Hayes says if you want any of the new booklets with suggested Constitution and By-Laws for a Motorcycle Club that he told you about last month, you'd better get your request in soon, because they sure are going fast.



The American Motorcycle Club of Brooklyn, N. Y., is a new club, but it's growing fast. Here's a line-up of the members.

Toronto, Ont., Canada. The Toronto Motorcycle Club say they are a little late in reporting on their annual New Year's Eve Run, but they wanted it known that the Harley-Davidsons cleaned up as usual. Walter Andrews took first place, Joe Menton, second, and Morris Moffatt, of high-diving fame, third. The run, while not as long this year, covering only about 60 miles, was through heavy snow, and to finish any place in the money meant some real figuring, as the riders were checked in at secret controls right to the second. The schedule was 20 miles per hour.

Milwaukee, Wis. The regular monthly dances of the Greater Milwaukee Motorcycle Club are making a big hit with the lady friends of the members. A masquerade ball was recently held and everybody came disguised. Another dance is scheduled for the early part of March. All these dances are run on the self-supporting plan. Ed Lauf is chairman of the Entertainment Committee that is putting over these winter dances.

Turn to Page 18 and learn how the members of the Los Angeles Motorcycle Club clean their machines now.

Motorcycle Officer Makes Plucky Stop of Runaway Horse

Grabbing the bridle of a runaway horse with one hand and using the other to direct his motorcycle, is a feat that folks in Torrington, Conn., talk about when the name of Motorcycle Officer E. A. Bierce, whose picture appears below, is mentioned.

The horse was galloping north and Officer Bierce was headed south. As the horse reached him he tried to check its mad race, but without success. In another second, he turned around and was in pursuit. With his cut-out wide open and leaning low over the handlebars, he raced down the street. He overtook the



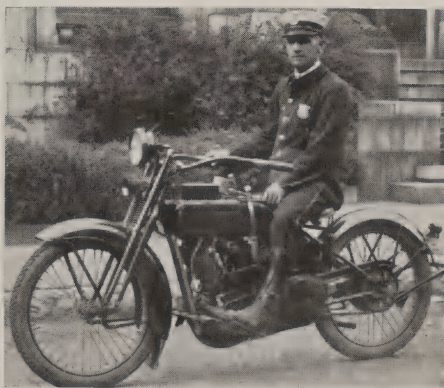
runaway outfit, swung in close to the horse and grabbed the bridle with one hand, using the other to direct the motorcycle. Passersby held their breath in horror, expecting any minute to see the plucky officer thrown from his machine and hurled beneath the hoofs of the runaway. Officer Bierce doggedly held on to the bridle, however, and succeeded in bringing the runaway to a stop before any damage was done.

Officer Bierce claims that from May until November he covered 5,601 miles and used only 138 gallons of gas and 7½ gallons of oil. His total expense for repairs was \$2.65. Fines for violations of the motor vehicle law on arrests he made amounted to \$224.80.



"He is the most efficient motorcycle officer I ever met." That's what a big official said about Officer John J. Fitzpatrick of La Crosse, Wis., whose picture is shown above. Officer Jack, as he is commonly known in and around his home town, handles his machine with great skill. He rides in all kinds of weather and does not worry if he has to shoot up to 70 miles an hour to catch a speeder. He has been a motorcycle officer for years, and has covered thousands of miles. In the first five weeks that he used this particular machine, he took in over \$700.00 in fines.

Motorcycle Officer Roy Hutcheson of Zanesville, Ohio, who graces the picture below, has proven to the folks who run his town that a Harley-Davidson is right there when it comes to making good. The first sixteen days Officer Hutcheson had the Harley-Davidson in use he made arrests that netted the city \$570.00.



Here and There and Then



Their dads used to dash away madly on their ponies across the plains. Now these young fellows, all members of the Billings, Montana, Motorcycle Club, speed over the country with their motorcycles. What chance has a pony, today?



"I'll bet it's the boss," said a factory employe when he saw this photo. He's right. It's Walter Davidson, taken just after he won the diamond medal at the F. A. M. meet, July, 1908.

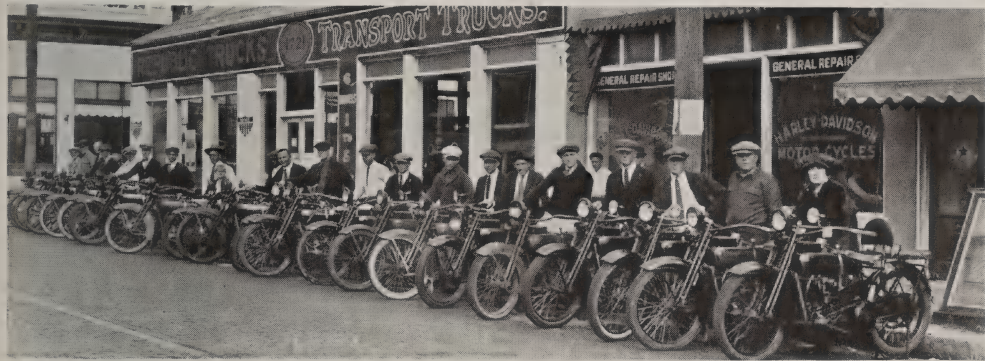


Walt Whiting, Denver, Col., does wife. Walt thinks there is nothing with photos.



Wouldn't you like to take a Child, New York City, took along bit of New York state.

and Now with Our Riders



Every day is a riding day down in Tampa, Florida, famous for cigars. Tony Maniaci, the local dealer, has invited the boys out for a run. Tony must be a genial host, judging by the way the riders turn out.



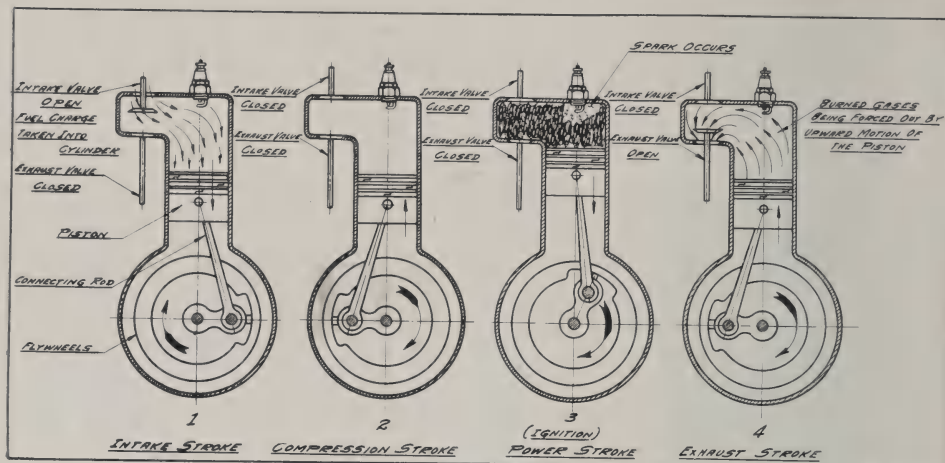
ends us this photo of himself and Colorado scenery. He proves it



cycle trip over this road? Alfred air friends to enjoy this attractive



Time, 15 years later. Here again we have the boss, Walter Davidson, on the saddle, and his life long friend, business partner and fellow motorcyclist, "Bill" Harley, designer of your motorcycle.



What Goes On Inside Your Motor

By H. E. Jameson, Service Department

WHEN rolling over hills and long stretches of country road, haven't you more than once marveled at the consistent performance of your motor and how it is possible for a relatively small power plant to develop such speed and power? And, what is a more interesting thought, you are the engineer of this power—whether it is a speed of ten miles an hour or a higher speed of forty or fifty miles an hour it is completely at your disposal.

The changing of gasoline into a form of power would require a rather long and technical explanation. But the story of just what occurs within your motor when it is running is an interesting one.

The Harley-Davidson motor is of the conventional four-stroke-cycle (four-cycle) principle. Briefly, the four-cycle motor delivers one power impulse in each cylinder for every four strokes of the piston or two complete revolutions of the flywheels. These four events or strokes are termed: Intake, compression, ignition (power) and exhaust and are related in the following order:

Intake Stroke or Event No. 1

We will assume that the motor is ready to start and that one of the pistons in one of the cylinders is at the top of its stroke, that is, the piston is as near to the top of the cylinder as it can come. The flywheels are caused to revolve by aid of the starter pedal and through the connecting rod the piston is drawn away from the top of the cylinder. At the same time the inlet (admission) valve is opened by a geared cam action and as the piston descends a proportionate mixture of gas and air is forced into the cylinder through the carburetor and manifold. After the piston reaches the end of this stroke, the inlet valve closes, thus trapping the gaseous mixture in a comparatively air tight chamber. Thus the fuel charge is taken into the cylinder on the intake stroke and remains to be compressed for ignition in event or stroke No. 2.

Compression Stroke or Event No. 2

The continued rotation of the flywheels forces the piston upward into the cylinder, driving the fresh charge ahead,

hence compressing it into a small space. It is necessary to thus compress the fuel charge so that it will ignite easily and develop the required power upon burning. The compressed fuel charge at this point is ready for ignition by an electric spark which occurs in stroke or event No. 3.

Ignition (Or Power) Stroke Event No. 3

With the fuel charge compressed in the cylinder chamber above the piston to approximately 60 pounds per square inch, the generator or magneto is timed to produce a spark at the spark plug points to ignite the charge. After the fuel charge is ignited, combustion takes place and a great expansion of the gases forces the piston downward, thus driving the flywheels and delivering power through the transmission to the rear wheel of the motorcycle.

At the end of this stroke the cylinder is filled with burned or expended gases which must be expelled before a fresh fuel charge is admitted for the next power event. This cleansing or scavenging stroke comes in event No. 4.

Exhaust or Scavenging Stroke Event No. 4

At the time the piston is nearing the end of its downward power stroke, the exhaust valve is opened by the timed cam action and as the piston is caused to move upward, the burned or spent gases are forced out through the exhaust pipe and allowed to expand further in the muffler to eliminate as much as possible the sharp report.

After the piston has reached its uppermost position on the scavenging or exhaust stroke and thus has expelled the burned gases from the cylinder, the exhaust valve is caused to close and the inlet valve open for the beginning of another cycle of events just described.

This outline, as well as the simplified drawing, deals with the working of one cylinder only. It must be remembered that both cylinders pass through this series of events.



L. D. Jones, who gets his mail at Poland, N. Y., and the haul he made this winter.

My Harley-Davidson Makes My Trapping Successful

By L. D. Jones

I HAVE been a Harley-Davidson rider for many years. Have found the machine great sport and this year more than a pal.

It was just the thing on my trapping lines last fall and early winter. I was able to cover much of the trail by motorcycle that would have been impossible with a car, saving myself much walking.

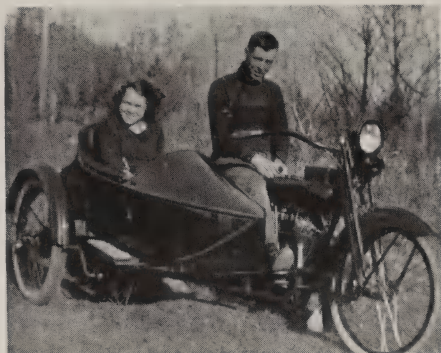
Many mornings the thermometer was at zero, but I did not experience any trouble starting. In fact, she was ready to go every morning—much more so than I.

Due to the weather this year, the roads in this part of Northern New York have been covered with ice and snow since early November. Yet I have been on the road every day from six in the morning to three in the afternoon continuously and have not had to do any repairing.

With roads in bad condition, rain, sleet and snow drifts have not made any difference, for "snow may come and snow may go, but a Harley-Davidson goes on forever."

Double your motorcycling pleasures, this year, with an easy-riding Royal Tourist Sidecar.

The 1923 Harley-Davidson catalog is printed in nine different languages.



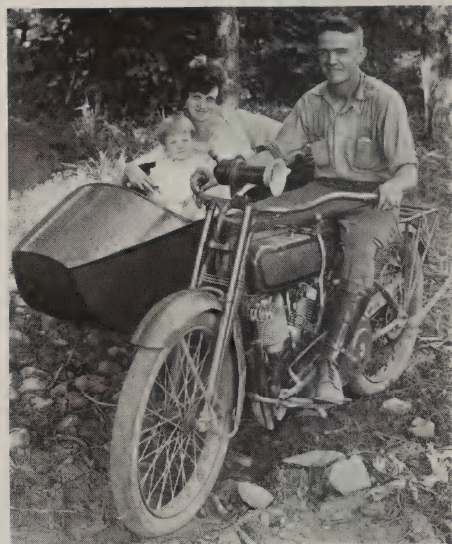
"I have a car, but give me my motorcycle any day," says Errol Bradley of Belmont, Manitoba, Canada. "I like it much better." He made a trip to Vang, N. D., not long ago with snow up to the bottom of the sidecar in lots of places and averaged 46 miles per hour. What? No, he wasn't dressed then like he is in the picture.



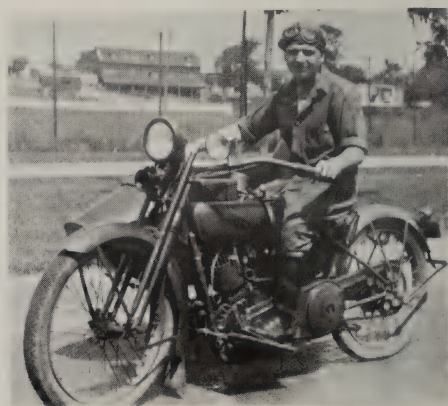
Here's a stunt that David Gauthier, now the Harley-Davidson dealer at Two Rivers, Wis., pulled off some years ago when he liked to try out new things with his motorcycle. Gauthier found this feat quite easy, but was careful to take the precaution to put the stand down so there was no chance of slipping back.

"Here we are, the whole family—," writes J. R. Ruffin of Anniston, Ala.,

"and you can just bet we like our Harley-Davidson and sidecar. This picture was taken on a rough country road leading over a mountain, but our old 17J doesn't mind mountains. In fact, she just 'eats 'em up.'"



Below is Toney F. Seitz who was one of the visitors at the factory last summer. Toney thinks a lot of his home town, Indianapolis, Ind., but that didn't make him enjoy his five-week trip through Wisconsin and northern Michigan any the less last summer. The trip covered 1200 miles. Toney says his machine is good for one hundred more trips like that.



Our Vacation Trip to Colorado

(From Page 5)

Cheyenne Canyon and the famous Seven Falls were two of the first places we visited. We took in the drive through Bear Creek Canyon, which is a wonder in road building. The old stage coach road also came in for a share of our attention, this taking us back through Cripple Creek and finally to Goldfield. But the two wonders of this country that stood out most of all, and left us worshippers of the Great West, were Pike's Peak and the Garden of the Gods.

Climbing up the wonderful banked turns of the road leading up to the summit of Pike's Peak, was a sensation that I will always remember. We kept up a steady speed of 25 miles per hour in second gear most of the way to the timber line, and from there up to the top, about seven miles, we were glad to have a low gear to use. We did not stop going up and exactly one hour and 15 minutes from the toll gate, we sat on "top of the world," 14,109 feet above sea level. Coming down we stopped for a chicken dinner at the Half Way House.

We Rough it in the Mountains

After the Garden of the Gods, with its many strange multi-colored rocks, we rode on through Colorado Springs and then north to Denver, where we looked up Walt Whiting, the Harley-Davidson dealer. Walt is a gracious host, and he had plans all made to take us north into the woods at Buckhorn Mountain with some kindred motorcyclists from Loveland.

Of that trip, we have the pleasantest memories. We stayed at "Dad" Kunce's "shack" on the Big Thompson River. Dad, who is proprietor of the Harley-Davidson shop at Loveland, is a real hearty sport, and he wears his 58 years easily. His flapjacks in the early morning were most welcome and his motorcycle

(Turn to Page 21)

Come on over!



SPRING OPENING WEEK

**at your dealer's
April 2nd to 7th**

The Bridgeport, Conn., Public Library uses a Harley-Davidson sidevan to deliver library books.

Do you know that Harley-Davidsons are sold and used in 103 countries?



Here's a sample of the kind of roads the Eugene, Oregon, Motorcycle Club picked out for its annual endurance run. This picture shows Bill Davis plugging through the mud on his Harley-Davidson.

Some Hints for Photographers

WE took a look at the calendar this morning and the thought came to us that spring is not so very far off. Soon some of the riders will begin dusting off their cameras and taking motorcycle photographs.

"Now is the time," as they say, to give you riders an idea of the kind of photographs we want and can use in the "Enthusiast." Here's five helpful hints.

1. When you take a photo of your sidecar outfit, have a passenger in the sidecar.

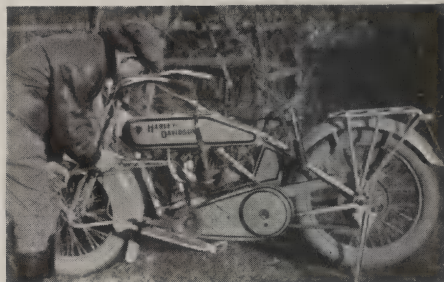
2. If you have a solo machine do not take a photo with the motorcycle on the stand.

3. Take your pictures in a bright sunlight. They reproduce better in the "Enthusiast" and you'll look better.

4. Make your motorcycle photographs natural. Take photos of your touring, fishing trips, club runs and scenes along the road. Motorcycling is an outdoor sport. Make your photos tell the story of your pleasures.

5. The bigger the motorcycle shows in the photograph, the better you and your friends will look when we use your photos in the Enthusiast.

Fourteen Harley-Davidsons were purchased recently by the Postmaster General's Department in Sydney, Australia.



Members Give 'Em the Air

"We have provided an air compressor outfit for our members to clean their machines," writes George H. Page, secretary of the Los Angeles Motorcycle Club, Los Angeles, Calif. George sends us two photographs to show how this air compressor cleaning outfit works. A long hose is attached to the air compressor. There is a nozzle with a valve on the end of the hose. Riders can clean their motorcycle when they come to the club, just as the rider is doing in the photograph. A close up photo of the air compressor tank is shown in the lower left hand corner of this page.

"This idea is making a big hit with our club members. It helps them keep their machines clean and helps us get new club members" adds Page in his letter.

In the Northern California endurance run of the Oakland Motorcycle Club held over 340-miles of dirt road, the Havoline Trophy, which was put up three years ago for competition among club members, was won by Dewey Jefferis and his Harley-Davidson. To claim ownership to the trophy, it was necessary to win a perfect score three years in succession.

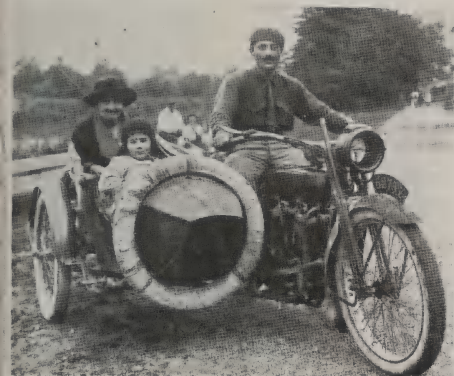
The Builders Are Still on the Job

(From Page 9)

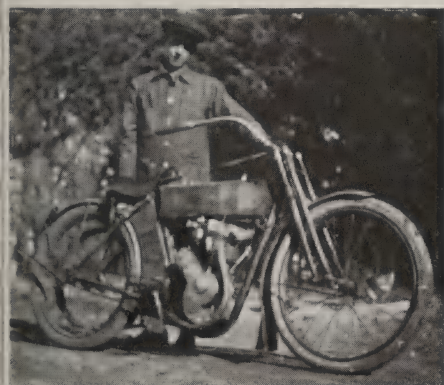
same block with a basket and pick up the parts that fell on your first time around.

This new factory addition and all the other additions to be made in the future are planned to make the Harley-Davidson an even better built motorcycle and, of course, a greater value for the money.

"We have travelled all over our beautiful country, without motor trouble," says E. Dubrecq, Asnieres, France, of his Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit. Every summer he and the family go for an extended trip.



The Harley-Davidson shown below is a 1911 single cylinder model, and is owned by the Nelson family of Greenleaf, Kans., who also own three other Harley-Davidsons. Its original owner, Louis F. Nelson, says that it was the second Harley-Davidson brought into that particular section of the country. He rode it for some time, and then sold it to his brother James, who used it every day until 1917 when he sold it, in turn, to another brother, Leslie. Leslie now says he has another Harley-Davidson, but that the old 1911 model is still running O. K. under the guidance of his younger brother, Merl (who appears in the picture), and that they intend it to stay in the family.



Hooray for the ladies! Mrs. C. E. Mullen of Marshalltown, Ia., is an expert driver and handles her Harley-Davidson as good as any man. She is now running a rapid delivery system, and making good. This picture was taken on a recent trip to Eldora, Ia.



"I have made 469 trips from my home to Carrollville, where I work, which is a distance of 18½ miles round trip," says Alfred Pearn of St. Francis, Wis. "I make the trip every day, cold or warm, rain or shine, and make it without a mishap." Mr. Pearn adds that his sixty years don't prevent him from enjoying his motorcycle rides.

It May Pay You to Have These Things Done to Your Machine

IF YOU have covered between 10,000 and 15,000 miles with your Harley-Davidson, it is a good plan to have your cylinders reground and fitted with oversize pistons and rings. A first class regrinding job will give your motor the same power it had when new. If your motor has been run for several seasons and lacks its old time pep, you can almost make up your mind that it needs regrinding.

Such a job is much more satisfactory than to fit new rings or even new pistons with rings without regrinding, because it insures a perfect fit, and costs only a little more. When a cylinder is worn it is impossible to get a perfect piston fit without regrinding.

A number of dealers are equipped with cylinder grinding machinery and many others carry reground cylinders for exchange service. Any job that it is necessary to send to the factory is taken care of promptly. Have your regrinding done through your

dealer, because the average grinding equipment is not made to taper grind cylinders the way Harley-Davidson cylinders are ground.

This is a good time of the year to have your dealer exchange that worn carburetor for one that he or the factory has rebuilt. Such an exchange can be made at a reasonable cost, and will add to your riding pleasure next summer. You can easily tell whether your carburetor is worn by noting whether there is play in the throttle shaft. If you can move the shaft back and forth after raising the needle valve lift lever, see your dealer and he will tell you whether an exchange is advisable. Perhaps only the air valve is worn, in which case a new one is all that you need, but if the throttle shaft is worn an exchange of carburetors is recommended.

New and rebuilt carburetors are now fitted with monel metal bushings in the throttle shaft and air valves, making for long wear and service.



Antonio Lage, winner of the 210-kilometer (131-mile) Paulista Championship Race held at Sao Paulo, Brazil, recently.

Chicago Heights Motorcycle Club Trys a New Kind of a Run

Leave it to the Chicago Heights Motorcycle Club to think up something new. Their latest stunt was what they called a Rough Riding Run. The run was headed by Ike Woodward, and twenty members took part in it. The big idea was to tangle up the bunch on unknown and impossible roads in the dark and turn them loose to get back to headquarters if they could. Ike sure did make them work. Starting at 9:30 P. M., with the bunch following him, he crossed ditches, farms, ruts and forest preserves over the roughest roads this side of Idaho. After an hour he stopped in the woods and counted headlights. They were all there. What do you know about that? No fooling those fellows, eh, Ike?

Our Vacation Trip to Colorado

(From Page 17)

riding as good as the young fellows. A trip was made by eleven of us to Hour Glass Lake, a 35-mile uphill ride from Dad's "shack." The party was headed by Frank Kunce, his son, who is champion motorcyclist of those parts.

Three miles from Hour Glass Lake we pitched our camp and then went to look at the lake itself. We found the view when we got there well worth the uphill riding that had been necessary to reach it. The lake was full of rainbow and native trout. Next morning some of us took our sidecars off and rode solo over the route to the lake. Two mud holes and fording one stream with much scrambling up and down hill over a trail that only a horse could travel was great fun and the nice batch of trout we brought back to camp made the ride the more worth while.

The Whittings Show Us Around

A two-day trip with Mr. and Mrs. Walt Whiting as our guides up through Estes Park over the Continental Divide at Mitner Pass and down into Grand Lake and Sulphur Springs, coming back over the Divide at Berthoud Pass and via Lookout Mountain into Golden and Denver, was another experience on this glorious trip that we will never forget. This country, with its exceptionally good roads, is surely a motorcyclist's paradise. The winding road up Big Thompson Canon on the way to the famous Estes Park and village revealed new wonders every other minute. Mt. Evans, near Denver, was passed, and Long's Peak, which is higher than Pike's Peak. At Rocky Mountain National Park, we rode through a rustic arch at the entrance, and soon were in second gear winding our way up Fall River Pass. The road was a bit rougher here than it had been along most of the way, but it was well banked at the switch-backs and at every

(Turn to Page 22)



A close-up of Bill Davis, winner of and sole survivor in the Eugene, Oregon, Endurance Run. His score was 881 out of a possible 1000. The course was 420 miles long.

Any Others to Join This Club?

F. H. Richardson, New York City, took one look at the story in the September Enthusiast about Guy Webb covering 255,000 miles motorcycling, and sat down and wrote us as follows: "Noticed that some fellow has ridden Harley-Davidsons 255,000 miles. Well, I've done 125,000 myself, and that's not WIND either—speedometer records!"



Saranac Lake, New York, is a big name on the sport page in winter. Here's a group of motorcyclists that help make the winter sport news.

Play safe and you'll save money



Ever stop to think that when you buy tires, you buy mileage. Whether or not you get full value depends on how you take care of your tires. Keeping the right amount of air in your tires is one important duty.

How are you going to know exactly if you have enough air in your tires? This Schrader tire pressure gauge will tell you. Keep it in your tool box. Test your tires once a week. It means more tire mileage and money saved.

Complete only

\$1.25

at your dealer

All standard makes of tires are equipped with Schrader valve caps and insides. You can get new Schrader caps and insides at your local Harley-Davidson dealer.

(From Page 21)

turn offered gorgeous views of the valley we were slowly leaving. Later, Sulphur Springs, where we walked the board walk in the moon light to the "Baths," claimed its share of attention.

We went over the Divide on the second day out, going up to the top of Berthoud Pass at 12,202 feet. Returning we passed through Empire and Lawson and Idaho Springs, and finally through Golden back to Denver, where we had already made preparations for our return. As we made the last few miles into Denver, the Rocky Mountains off to our right seemed to beckon us to come again and investigate their wonders. Pack up some day and go out there—you will certainly be repaid.

New Jersey Tourists Climb to Top of Mt. Washington, N. H.

"D ID YOU come up here on that motorcycle?"
"Yes."

"Then, begorra, I'll get a Harley-Davidson."

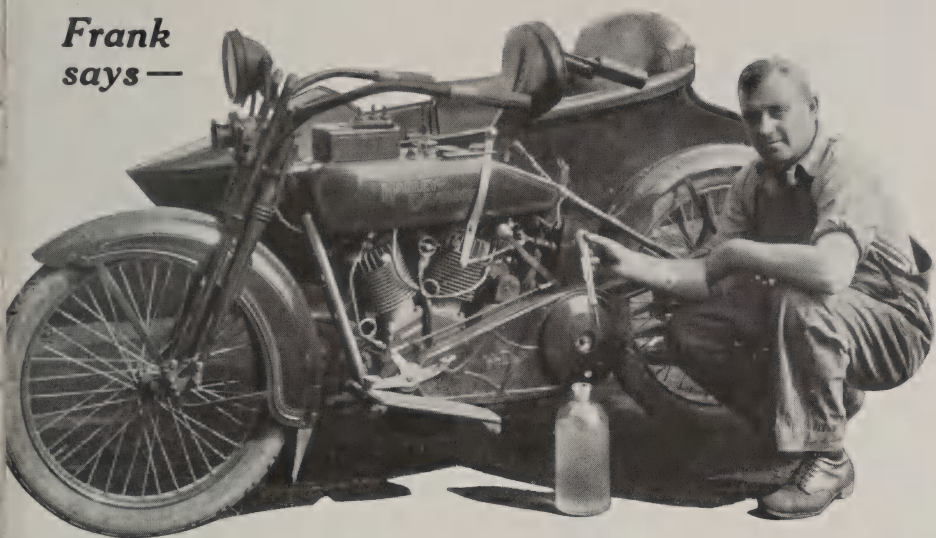
That's what an Irishman said to Thomas Homan of Camden, N. J., and his two sons when they arrived at the top of Mt. Washington, N. H., last summer with their Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit.

Homan and his sons had made the trip from New Jersey and decided to throw in the climb up Mt. Washington for good measure. It is about eight miles to the summit, and the going mighty steep, but they found that their Harley-Davidson motor had plenty of pep and power to get them there.

The record for climbing this mountain, it is interesting to note, is claimed by Louis St. Clair of Gorham, N. H., who went up last summer with his Harley-Davidson solo machine in 18 minutes flat. The previous record of 21½ minutes was made with a racing automobile about eight years ago.

When the Homan's returned to Camden, they had covered 1,169 miles, and it had cost them only \$27.00 or \$9.00 apiece.

**Frank
says—**



“Your battery’s life is in your hands”

Just about this time of the year you are getting your machine ready for a big year of motorcycling. Your storage battery is one of the units that must not be overlooked. Even if your machine is new or your battery has been stored for the winter, you should test your battery with a hydrometer. Specific gravity should be 1.250 or better. If it is under that, have the battery charged by your local dealer or a battery service station.

Here’s the way I look after my battery:

1. I add distilled water to each of the three cells with a hydrometer once a week, making sure to add just enough to cover the wood separators. A good hydrometer costs only \$1.25.
2. I test the specific gravity with my hydrometer before adding the water. A fully charged battery tests 1.300; half-charged, 1.200; discharged, 1.100.
3. I keep my battery and battery box clean.

Many of my rider friends have written me letters asking questions about their Harley-Davidsons. Now, starting in the April Enthusiast, the boss said I could run a Question and Answer Box to answer all such questions. I’ll answer as many as I can. Only questions

“The water in the solution gradually dries up and unless it is replaced the acid will ruin the plates. Distilled water must be used as it is free from chemicals and minerals.

“Specific gravity readings show if your battery is charged enough and if it is gaining or losing. Keep a record of the successive readings.

“Keep the battery and box clean by using a cloth moistened with a solution of one part ordinary baking soda and ten parts water. Cover the terminal posts and connections inside the battery box with a thin coat of vaseline but do not vaseline the rubber cables. This cleaning is necessary only occasionally.

“You can do all this yourself. A little regular attention each week will add to the life of your battery and assure you strong, dependable current for lighting and starting.”

of general interest will be answered in the Enthusiast. All others will be answered by letter. So, shoot ’em in—I’m all set. Address: Frank, Service Department, Harley-Davidson Motor Company, Milwaukee, Wis.”
—Frank.



New, low price on K-B Spotlights

Riders will welcome the news of a reduced price on the famous K-B Spotlight. Increased sales have made it possible for the makers to cut the price.

Ask your dealer to show you a K-B. See the swivel joint feature that enables you to shoot a flood of light to either side of the road. See the handy switch and quick detachable feature.

Now you can get a K-B Spotlight, complete with switch and cord and ready to attach, at the new low price of

\$4²⁵.



A new 2-in-1 light you will want

Nights when you want to know how fast you're riding, just turn on this 2-in-1 light. Or when you want to clean a plug or make some quick adjustment, you can use this 2-in-1 light (when grounded to a metal base) as a trouble light. New design Harley-Davidson bracket clamps tightly around speedometer cable base. No rattling, no wiggling, no shaking loose. Complete with wiring cord, ready to attach to terminal socket, only

\$1²⁵.

—at your local Harley-Davidson dealer

8.0-5
ADP

The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast



April, 1923

Spring—Let's Go for a Ride!



On an April Sunday with the snow off the ground and the warm south breezes giving a fair imitation of summer, motorcyclists couldn't be hired to stay inside. Trust this bunch of Lansing, Michigan riders to enjoy such a day.



"There's a lot of warm sunshiny days in the early spring when you can spend an hour or two outdoors like this," say Mr. and Mrs. Otto Lehman, Rochester, Minnesota. They add, "Lunch out in the open tastes mighty good, too, after eating inside all winter."



"It's great outside. Let's get the bunch together and go for a ride," said C. E. Clements of Portland, Oregon, to his friends over the 'phone. And here you see them rolling along through the little town of Moser, Oregon.



"I wanted to sit on 'Top of the World,'" said Kerle, who tells you of his trip, "so here I am doing it."

Our 19000 Mile Motorcycle Trip

By R. H. Kerle

IN THE last few years, I have read so many interesting stories in the Enthusiast of the 1,000, 2,000, 5,000, and 9,000 mile trips that other Harley-Davidson riders have made that I feel that others might be interested in the story of my 19,000-mile "jaunt." We, my partner and I, traveled for a whole year, starting from Topeka, Kans., our home town, July 27, 1921, and returning July 26, 1922.

Like most of the tourists my partner, R. F. Gerberick and myself, headed West with the intention of seeing half of the United States and part of Canada and Mexico. Being a rider for the last ten years, I had often longed for such a trip and at last my dream came true. Having planned the trip for a couple of months, we had the machine and equipment in first-class shape. The machine used was a 20-J Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit and the equipment consisted of the following:

A 7x7 tent with 3 ft. wall; 1 doz. iron stakes; 1 doz. wood stakes; 2, 7 ft. poles (jointed) and ropes; 4 army blankets; 2 army cots; folding grate; folding skillet; folding water bucket; 2 canteens; 1 water bag; 2 mess kits, cups, knives, forks, spoons and can opener; compartment can for sugar, coffee, salt and pepper; 2 saddle bags; suitcase; cover for machine; raincoats, sweaters, mackinaws and coveralls; bag for towels and toilet articles; army first aid kit; camera and maps; hand axe, blow out patch, extra tire; 3 extra tubes and all necessary tools, including a small vulcanizing outfit and sidecar wrenches; the tent with stakes and ropes folded and strapped on the luggage carrier of the machine; saddle bags with cooking equipment strapped to sides of carrier; an extra brace clamped to sidecar frame between body and wheel when set out, carried the cots and tent poles.

The suit-case fit snugly to the floor of the sidecar and sweaters, raincoats,



A photo of this small, but picturesque canyon near Winslow, Ariz., couldn't be passed up.

mackinaws, etc., lay on top of it. The folding grate was placed on the luggage carrier on back of the sidecar and the cover for the machine on top of the grate. Next, the blankets were strapped in the extra tire. The three extra tubes were folded and put inside of extra casing which had a cover. The hand axe and all extra tools were placed under the sidecar seat. The toilet bag hung over the sidecar door, which was secured by straps fastened to the floor of the sidecar. The folding skillet, inside of the folding water bucket with the camera, fit in the nose of the sidecar. It is remarkable what one can put on a sidecar outfit without overloading. We were often asked, "Where do you put it all?", when we were all set up in a camp ground for the night.



No soft cushions about this petrified tree near Holbrook, Ariz.

After a show down and "inspection" by the Harley-Davidson dealers, Mr. Erwin Keller and Mr. E. J. Dustin, and the usual picture, we left Topeka about 3:00 P. M., July 27, 1921. We did not care how many miles we could make in a day, so we had no objective point to make at night.

Our Machine Runs Fine

It is really wonderful the amount of territory one can cover in a year, and the ease with which you can do it, when you have a motorcycle at your command. While we had gone on fairly long trips frequently before, say, of 1,000 or 2,000 mile lengths, we never fully realized just how efficient and economical a motorcycle can be until we were fairly well launched on our 19,000-mile "jaunt." Talk about "Seeing America first," well, we certainly saw it, and some of Mexico, too, and the old faithful Harley-Davidson was our companion at every turn. Hills and flooded districts, mud and sand, mountains and deserts, the Harley-Davidson conquered them all. Sometimes she had to put up a stiff fight, but she invariably came out the winner.

We Run Into Flooded District

The first month saw us traveling at a rather leisurely pace through Colorado, Utah, and Washington, via Garden City, Kansas, Pueblo and Grand Junction, Colorado, Salt Lake City, Utah, Yellowstone Park, Gardiner and Missoula, Montana, Spokane and Seattle, Washington. Between Topeka and Pueblo, we were slated for a wet time of it, it seems. The first afternoon we were out only eighteen miles when Old Jupiter opened up the heavens for a cloudburst. Luckily, we were well provided against rain storms, so that outside of making it mighty hard driving, we managed to get through to shelter without any further unpleasantness. Then again, when we were bound for Colorado, we found the Arkansas River Valley which we were following, menaced by the big Pueblo Flood, and the roads encountered that day were indescribable. When we reached Pueblo, the work of cleaning up was still in progress. In another place in the flooded district, we found a road completely washed out, and a small boy with a pair of burrows was helping the cars through the sandy bed of a creek, but our trusty Harley-Davidson with the aid of a 14-tooth engine sprocket dug right in, and got us across.

Once outside of the flooded zone, however, we found the roads all fairly good going, with some poor stretches here and there, of course, but always other exceptionally good stretches to offset the bad



We spent one night camping in this place near Helena, Mont.

ones. Through the western portion of Colorado on the way to Salt Lake City and again in Washington, most of Montana, and all of Idaho, we found the roads a positive pleasure to ride over. They were so good, in fact, that we were fully able to enjoy the wonderful scenery that met us at every turn all along the way.

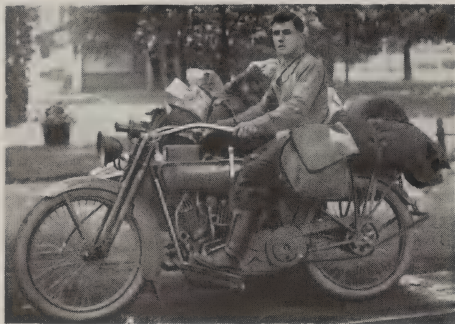
Yellowstone Park is Great

Stops of a day or two were made here and there. We camped one night near the little town of Cimarron in Colorado, by a cool mountain stream alive with rainbow trout. It was here that we ate our first trout, and a sure treat it was. We liked the place so well that we did not break camp until the next noon. Seeing the sights of Salt Lake City where a hearty welcome was received from the proprietor of the House of Hopper, the Harley-Davidson dealers, took a couple of days. Four wonderful days were spent at Yellowstone Park. Here we had the good fortune to run across another Harley-Davidson outfit from Washington, D. C., and the four of us took in the sights together. We took in everything, too, from Old Faithful, the Dragon's Mouth, and the Grand Canyon of the Park, to the Mud Geysers, the Petrified Trees, the Mammoth Hot Springs and Mt. Washburn. Climbing Mt. Washburn we found

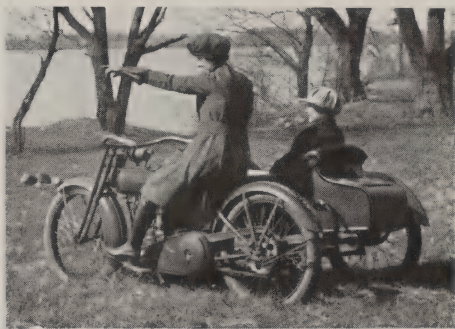


We needed a rest after climbing Mt. Washburn's 10,346 feet.

(Turn to Page 17)



"The Harley-Davidson gave me such good service while I was an R. F. D. carrier, that I decided it must be a pretty good machine to sell." That's what George L. Sheppard, who has been the Harley-Davidson dealer at Winooski, Vt., for the past three years, always says when asked how he came to be the Harley-Davidson dealer. Sheppard was a rural delivery carrier for several years. During the first few years, he used a car of a well-known make, but this proved so unsatisfactory that he turned to the Harley-Davidson, a 1916 model being his first machine, and then a 1917. The picture shown here dates back to his carrier days, and shows him with one of the heavy loads he frequently had to carry during the summer time when the summer resorts around Lake Champlain, through which district his route lead, were in full swing.



"There's nothing like motorecycling to get away from household cares," says Mrs. Frank L. LaPachek of Worthington, Minn. "My friends and I have a lot of good times with the Harley-David-

son, especially in spring when everybody is fairly itching to get out into the open."

"Of all the vacations I ever had, I never had one that had all the sport in



the world as this trip with my 74'," says Albert Niederer, East Rutherford, N. J., about the trip he and Mrs. Niederer made last year to North Carolina and return. "In fact," Al adds, "I had more cash left after this trip than I ever had after a much shorter trip by rail." Above they are shown just starting out for the South.

"This shows how I combine business with pleasure," wrote M. R. Allen of Springfield, Mass., when he sent us the picture shown below. "All last fall," he said further, "I travelled around the fairs demonstrating tire patches. Altogether, I made over 3,000 miles last summer and fall, and intend starting out again this spring."



Harley-Davidson Riders Win in Big West Palm Beach Climb

By John Balmer

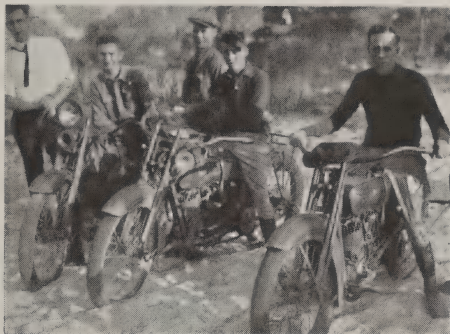
OH boy! but the Harley-Davidson riders certainly staged a knock-out at the South Atlantic Sectional Hill Climb which was held February 25th, down at West Palm Beach, Fla. Seven out of a possible twelve places, and three out of four events, is the record W. R. Puckett and C. H. Mitchell of West Palm Beach, and E. R. Murphy and Gus Davis of Miami, the Harley-Davidson riders, made. They were the stars of the day, and they sure did show the crowd present how to ride. They captured both the 61 Cubic Inch Novice and Expert events, and also the 80 Cubic Inch Open event.

The climb was held nineteen miles from West Palm Beach at what is known as the Jupiter sand dunes. The Dixie Highway leading to the spot was crowded for miles with motorists to take in the big doings. In fact, a traffic officer was needed to keep the crowd moving.

The hill was 300 feet long with a 35 per cent grade, and all of it was SAND. The course of the hill led up a cleared side of the hill between pine and palmetto. The machines veered and skidded from side to side and threw up clouds of sand as they ate up the slope. The hill might appear short and the time fast, but it took some riding to get over the top, and if you got there at all, it was by being a good balancer.

The events were run off rapidly, and interest didn't lag for a minute from beginning to end. When the 61-Inch Novice event was held, W. R. Puckett, riding his Harley-Davidson, forged his way through the deep sand to the top in 11 seconds, and won first place. E. R. Murphy and his Harley-Davidson won second place in 11¼ seconds.

In the next event, the 61-inch Expert event, C. H. Mitchell, who won first place,



Here they are, the three Harley-Davidson first place winners, C. H. Mitchell, W. R. Puckett, and E. R. Murphy.

seemed to fairly shoot up the hill with his Harley-Davidson. His time was 8 4-5 seconds. Second place was won by Gus Davis, who also rode a Harley-Davidson. His time was 9 seconds, while that made by E. R. Murphy in winning third place was 10 seconds.

The fourth and the fastest and most hotly contested event of the afternoon was the 80-inch Open event. In the 61" Expert event, Mitchell showed the crowd what a machine with real pep and power can do in the hands of a skilled rider, but in the 80-inch Open event, both E. R. Murphy and Gus Davis roared up that hill so fast that the crowd was held breathless and could scarcely believe their eyes. They tied, their time of 7 2-5 seconds being the best time of the day. Later in the run-off, to decide the winner, Murphy won in 7 3-5 seconds, and Davis was given second place.

The climb was held in connection with the West Palm Beach Motorcycle Rally. Hundreds of motorcyclists came from all over the South to take part in the rally, which was held for four days, February 25th to 28th. An interesting feature were the many lady riders who drove their own machines.

They're Getting the Club Idea

By "Hap" Hayes

"WE HAVE just organized a Motorcycle Club" is the way a lot of letters that I get these days, start out. There's no doubt about it. Motorcyclists all over the country from Medicine Hat, Canada, south and from New York City west are getting the idea. Sooner or later every live bunch of motorcyclists comes to realize that the way to multiply motorcycling pleasures is to get together and have a motorcycle club.

According to the letters I get, some riders seem to think that it takes a big bunch to start a club or that you can't have a club in a small town. You can start a good live club with only a dozen motorcyclists. The smaller the town, the better the riders know each other, and the more often they can go out for a ride together.

By the way, I saw a big new stock of those "Suggested Constitution and By-Laws for a Motorcycle Club," this morning, out in our supply room. I want to remind you fellows again that we will send these booklets to you FREE. You'll find them mighty helpful in organizing a motorcycle club in your town. Just write me a letter and tell me how many of these FREE booklets you want. I'll send them out to you the day I get your letter.

Here's the news from the fast growing number of motorcycle clubs that I received, during the last month:

Build Their Own Club House

Atlantic City, N. J. "Members of the Atlantic City Motorcycle Club are now building their own club house. The members are doing all the work themselves during their spare time," writes Charles Raggio of the Harley-Davidson Sales Co. There are 62 members and 53 of them are Harley-Davidson riders. Don't forget to send us a photo of your club house when it is finished, Charley.

Open Mufflers Detour Here!

Cedar Rapids, Iowa. "The members of the newly organized Cedar Rapids Motorcycle Club have made a good start toward boosting the motorcycle sport here by declaring war on riders who use the cut-out on their machine inside the city," writes Jesse Scheppele, secretary of the club. Clyde Spurgen has been elected President.

Why They Go to Palm Beach

West Palm Beach, Florida. "Moonlight furnished the light and the boys cooked their own dinner—sizzling hot 'dogs'—when the new West Palm Beach Motorcycle Club was organized here during the week of the big Rally," writes C. H. Mitchell, the promoter of the Rally. You have to hand it to those Southern boys for new stunts.

Dealers Boost Reading Club

Reading, Pa. "The membership of the Reading Motorcycle Club has doubled in the past year," reports Armour Anderson. "Much of the credit for the big year the club has enjoyed is due to the fine co-operation the club has received from the local dealers," adds Anderson who is the club's publicity man.

Club Plans Hill Climb

Pittsburgh, Pa. "The Greater Pittsburgh Motorcycle Club has just been organized and plans are already under way for a big Hill Climb to be held May 6th," writes C. O. Hollen, secretary. Forty motorcyclists joined the club at the first meeting. N. G. Ward is president of the club.

Here's a Club With the Glad Hand

Los Angeles, California. Seventy-five members of the Los Angeles Motorcycle Club rode out to San Bernardino to at-



A bunch of jolly goodfellows from Winsted, Conn., who find "clubbing" together lots of fun.

tend the opening of the Speer Cyclery, the new Harley-Davidson agency recently opened by Finnegan, George and Pat Speer and Fred Gilmour. Many of the members know the Speer boys personally and wish them the best of success as dealers in their new home.

Eugene Club Has Polo Team

Eugene, Oregon. The Eugene Motorcycle Club will be represented by a motorcycle polo team this year. This sport is going over big with Pacific coast motorcycle clubs and several match games have been scheduled. Elmer Smith has been named club president.

Put Us on Your Mailing List

Newark, New Jersey. "I am sending you the first copy of the New Jersey Motorcycle Club's monthly newspaper, 'The Spotlight,'" writes Oscar Haug. "E. B. Holton, the well known trade paper scribe, is the editor and I'm the publisher and printer. The club has their own printing press and type and we print this monthly right in the club rooms," says Haug in his letter. A list of the club doings, a column of personals and ads make this first issue a bell ringer.

Initiation? Tell Us Some More

Monroe, Wis. The Monroe Motorcycle Club is the newest addition to the growing list of motorcycle clubs. Visits with and trips to the motorcycle clubs at Janesville, Madison and Freeport are planned.

"Any motorcycling enthusiast is welcome to join our club," writes Roy Schultz. "We are going to hold a comedy initiation for all new members," adds Schultz. Let's hear more about your initiation doings, Roy.

Buffalo Club to Visit Chicago

Buffalo, New York. "We are planning a run to Chicago to visit the Chicago Motorcycle Club, this year on May 29th," writes L. J. Arber, chairman of sport, Buffalo Motorcycle Club. "A hill climb and several endurance runs are some of the other big times on the club's calendar for the year," says Arber.

Tulsa Votes Harley-Davidson

Tulsa, Oklahoma. "Our club is coming along fine. Out of the 45 members, 34 are Harley-Davidson riders," writes the Crawford Motorcycle Co., local dealers. "We expect to boost the membership to 75 at our next meeting."

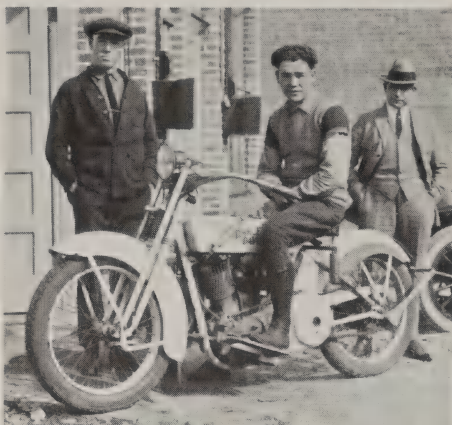
Who Sends in the Photos?

HAVE you noticed that we are now printing more photos of riders since the first number of the bigger and better Enthusiast, last December?

Maybe you, too, have wondered who sends in these photos. Only the other day, an Oregon motorcyclist wrote and asked us if we charged for putting photos of riders in the Enthusiast.

We wrote back and told him that we would be mighty pleased to print his photo and promised not to send him a bill. The same offer is open to you. If you have a good photo of yourself around the house that shows lots of motorcycle life, a couple of big smiles and a bit of outdoors, wrap it up and send it to us. Write the date and the place on the back of your photo. Or, if there is a pen and a bottle of ink handy, why not sit down and write us a little letter?

We know you're going to be mighty eager to show the Enthusiast to your friends when your photo is printed. So we'll send you three extra copies of this Enthusiast FREE for you to hand out to your friends. Get the idea?



Three California Riders Go Into Motorcycle Business

THREE well-known motorcycle riders of Southern California have just gone into the business of selling Harley-Davidson motorcycles and sidecars at San Bernardino. The riders are the three Speer brothers, George, Finnigan and Pat, and their new business is known as The Speer Cycle Company. So confident are the brothers of success, that they have persuaded a brother-in-law, Fred Gilmour, to give up a fine position in the East and join them.

Finnigan is perhaps the best known of the Speer boys, having worked for years under Dudley Perkins, the Harley-Davidson dealer in San Francisco. He won second place in the Capistrano Hill Climb the same year that his Boss won the big event in the fastest time ever made over the top, 16 4-5 seconds. He has also won several hill climbs in and around San Francisco, as well as several endurance runs.

Both Finnigan and Pat are members of the San Francisco Motorcycle Club; also, of the San Francisco Motorcycle Club's Championship Polo Team. Pat is known for two things,—one the Brown Derby he always wears at the polo games, and the other a big smile, which wins him friends wherever he goes. George, while not as well known in the motorcycle world, has ridden motorcycles for years.

Grand opening was held February 1st, and the number of motorcycle riders and others who dropped in to see them and assure them of their support, made the boys feel good. Only three of them, George and Finnigan and Fred Gilmour are on the job now, but Pat intends to join them soon. The picture opposite shows George standing at the left, Finnigan on the machine, and Gilmour off to the right. The machine is the white Harley-Davidson, Finnigan uses when playing polo.

In the Pioneer Club's Petrol (Gasoline) Consumption Test for motorcycles and sidecars, held at Christchurch, New Zealand, recently, George Henderson riding his Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit won first place, by putting up a record performance at the rate of over 125 miles to the gallon.

John Wikander and his brother of Scotch Plains, N. J., started February 2nd for California with their Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit.



Here's a genuine Alaskan scene. See the dog team going by in the background? This picture comes from Earl Thatcher of Anchorage, Alaska, who's working hard to put Harley-Davidson on the map in that part of the world.

Frank's Mail Bag

"I'll answer your questions about your Harley-Davidson on this page if they are of general interest to the other Enthusiast readers. All other questions will be answered by letter. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."—Frank.



My 1920—61" (988 cm³) Harley-Davidson feeds too much oil, although I have taken off all of the washers on the oil pump adjusting screw. Please advise me what to do.—J. C. R.

YOUR oil pump is perhaps air-bound and needs venting. First see that your oil tank is filled. Take out the small screw in the operating shaft chamber cap. This is right next to where the oil supply pipe connects to your oiler. If the oil does not flow out readily after you have removed the screw, turn the motor over slowly until it does. Let it flow for several minutes until all bubbling ceases; then replace the screw securely. Next remove the screw in the smaller cap back of the one you have just replaced, and let the oil flow as in the first case; then replace this screw firmly. After venting the oiler like this, regulate the oil feed by fitting the adjusting screw with one thick and two thin washers. Remove the drain plug in the lower left side of the crank case and drain the motor. Replace the drain plug and put 1½ pumpfuls of oil into the motor with the hand pump. There is just a possibility that your hand pump is leaking. You can easily determine this by disconnecting your oil pipe. If there is a leak, inspect the hand pump, and you will probably find that the ball check valve is out of order because of broken spring.

I own a 1921—74" (1208 cm³) Harley-Davidson with sidecar. A friend of mine has the same kind of an outfit. I notice that his motor has a plate below each cylinder. He tells me that this is a sidecar motor. Will you please tell me whether my motor should have such plates?—F. N.

YOUR friend is right. The compression of a sidecar motor should be lower than that of a solo machine. This is

done by means of compression plates. Your motor should be fitted with a ⅛" (3.17 mm) and a ⅜" (1.58 mm) thick compression plate under each cylinder. Your dealer will fit them at small cost. A lower compression motor is more flexible for heavy duty. Some 1922 and all 1923—74" (1208 cm³) motors are provided with the ⅛" (3.17 mm) compression plate instead of one plate ⅛" (3.17 mm) thick and one ⅜" (1.58 mm) thick, the difference being made up by increase of ⅜" (1.58 mm) in the length of the cylinder. All 61" (988 cm³) sidecar motors should be fitted with the ⅛" (3.17 mm) plate under each cylinder. For very best results I suggest that you use either a 15 or 16 tooth engine sprocket. Read G. E. C.'s question and answer.

I have been riding my Harley-Davidson all winter and have been using light oil. When should I change to heavy oil?—S. McG.

CHANGE to heavy summer oil as soon as the temperature is above 40 degrees F. (4 degrees C.)

Please advise me how much clearance there should be between my exhaust valves and lifter pins and between my inlet levers and push rods.—H. A. S.

THE correct clearance between the exhaust lifter pin and exhaust valve stem is between .008" (.21 mm) and .010" (.26 mm) for both cylinders. Your inlet push rods should be adjusted so that there is .004" (.10 mm) play between the inlet valve stem and the end of the rocker arm. Be sure your valves are closed when measuring the clearance. The inlet or exhaust valve in one cylinder is closed when the corresponding valve in the other cylinder is open. Use a feeler gauge or a piece of writing paper to measure the

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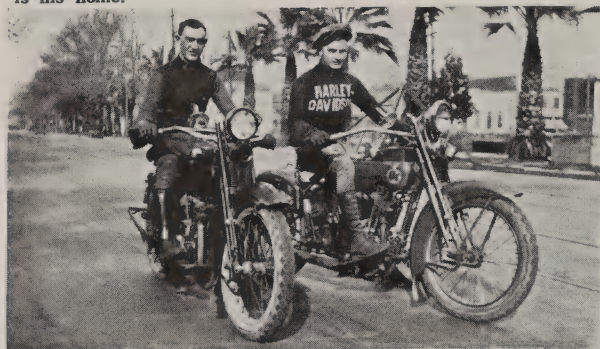
Outdoors is Your Playground



"You can't beat the Yosemite National Park, California, for scenery," says Hans Tittle. Hans is a great booster for motorcycling and this park which is his home.



"Look pleasant," said the photographer who came along and took this picture of the photo group in Oregon, all in one.



Miles mean nothing to Leo Landucci and Glenn Lattin of Sacramento, California, when they start out on one of their regular week-end rides.



"Come on, let's go," said the driver of these Ansonia, Connecticut, on their first fine Sunday of Spring.



Some folks think that Spring Fever is an awful sickness. Pictures like this of a quartet of motorcyclists all packed up to go somewhere only makes our case of Spring Fever all the worse.

ound With a Motorcycle



er. "Let's go" is music to the
motorcyclists, out to enjoy the



er. "Let's go" is music to the
motorcyclists, out to enjoy the



Down at Camp Eustis, near Lee Hall, Virginia,
they call this good looking bunch of soldiers from
Battery F, 52nd Artillery, "The Motorcycle Battery."



"Here's some of our boys," writes Leon Landry, Franklin,
Massachusetts dealer. Left to right, they are Vernal Prairie,
Joseph Goodwin, Edmund Perry and Joseph Dion.



One short look at this picture tells you that Spring is here. A wonderful Spring day, your best girl
in your sidecar, a couple of motorcycling friends, a dirt road and—boy, what more can you ask?

Steubenville, Ohio, is Proud of Officer Roy McConnell

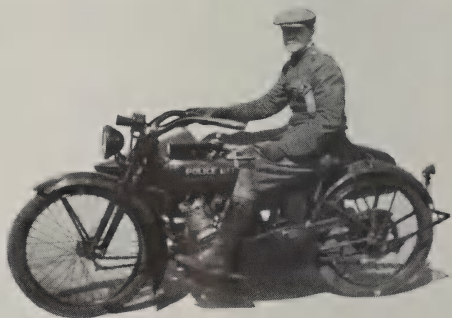
By George Neidengard

THIS is a story about Patrolman Roy McConnell of Steubenville, Ohio, the peppiest little motorcycle officer in the Ohio Valley. He is slightly over five feet tall, weighs a little over one hundred pounds, but you know the old saying,—"Good things are done up in small packages." Well, small as he is, Officer McConnell is a terror to all speeders. He has and is subduing the high and mighty, and not a few liquor runners have come to grief through him and his Harley-Davidson. In fact, he has done so much good work in the city, that the county is contemplating putting on a couple of motorcycles for patrol work.

Patrolman Roy McConnell was taken on the police force of our city about two years ago. Because he was such a little fellow and looked so small among those fifteen big "coppers," I guess they felt sorry for him. Anyhow, when the city was looking for a man with lots of sand and speed for speed work, they picked Roy and gave him a Harley-Davidson and sidecar. Needless to say, he has

lived up to the Chief's fondest expectations.

He is the only motor officer in our city of 30,000, and patrols about thirty miles



Officer McConnell may not be a six footer, but his list of achievements is a lengthy one.

of our city streets and boulevards with his Harley-Davidson. He has made numerous sensational arrests and plays no favorites. He has had many close calls in his work of catching speeders. On one occasion he was crowded into a wall by a



Over in Europe, Harley-Davidsons are as popular for police work as they are in this country. This picture shows the fifteen Harley-Davidsons that were sold recently to the Finance Department for the Custom Police Force of Prague, Czechoslovakia.

speeding car that was trying to get away from him. He was bruised to some extent and his motorcycle was damaged, but he got his man. On another occasion, he rode up beside a car of two joy riders and they crowded him over, catching the back end of his sidecar outfit and badly maiming it. In going so fast, the driver lost control of his car, and came to grief against a tree not one-half block away from the wrecked motorcycle. As Patrolman McConnell was not hurt, he came in, towing the disabled car, his damaged motorcycle doing the job, and five more names were on the police blotter next morning.

Officer McConnell is also expected to answer all fire alarms, to direct traffic and to keep the crowds out of the danger zone. In answer to a fire alarm sometime ago, he arrived before the Fire Department, and found, to his surprise, that the cause of the fire was a fifty-gallon still in operation and twelve barrels of mash. With quick presence of mind, he arrested the owner and two helpers single-handed. When the firemen arrived, the fire was soon put out, but a very crestfallen owner was taken to headquarters. McConnell has no fear of booze runners and has picked up a few well loaded cars of liquor.

Not long ago a man was run down and killed by an automobile. The police had scarcely any information to work on,—only the name of the make of the car, but not an inkling as to whom the driver was. By some uncanny instinct, however, developed through his knowledge of traffic in the different parts of the city, McConnell managed to track down the manslaughterer. Within 48 hours, they had the driver of the death car and his confession.

So you see why Steubenville thinks it has the peppiest little motorcycle officer who ever rode a Harley-Davidson in the Ohio Valley.

Harley-Davidson motorcycles are used today by more than 1,100 Police and Sheriffs' Departments.



Tom Benstead, the famous Australian record-breaker.

Breaks Famous Australian Road Record Twice in Two Months

BREAKING the famous Sydney-Melbourne road record of Australia twice in less than two months, is the remarkable feat that Tom Benstead has performed with his Harley-Davidson. His first attempt at the record was made January 21st, when he clipped off 36½ minutes from the previous record of 17 hours and 33½ minutes, thus bringing it down to 16 hours and 57 minutes. A rider of an English make of machine then got busy and succeeded in lowering Benstead's time to 15 hours and 53 minutes. On March 8th, unable to rest easy with the record in another man's hands, Benstead made another attempt at the record with his Harley-Davidson, and this time he chopped off 70 more minutes, covering the 580-mile route in the exceptionally low time of 14 hours and 43 minutes.

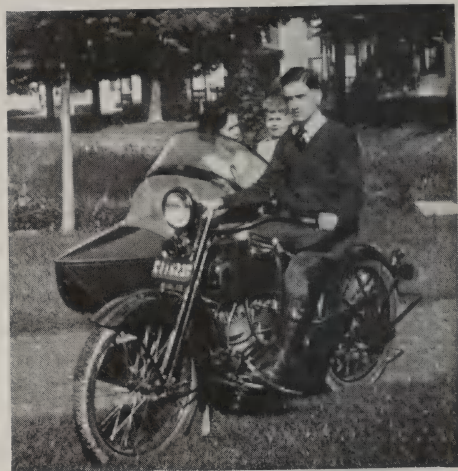
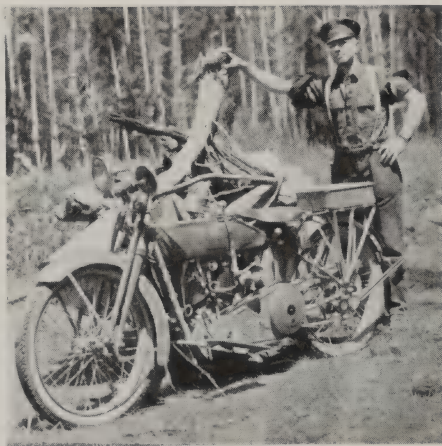
The Sydney-Melbourne road record is the most sought-after motorcycle record in Australia, and attempts to break the existing record are constantly being made by the best riders. One of the remarkable features of Benstead's performance was the fact that he used the same machine of stock design each time.

Mr. Benstead is considered the Australian track and road motorcycling champion. He holds the 100 miles road championship, and also the five and ten miles track championships, all made with the Harley-Davidson.

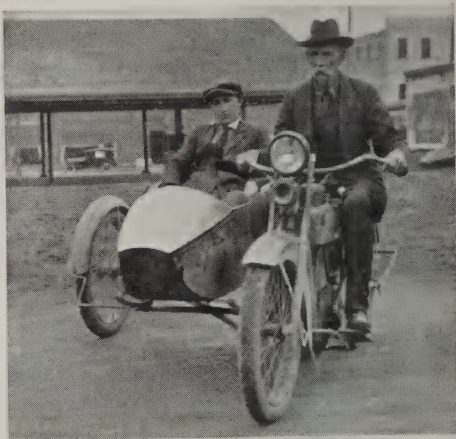
"My Harley-Davidson has been running all winter on roads that cars find hard to travel," says Leonard L. Brown, who is a student at The Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg, Va. "This picture was taken on Gap Mountain, seven miles from Blacksburg, December 20th. At the time it was taken, it was all any car could do to go over the mountain, but my Harley-Davidson plowed along with ease."



"This shows my motorcycle and sidecar at work, getting in wood for the winter," wrote William R. Hill, when he sent in the picture reproduced below. Hill is with the Medical Department of the United States Army at Presideo, Monterey, Calif. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," adds Hill, "so we get a lot of pleasure out of our Harley-Davidson, too."



"We always try to keep ourselves and our machines looking so neat that we'd qualify for a neat rider contest at any time," says A. S. Whitmore of North Bergen, N. J. Judging by this picture of him and his family and their Harley-Davidson, we should say that he succeeded mighty well. He has been a Harley-Davidson rider for seven years.



"I've ridden several makes of machines," says H. D. Shepard of Lansing, Mich., "but there's nothing like the Harley-Davidson." Shepard is 76 years old, "but," he says, "mere years don't mean anything to me,—I enjoy motorcycling as much as ever. I intend getting a 74" machine soon." And then, some people still say, "Oh, I can't. I'm too old."

Our 19000 Mile Motorcycle Trip

(From Page 5)

a harder task than Pike's Peak, which we had climbed the year before, even though the former peak is 4,000 feet less in altitude than the latter. Climbing Mt. Washburn, however, is worth while, because of the good view of the surrounding country that can be had from its summit.

On to Los Angeles

We arrived in Seattle August 30th. We spent three days there, and then decided because of the rainy season setting in, to go south from there instead of north to Canada, as we had planned originally. Altogether, the trip from Seattle to Los Angeles, California, took us a month. We traveled over the Pacific Highway, on which the famous Three Flag Runs are held, going through Tacoma, Camp Lewis, Olympia, Centralia, and Chehalis, Washington, Portland, Corvallis, Junction City, Eugene and Roseburg, Oregon, Yreka, Shasta Springs, Dunsmuir, Chico, Sacramento, Oakland, San Francisco, Salina, King City, Santa Barbara, Ventura and Hollywood, California.

It was while in Tacoma that we witnessed one of the most beautiful sights of the entire trip. The day we were there, it had kept up a steady drizzle all morning and afternoon, but about 6:30 in the evening, the sun broke through the clouds and through a clump of trees where we were camped, we could see Mt. Ranier off in the distance sparkling like so many diamonds.

A most wonderful side trip can be taken from Portland up the famous Columbia River Highway. So much is to be seen that we made a two days' trip up to Hood River and back, a distance of only 60 miles one way over one of the finest paved highways in the United States. From here a good view of Mt. Hood (altitude 11,225 feet) can also be had.

We made a two weeks' visit in San Francisco and Oakland, and spent an-

(Turn to Page 18)



Antonio Gaudino, South American racer, is a whirlwind in action.

Harley-Davidson Triumphs in Two Big South American Races

IN the big Premio VII Trofeo de Turismo race held at Buenos Aires, Argentina, South America, January 15th, the Harley-Davidson won a magnificent victory, capturing the first, second, third and fourth places. Antonio Gaudino took first place, covering the 560 kilometers (almost 347 miles) in 7 hours, 48 minutes and 57 seconds. Second place was won by A. de Miguel in 8 hours, 21 minutes, and 57 seconds, while third and fourth places went to E. Ucelli and D. Landini respectively. The race was held to decide the winner of a cup donated by the President of the Republic.

On January 28th, the Harley-Davidson won another triumph in South America when it took the first six places in the Premio Revelacion Sidecar Race, also held at Buenos Aires. The race was promoted by the Argentina Motor Club, and the course covered 200 kilometers or 124 miles. Tadeo Taddia took first place in 2 hours, 37 minutes and 20 seconds, and Pedro Perello, second place, in 2 hours, 40 minutes and 9 seconds. Manuel Prieto won third place, Rafael Romano, fourth, Victoria Trasino, fifth, and Ambrosio Longhi, sixth.



When J. Montanez of Mexico City arrived in Tulyahualco, Mexico, recently, he wondered why he was such an object of interest to the natives until he found out that his Harley-Davidson was the first motorcycle that had ever been seen there.

California Rider Breaks All Records for Economy

AN average of 140 miles to a gallon of gas, an economy record that it is felt will not be equalled for a number of years, was made by Glen Copeland with a Harley-Davidson in the Annual Orange County Motorcycle Club Economy Run held at Santa Ana, Calif., recently. This record beats all existing records that were made when oil was not used for fuel, and comes within seventeen miles of the record of the lightweight class. Also, Copeland beat his nearest competitor by nearly fifty miles. The machine he used was a strictly stock 1918 model with a 61" motor.

An outstanding feature of the run was the fact that each rider who entered was furnished with one quart of gasoline and one pint of oil at the start, which is contrary to the usual custom of allowing riders to furnish and measure their own gas and oil. The run was held under the sanction of the Motorcycle & Allied Trades Association.

Do you know that in Holland one person in every 1,691 rides a Harley-Davidson? Also, that the majority of motorcyclists ride solo, very few sidecars being used.

Our 19000 Mile Motorcycle Trip

(From Page 17)

other week in Los Angeles. Three weeks were spent at San Diego, where we journeyed after leaving Los Angeles, having stopped at Santa Ana, famous for its speed laws, and also San Juan Capistrano of hill climb fame. It was while in San Diego that we made the trip over to Tia Juana, Mexico. About 25 buildings constitute the town, of which 24 are saloons. Gee! but it tasted good. The race track and the Casino were closed, so we were forced to pass them up. We spent two days there, and then returned to San Diego, where we took in the beautiful Balboa Park, where the Exposition was held in connection with the World's Fair at 'Frisco in 1915, and then journeyed back to Los Angeles.

Enjoy Several Months in California

Practically the entire winter, spring, and part of the summer up to July was spent in California, with Los Angeles as a sort of headquarters. Side trips, covering all possible points of interest in the southern half of the state, were made from time to time, some of them lasting for weeks at a time. The Imperial Valley, with its wonderful orange groves and

big cherry and apple orchards, was visited as well as Salton Sea, and the famous beach resorts at Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Hermosa, Redonda and Long Beach. Several trips were made to San Bernardino, where we visited with friends, and another trip was made to San Francisco. Fresno also came in for its turn a couple of times. A really wonderful trip that we made is that called the "Rim of the World Drive" (101 miles) to the Little and Big Bear Valleys. From San Bernardino, a number of trips were also taken to the mountains, such as Devil's Canyon, City Creek Road, Lytle Creek Canyon, Lone Pine Canyon, and up the San Antonio Canyon Road to Camp Baldy. Many two and three day camping and fishing trips were made at these places.

All in all, we had a mighty fine visit on the Coast, and really saw more country than half of the people who have lived there all their lives. In addition, we were fortunate enough to take in the big Hill Climb at Capistrano, as well as another at South Pasadena, some of the moving picture studios, the big auto races, and baseball and football games.

Homeward Bound!

On our return trip, we decided to use the southern route over the Mojave Desert and up to the Grand Canyon. At San Bernardino, we gave the machine the once over, such as cleaning carbon, grinding valves, packing all wheels, a new front chain and sprocket and any spare part which we might need. We also looked over the tires. The original air was still in the front tire.

We left San Bernardino on the 2nd of July over the Old Santa Fe Trail (also called the National Old Trails Road,) following this route as far as Holbrook, Arizona. On the way, we passed through Hesperia, Victorville, Barstow, Daggett, Ludlow and Goffs all desert towns, where the heat varied from 110 to 120 degrees in the shade, and then they said they were having exceptionally cool weather. Af-



One-two-three, and off they go! Bay City, Mich., folks get a real thrill out of the exhibition race that William Bronke, Harley-Davidson rider, and Hi Brown, champion skater, put on every Wednesday evening at the local roller rink.

ter the Colorado River was crossed into Arizona at Topock, the roads were so good that Oatman, Kingman, Peach Springs, an old Indian trading post, Seligman and Ashfork were soon passed through to Williams, where we took the 15-mile road north to the Grand Canyon. We spent four days in and around the Canyon, meeting two tourists from Virginia with a '22 74" outfit here. While around the Canyon, there was only one thing we failed to do, and that was to go down into the canyon on a mule. I might consider riding a lightweight machine down the Bright Angel Trail, but not a mule. Flagstaff and Winslow, where we met two more Harley-Davidson tourists

(Turn to Page 21)



Decatur, Ill., is the home of this fair, young Harley-Davidson enthusiast. She is Miss Virginia Claus, better known among Illinois motorcyclists as "Flyaway."



"I'm just as keen a motorcycle enthusiast as my husband," says pretty Mrs. H. O. Moore of Harrah, Okla. "Give me a Harley-Davidson and some good roads, and I know I'll enjoy myself." This picture was taken on the edge of the Great Salt Plains of Oklahoma, three miles east of Cherokee.



"I have driven various makes of motorcycles since 1912 and under various conditions, valley, desert and mountain trails," writes Mr. E. L. Matteson of East Bakersfield, Calif., "but my wife and I have found out that the right way is the Harley-Davidson way. So when another motorcycle is needed, it will be another Harley-Davidson." The picture above shows Mr. and Mrs. Matteson all ready for a short trip through the country surrounding Bakersfield.

"My machine pulls like the gob's parrot and purrs like a kitten," says Burr Langley who is the man with the charming smile shown below. Burr lives at Poplar Bluff, Mo., and is an out-and-out motorcycle enthusiast. What he means by "gob's parrot," we don't know, but it sounds good anyhow, although ordinarily we wouldn't think a parrot could pull very much.



"Here's a picture that was taken just after I returned from a trip of 2,630 miles with my Harley-Davidson," says R. H. Dobney of Weeping Water, Nebr. "I made the trip on 48 gallons of gas and 4 gallons of oil, which cost me \$18.60 altogether. I made the trip to the mountains, and from there, returned home. I sure had some hills on my trip, but my machine walked right up them."



Our 19000 Mile Motorcycle Trip

(From Page 19)

who hailed from Des Moines, Iowa, were passed up on the way to Holbrook.

At Holbrook, we chose the longer of two routes so that we could take in the Petrified Forests. We continued from here to Sorocco, Mexico, over the Old Santa Fe Trail, and then took a short cut through what is called the Panhandle of Texas, across Oklahoma and home. From Sorocco, we went to Clovis, New Mexico, then to Amarillo, Texas, and from there to Oklahoma City. From this point we went on to Okmulgee and then to Tulsa, still in the state of Oklahoma. Garnett, Kansas, came next, then Lawrence, and finally Topeka.

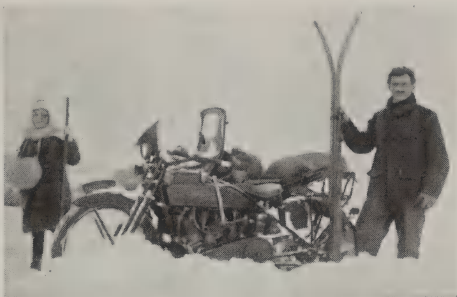
We arrived home on July 26th, having been on the road just a year, and covering nearly 19,000 miles, counting all detours, side trips, and mileage in towns and on the roads. The camera as well as the Harley-Davidson did its duty and in all 260 pictures were taken, which will make a fine book for memories in the years to come. We were in every Western state except Nevada, and it is remarkable how much mileage one can run up on the speedometer riding around in the towns you pass through.

On the return trip from Los Angeles, we covered 2,558 miles, and in keeping track of the amount of gas and oil I used, I found we averaged a little better than 48 miles to a gallon, having used 53 gallons of gas and 4 gallons of oil.

In conclusion, I wish to say that I believe now, more than ever, in the old slogan, "Do it with a Harley-Davidson."

At a great ice racing event held recently at Stockholm, Sweden, the Harley-Davidson established two new Scandinavian records. A solo record of 141 kilometers or 87 miles per hour was made, and a sidecar record of 116 kilometers or 72 miles.

The personal bodyguard of the President of France uses Harley-Davidsons.



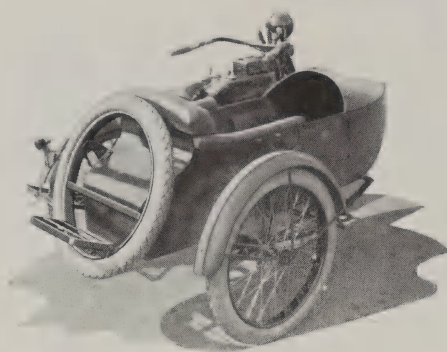
"If your Saranac Lake, New York, riders combine sports, we do, too," said Anton Hafliager of Bern, Switzerland, and sent us this picture to prove it. He and his daughter are very enthusiastic about this way of enjoying the winter.

Harley-Davidson Hauls His Coal

"I'M sorry, but there's too much snow on the ground and as you live on the highest hill in Derby, my horses or coal truck couldn't pull any coal up that hill with all this snow and ice on it."

That's what the coal dealer had to say to Julius Ondosik, a rider of Derby, Conn., the first week in February when the severe cold spell was sweeping through the northern part of the country, and he put in an order for coal. Ondosik says he was at his wit's end for a minute because the coal was needed badly, then he thought of his Harley-Davidson. So he went home and got out his machine, a 1921 61 cubic inch. It had just been overhauled, preparatory for the spring, and was in fine running condition. He took three burlap bags along with him and had the coal dealer put 125 pounds of coal in each bag, which made 375 pounds in the sidecar and his own weight of 170 pounds on the machine.

"The coal dealer smiled to himself as I started off," says Julius, "and I knew he thought I'd never get up that hill with those three bags of coal, and the hill about half a mile long with bumps and ruts, and in some places slanting at a 30 to 35 degree angle. Well, I surprised him all right. I went up the hill all O. K., and came back for three more bags, and he just couldn't seem to get over the fact that a motorcycle could have so much power."



You'll want this for your sidecar

Now you can carry along that spare tire for emergencies. A strong, well-made luggage rack gives you extra carrying space for touring and camping equipment on your long trips this summer. This new

Tire Rack and Luggage Carrier

has an undrilled rim that keeps dust and water out of tire casing. Fold the luggage carrier back and out of the way when not in use. Four bolts on each side and two on the bottom secure this combination carrier to your Royal Tourist Sidecar.

Complete only

\$8

at your dealer

Frank's Mail Bag

(From Page 11)

clearance. The paper that the Enthusiast is printed on is about .003" (.80 mm) thick. All adjustments to valve tappets should be made when the motor is cold.

I am using a 1921-61" (988 cm³) model with a Harley-Davidson sidecar. I am using 17 tooth engine sprocket and 48 tooth sprocket on my rear wheel. My motor seems to labor under a heavy pull. I also have to shift into second on hills I think I should be able to make on high. Do you think I should use a smaller engine sprocket?—G. E. C.

BY ALL means use a 15 tooth engine sprocket for sidecar service. You will notice a big improvement in your power and in the running of your motor. A 17 tooth engine sprocket is all right for solo work, but for a motor of your type a 15 tooth engine sprocket should be used for sidecar pulling. In addition to having the correct sprocket combination your motor should also be fitted with $\frac{1}{8}$ " (3.17 mm) compression plates under each cylinder. The answer to F. N.'s question should also be of interest to you.

What kind of oil should I use in my transmission and how often should I fill it?—T. W.

USE THE same kind and grade of oil in your transmission as in your motor. Never use grease. Look at the oil level every 500 miles, (800 km) and keep it level with the top of the filler opening. Be sure your machine is standing level when it is being filled and add the oil very slowly, because it takes time to reach all parts of the transmission.

There seems to be some misunderstanding among my friends as to just how the spark plug points should be set for an electrically equipped machine.—J. S.

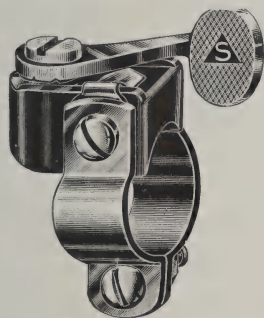
SPARK plug points should be a trifle wider for use in electrically equipped motors than when used in magneto equipped motors. The proper distance of the gap is .028" (.71 mm), but on a magneto model it is .022" (.56 mm).

Owing to the extremely bad going in New England this past winter, I laid my Harley-Davidson up, and now I am wondering what

attention I should give my battery to place the machine in service again.—F. J. B.

I SUGGEST that you refer your battery to your Harley-Davidson dealer or the nearest Exide battery station and have it charged and if necessary the solution in each cell equalized. The instructions on page 56 of your 1922 Instruction Book cover this subject.

Are they selling Harley-Davidsons down in South Australia? We'll say they are. Word just came from Cornell Limited, our dealers at Adelaide, South Australia, that within nine days they delivered fifty Harley-Davidsons and twenty sidecars, and expected to deliver sixteen more machines the week of writing.



Handlebar switch for extra lights

Turn your extra lights on or off with this neat, inexpensive switch. No fumbling around looking for switch. This single point switch is placed on your handlebars where it's easy to reach. Easily and quickly attached. Complete,

Only 75c

at your dealer

Gauntlets for Spring riding

No. GX-283



\$3.50

Here's a glove of soft, pliable leather—just what you want for Spring riding. Stiff leather cuff protects your coat sleeve. Ask your dealer to show you your size in this popular gauntlet.

No. IX-283



\$4.00

These gloves are made of genuine horsehide leather. You know that means long wear. Wrist buckle strap gives you snug fit. Try on your size of this glove at your dealer.

***These are just two of the
Spring suggestions at
your local dealer***

Frank says—

**"This is the Oil I use
and recommend to
my friends"**



"There's all kinds of oil. One fellow tells you, 'Use our BX special.' Another says 'Our No. A-19 is the oil to use.' It's all right for those boys. They sell oil. They want your money.

"On the other hand, Genuine Harley-Davidson Oil is made according to the specifications of 'Bill' Harley, designer of your motorcycle, and his staff of engineers at the factory. Every car of this oil is tested twice.

"No wonder your motor runs smoother and lasts longer when you use Genuine Harley-Davidson Oil.

"I'm a motorcycle mechanic and I guess I'm more of a crank about having my motor running right than most of you fellows are. That's why I've been using this oil for years in my own motorcycle."

***Your local dealer sells this Oil that's
made for your Harley-Davidson motor***

338.05

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The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast

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MAY 01 1923



May, 1923

"Come on Out with the Bunch!"



They don't pass up good days out in Tulsa, Oklahoma. This is the merry party that turned out for the Tulsa Motorcycle Club's first spring run.



You can't help but open the throttle on a road like this. Here you see a bunch of Chattanooga, Tennessee, Motorcycle Club members out for a day's ride through the Cumberland Mountains.



"There's something doing in Seattle all the time. This is just part of the crowd at one of our Sunday runs," writes William Mowat, Secretary of the Seattle Motorcycle Club.



Smith and Johnny Choy pose for Ford in one of the many lanes that invite one off the main traveled highways in Hawaii.

Motorcycling in Hula-Hula Land

By John Ford

YOU RISE early in the Hawaiian Islands. The reason being, it's an outdoor land and any amusement or attraction which the indoors can offer is far surpassed by what the great out of doors offers by daylight—especially to one with a motorcycle.

I stood at my window in the hotel at Honolulu shaving and watching one of the most glorious sunrises that human eyes could gaze upon. Before I was through shaving and while the sky was still aglow, I heard the familiar whir of a Harley-Davidson and peering out of my window into the street below, called out to the rest-breaker that I would be with him in two jerks.

It was the beginning of many memorable days of sightseeing on a Harley-Davidson in company with some of the best fellows and finest guides in the world, chief among them being Homer D. Smith, formerly with the U. S. Navy for fifteen years and now manager for D. C. Mitchell & Company, Harley-Davidson dealers for the Hawaiian Is-

lands, and Johnny Choy, a native of the islands.

Hastily eating a breakfast consisting of Kona coffee, an Hawaiian product, papaia, a native fruit of heavenly flavor, and some deliciously fried ulua, a fish caught in Hawaiian waters, I joined friend Smithy for a day of touring which is destined to remain long in my memory as one of the vivid days of my life filled with the thrills that come from seeing strange foreign surroundings and traveling amid scenes closer to the equator than I had ever been before.

Johnny Choy joined us presently, hatless and coatless like Smith, his solo mount battered and weather-beaten by countless previous expeditions to strange inaccessible parts, but with a motor that sang beautifully and was an eloquent tribute to the endurance of the machine which has "made Milwaukee famous."

"Where do we go?" someone asked, and the answer was, "We'll head up Nuuanu Valley, where the Arthur Davidsons took one of their first rides when



At the entrance to a little Buddhist temple on the outskirts of Honolulu. The woman in riding costume is Mrs. D. C. Mitchell, who is the Harley-Davidson dealer for the Hawaiian Islands.

they were here a few years ago. Then we'll take a look at the Pali (one of the most famous precipices in the world), and then wind our way down into the Koolaupoko valley, finally turning off the main road and make for the shore at one of the many coves or inlets which line Kaneohe Bay."

"It's all Greek to me," I said to myself, "but here goes. These boys know these islands the way I know State Street and Broadway, and if they say, 'We fish in Hula-Hula land, I'm for it, bait, hook and sinker.'"

We're Off For the Day

And so we kicked the starters and sallied forth, a balmy January breeze flapping our shirt sleeves and putting the call of the open road in our veins. Presently a bend in the street brought us head-on into a veritable bit of old Japan. I fairly rubbed my eyes in amazement. Queer, bewildering hieroglyphics adorned the shop fronts. Slant-eyed maids and matrons clad in gorgeous kimonos shuffled in sandals from door to door. Numberless olive-hued children, bare-legged and with black bobbed hair like the familiar Jap dolls, played on the thresholds and waved gleefully to our friend Johnny Choy who was leading the way. For the moment it seemed as if the U.

S. A. was on the other side of the globe. Then it occurred to me that the mainland was two thousand miles away and I was a great deal nearer to the Orient than I had realized.

This glimpse of Japan was gone as suddenly as it had appeared and we found ourselves on machines that purred with delight as they sped up a gradual incline of winding pavement which led between splendid palm-embowered residences. It was one of the well-to-do sections of the city through which we were passing. Stately drives lined with royal palms led from the avenue to conservative old mansions.

The beauty of motorcycling is the time it saves in sightseeing. A few revolutions of my watch's minute hand brought us out into the country, with the road steadily climbing up toward the mountains which rose to several thousand feet directly ahead. Up and up the path we went and around a curve and suddenly we found ourselves at the edge of a precipice 1,000 feet deep, which I learned was the famous Pali precipice. From the foot of this precipitous ledge there stretched away gaily colored fields that extended over hills and dales for twenty miles or more with steep walled mountains hemming it in on the left, and the sea on the right.

"We'll unwind down the side of this precipice," shouted Smithy in my ear, "and then shoot out across that road which you see there," pointing to the thin ribbon of concrete which stretched between fields I later learned were planted with neat rows of pineapples.

Descending to the Sea

Thanks to a good deal of mountain riding in the West I was not terrified by the grapevine road by which we now descended hundreds of feet to the plain below. On our right was a sheer wall of volcano rock from which dripped water, making the pavement dangerously slippery to even the most careful driver. On the left was a concrete barrier which twisted and turned with the descending road—the only protection which we had against death in case anything should give way with the machine. Down and down we went, winding and turning endlessly, the wall of rock rising higher and higher on one side and the plain coming up to us from below.

At length the road straightened out and we shot ahead through the striped fields which we had been admiring from such a dizzy height half an hour before. On either side of us were crops the like of which I had never seen before. After a few miles of pineapples we found ourselves between fields of trees each with broad limpid leaves not altogether unlike certain species of palms and yet not



Ford and Smith enjoy the quiet charm and romance of a South Seas sunset while visiting the famous Waikiki Beach.

palms at all. Presently I discovered bunches of bananas growing up-side-down in the tops of these trees just as my eighth grade geography had described them.

All of these sights were so interesting that I was not particular just how soon we reached the scene of our fishing expedition, but they were old to Choy and Smithy and that, perhaps, accounted for
(Turn to Page 17)



Here is a picture that tells its own story—but Smith is learning a lot more about the queer habits of this "House of Everlasting Fire" from Park Superintendent Thomas Boles.



A line-up of Doc's delivery brigade.

How I've Made a Big Success of My Parcel Delivery Business

By "Doc" Gardner

THE Harley-Davidson people set me a hard task when they asked me to give them a story about the start, growth and progress of my motorcycle parcel delivery business at Fargo, N. D., but as I am in the "delivering" business, I thought it was up to me to make good by showing them what prompt deliveries I can make, even when the matter to be delivered isn't in my usual line.

It was while I was working with the Western Union Telegraph Co.—I was with them doing delivery work a little over a year, from January 19, 1920, until May 1, 1921—that I decided there was a field for a speedy, modern delivery system such as could only be had by the use of motorcycle equipment.

Originally I had a 1916 model electric Harley-Davidson, which with reasonable care was in continuous service from 1918 until September 1920, when I traded it in on a 1920 model. This is the machine I started with, and it is still in service, but I have bought a new JDCA 74" for my personal use.

Each of the drivers shown in the photo, owns the machine he uses, furnishes his

own gas, oil, tires, repairs, etc., and I pay them two-thirds of the gross business they handle.

I have a repair shop in connection with the Parcel Delivery which is large enough to take care of all the necessary repairs, except complete overhauling, and in this manner we are able to get practically continuous service from all of the machines. I am running five machines all of the time now, compared to the one machine I started with a little over a year ago.

I have not been keeping a detailed cost record of the various machines so am not able to give anything but approximate cost and mileage. I am thoroughly satisfied with the performance of the Harley-Davidson motors, as my latest purchase will bear witness. I have been getting from six to ten thousand miles out of tires and from eight to fifteen thousand miles out of chains. The variation in mileage is due to variation in road and weather conditions.

My first day in business, the gross receipts were seventy-five cents. The first week totaled \$28.70. The first month the gross receipts amounted to \$166.85.

My gross business for the month of December, 1922, was \$715.55, and from the first week until the present time, the business has shown a steady increase. On the \$715.55 made in December I netted \$223.94. My success is due to the fact that I have been on the job almost constantly and have not been afraid to work personally, or to work the Harley-Davidsons.

We have moved nearly everything but houses, and when it comes to that we have "snaked" a garage out of an alley in order to get in with our load.

I have been riding motorcycles since the spring of 1912 and have ridden winter and summer, rain or shine, and as I am enjoying excellent health, I expect to ride Harley-Davidsons many more years. I am 39 years of age, weigh 235 pounds and am 5 feet 9 inches tall. For winter riding in this climate, I wear all leather clothing over woolen underclothes.

As for my new 74", I have really not had a chance to let the motor out, but judging by the way she handles, she seems to have plenty of soup and lots of power, as I have hauled some good sized loads with her and have hit some deep snow, and she just walks right through everything.

To date more than 400 dealers and dealers' mechanics have been graduated from the Harley-Davidson service school, held each year at the factory.

Win Special Awards in English Manufacturers' Stock Trial

In the Manufacturers' Stock Trial of 155 miles held at Birmingham, England, recently, the two Harley-Davidsons that were entered by the Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Ltd., of London, came through without the loss of a single point, thus winning two special certificates. The machines, one an electric model, and the other, a magneto model, were ridden by Messrs. Baxter and Allchin, respectively.



Here's Fred Cloutier starting out on his record trip over the snowbound mountain roads.

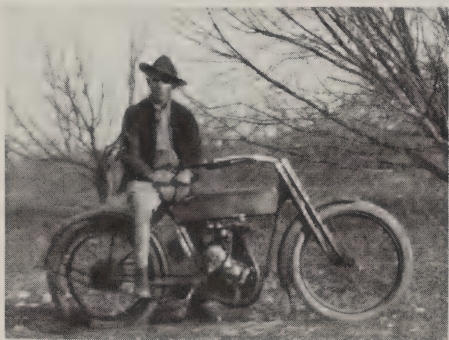
Conquers Snowbound Mountain Road on Record Trip

WHEN a man makes a record trip over snowbound mountain highways with a motorcycle and gets through O. K., when no other motor vehicle could make it, he deserves getting space in the May number of the Enthusiast with a February story and picture. That's what we thought, anyhow, when Fred Cloutier, the Harley-Davidson dealer at Pittsfield, Mass., sent us the wintry scene shown above, and the facts about the trip he made with his Harley-Davidson from Pittsfield to Lebanon over mountain roads that had been made impassable because of the severe snow storm that swept over that part of the country in February.

The trip was made with a representative from the Eagle, a local newspaper, as sidecar passenger. The machine Mr. Cloutier used was a 1923 Harley-Davidson. One huge drift seven feet high and about 100 feet in length was encountered at the very start. This drift had been cut to allow horse drawn vehicles to pass through, but it was impassable for automobiles. Further on, other drifts were encountered, sometimes making it necessary for Cloutier to drive the motorcycle off the roadway to the open lots. Despite the difficulties encountered, however, the entire trip was made in fine style, and a good boost was given both Cloutier and the machine in the Eagle upon their return.



"When this picture was taken I was going about 35 miles per hour on a 31% grade," says N. H. Hiller of Carbondale, Pa., "I made the climb from a standing start, climbing the length of the hill, 90 yards, in 7 1/5 seconds. My average speed was about 25.6 miles per hour. This photo gives only a slight idea of the grade." Hiller says further that the picture was taken with a No. 1-A speed kodak at 495th of a second, full stop and bright noon sun. His machine has covered some 3,500 miles, and is giving the finest kind of service, he says.



"I ride a 1913 Harley-Davidson single, and am sending you a picture of it," writes John Dupes of Tescott, Kans. "Some day before long I hope to be riding a later machine, and it will sure be a Harley-Davidson. I have done all the repair work on this motor myself since I have owned it," John adds, "and it has never been in a garage."

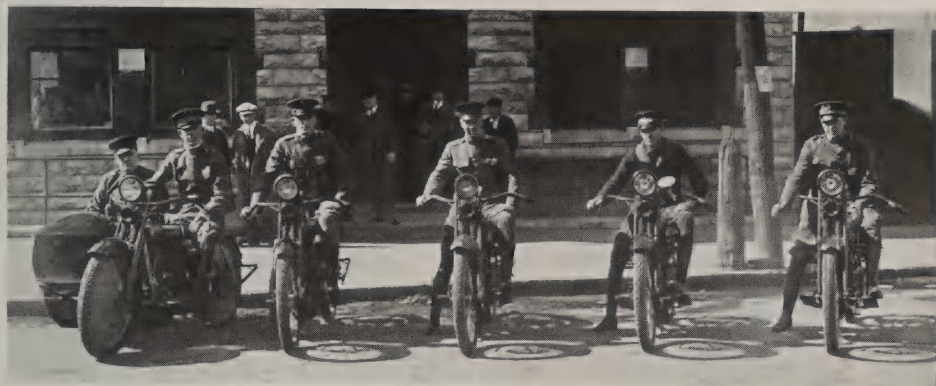
"Here's a picture of Lawrence Aldrich, of Mascoma, N. H., who is so wedded to his 74" that the severe winter of 1922 and 1923 failed to part them," wrote Miss Kate Post, a friend of his, recently. She went on to say, "He lives five miles from his work, but every day he made the trip back and forth over or through the drifts. He always had a friend accompany him, and sometimes I went with them on the way to the school where I teach. But no matter how heavy



his load, he always came romping merrily home on the old 74". All the folks around these parts, think mighty well of the Harley-Davidson."

"I am no speed king, but I sure get a lot of pleasure out of my Harley-Davidson," says Charles A. Phillip of Hornell, N. Y. "I use my machine every day, rain or shine, snow and floods, and it has never failed me. I made a 130-mile trip to Pennsylvania not long ago, where the roads were a real test of the machine."





The six men and five Harley-Davidsons that are now making Topeka's streets safer for pedestrians.

They Have to Go Some to Get Away in Topeka, Kansas

By E. J. Dustin

A GREATER and better police department for Topeka, Kansas, is to be found in the new motorcycle squad pictured above. Five Harley-Davidsons and six men are now in the service, and so satisfactory has been the work of the squad to date, that the addition of more is expected in the future.

Patrolling of both the business and residence sections of Topeka by motorcycle officers was a plan started last summer. The move caused more favorable comment among the people of the city than any improvement made in the police department in years.

"The swiftness with which we motorcycle officers can move from one point to another and the possibility of our appearing unexpectedly at any time or place," said William K. Hill, who is the veteran motorcycle officer of the department, for years being the only one in the service, "has resulted in placing a check upon automobile speeders and other offenders which otherwise could not have been done."

The six men now in the service are all young, active officers whose efficiency, appearance and conduct have reflected much credit upon themselves and the

department. With the aid of their Harley-Davidsons, they have rendered speeding a costly law violation for several hundred Topeka motorists and made the streets of the city safer for pedestrians.

It was found, too, that the rapidity with which the motorcycle officer can cover ground, makes it possible for him to do the work of three or four foot patrolmen. Moreover, he may take to himself much credit as a preventer of crime. The lonely foot patrolman walking his beat regularly night and day is easily "spotted" and easily avoided by the criminal. But it is impossible to predict with any certainty the time and place of the motorcycle officer's appearance. In the investigation of accidents, burglaries, holdups and other crimes the motorcycle men have made themselves invaluable to the department by reason of the speed with which they can travel to the scene.

Aside from their efficiency and the service they render, the motorcycle officers, in their neat army uniforms and caps, make a splendid appearance mounted on their sturdy, trim-looking machines. They compose a division of the police department to which Topekans may well point with pride.

How About Your Gypsy Tour?

By "Hap" Hayes

DO YOU fellows plan to have a Gypsy Tour of your own this year on June 16th and 17th, or are you going to hold a big Gypsy Tour with several other motorcycle clubs?

I was looking over a bunch of letters this morning and most of the club secretaries write me that they are going to hold the biggest ever tour this year with a couple other clubs in their section of this land of the free and the home of the brave. They figure the more the merrier. Some of the clubs have held Gypsy Tours of their own in past years, but this year they are going out with other clubs.

It seems to me that these clubs that combine with their neighbors to hold a big sectional Gypsy Tour have the right idea. It means that there will be more entertainment and sport for every rider who goes out on this once a year motorcycling round-up.

Sure, We Print Photos

Most of the clubs are mighty regular in sending me news about their activities for this club page. Photos from clubs have been pretty scarce, though. How would you like to see a photo of your bunch on the big center spread of photos, such as you see on pages 12 and 13 of this Enthusiast? I thought you would. Now take a look at the photo of the Seattle Motorcycle Club, shown on page 2 of this Enthusiast. You bet, we print club photos. When can we print one of your club out for a good time with your motorcycles?

Your friend,
"HAP" HAYES.

Other clubs in your section of the country are now making plans for their 1923 Gypsy Tour. Why not get in touch with them and plan together for a big, combined Gypsy Tour? It might be a good idea for a bunch of you fellows to ride over to one of your nearby cities or towns and talk it over with the motorcycle club there or the local motorcycle dealers.

If I can be of any help to your club in putting over the biggest Gypsy Tour ever held in your part of the country, just drop me a line and I'll get up early in the morning to help you along.

Motorcycle dealers all over the country are fast getting on to the club idea, as some of the letters I have received in the last month show. Here's some of the club news of the month, picked out of letters I received.

These Boys Make a Real Start

Oakland, California. "Eighty-six riders turned out for the first run held this year by the Oakland Motorcycle Club," reports A. G. Thomason. "The club now has a membership of 125 and we're growing steadily."

Anybody Else Want Booklets?

Roanoke, Virginia. "We have organized a motorcycle club here in Roanoke. Would you please sent us 30 of your free booklets, Suggested Constitution and By-Laws for a Motorcycle Club?" writes John Whaley. If any of your fellows want to organize a club in your town, you'll find this little booklet a real help. They're free. How many can you use?"—"Hap."

Here's Another New Club

Weehawken, New Jersey. "Good fellowship among motorcyclists and promotion of motorcycle runs and sports are the big ideas back of the recently organized Consolidated Motorcycle Association of Hudson County. The club

officers are: Melvin D. Long, President; Henry Barth, Vice-President; Secretary, Herman Taubert, and John Morgan, Treasurer," is the club news that Herman Taubert sends in.

Club Holds Get-Together

Hyde Park, Massachusetts. "The Hyde Park Motorcycle Club held their spring get-together meeting, April 2. Some snappy vaudeville and free smokes, furnished by Putnam and Suket, the local dealers, made the meeting a humdinger. Plans were made at this meeting for a run to Cape Cod and also for a club run to the Worcester Hill Climb," writes our friend, R. J. Adams, Secretary of the club.

Try Us and See What Happens

San Jose, California. "I have noticed several news items about motorcycle clubs in the Enthusiast. Are these sent in by club members? If we send you photos of our club runs will you print them in the Enthusiast?" asks H. Jorgensen, Secretary of the San Jose Motorcycle Club. The answer to both of these questions is a loud "YES!"

You've Got the Idea, Tuttle

Enid, Oklahoma. "I find that the club spirit and getting out with the bunch for a day or just a part of a day is a good way to keep the motorcycle interest going," says R. A. Tuttle, local Harley-Davidson dealer and one of the energetic boosters for the Sooner Motorcycle Club.

Lincoln Club is Active

Lincoln, Nebraska. "There is real motorcycle activity here in Lincoln," reports Clarence Wohlford, factory traveling salesman. "All the club members ride Harley-Davidsons and the boys believe in getting out in a bunch for some real sport."

Plan for Big Gypsy Tour

Milwaukee, Wisconsin. "The Greater Milwaukee Motorcycle Club will promote the Southern Wisconsin Gypsy Tour this year. A Gypsy Tour committee has



Sunday runs are regular events with the Oakland, California, Motorcycle Club. Here is the gang lined up ready to start.

been elected and we are already hard at work making plans and getting all the other clubs and motorcycle dealers lined up to help us make this year's tour a big success," says Erny Goldmann, Club Tourmaster.

Eight Hours is the Union Day

Brooklyn, New York. "Our club will hold a 10-hour run over a 200-mile course of Long Island roads. Brooklyn motorcycle dealers have donated prizes and are giving us some real support on this big event," writes T. Stubbmann, Vice-President of the Bay Ridge Motorcycle Club.

No Dues? Sounds Interesting

Columbia, Missouri. "We have organized a motorcycle club here in town. There are no dues. We meet in the store of the Boone County Sales Company, local Harley-Davidson dealers. Runs are held regularly and eats are donated by the local dealer," is the club news from Columbia.

Wadsworth Joins the List

Wadsworth, Ohio.—"Charles Miller, one of the oldest motorcycle riders in this part of Ohio, was elected President of the newly organized Wadsworth Motorcycle Club at a get-together meeting. Other officers are Vice-President, Lloyd Ebert; Secretary, James Kelly; Treasurer, Walter Ebert, and Tourmaster, Wilbur Kindy. Miller told the boys about motorcycling ten years ago and some of his experiences," writes our dealer friend, R. J. Hood.

"Give Me Youth, Outdoors,



The fellow who picked this place for a hill climb was a joy killer. See the beautiful cemetery at the bottom of this young mountain.



Pick the winner, boys. A race in the program of sports at the E



Sizzling hot coffee hits the spot. Sizzles more than a little attention. self cook.



"Let's have our picture taken first," suggested one of the riders when this Raleigh, North Carolina, bunch started out for their Gypsy Tour, last year. Their mascot posed, too.

a Motorcycle and Let's Go!"



the girls was one of the big features Mountain, New Jersey, Gypsy Tour.



After a day's fishing the appetite de-
ere's no supper like the one you your-



They're going! Where? Gypsy Tour! Here's a small part of the big bunch that rode out to the Southern Wisconsin Gypsy Tour.



Fast fingers win here. No, this is not a used motorcycle sale. This is the spark plug changing race held by the Salem, Oregon, boys on their Gypsy Tour.

Frank's Mail Bag

"I'll answer your questions about your Harley-Davidson on this page if they are of general interest to the other Enthusiast readers. All other questions will be answered by letter. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."—Frank.



The centrifugal cutout switch on my 1921 generator sticks, because I can blow my horn after my motor stops running. This runs down my battery unless I take off the battery ground wire. Can one of the new kind of switches be fitted to my machine?—C. H.

The cutout switch as used on your machine can be adjusted to work all right if you will only follow these instructions: First of all, make sure that the three switch weights in the housing are clean (never oil the weights) and free to move as the motor is turned over. It might be a good plan to try the weights for magnetism. Sometimes one of them may be magnetized and stick to the switch base and keep the points from opening after the motor is stopped. A magnetized weight must be replaced with a new one.

Assemble the switch and bend the top switch blade so the red bakelite button is about the thickness of a piece of this paper away from the switch cover. Next, bend the lower switch blade so the silver points will be $\frac{1}{32}$ " apart.

I suggest that you try the switch several times for sticking by kicking the motor over and watching the points. The switch should release as soon as you stop your motor. It is always a good idea to test the switch by trying to sound your horn after the motor has stopped.

Yes, the new manual switch can be fitted to all electrically equipped machines since 1918.

This type of switch eliminates the centrifugal cutout and provides a hand key for turning on and off the ignition current. A buzzer is included to remind you that the battery is being discharged when the motor is not running and the switch key is turned on.

The mica spark plugs that came with my machine foul easily and are, I think, the cause of difficult motor starting. Is there any special treatment that will make these mica core plugs more efficient?—P. E. McH.

The first few miles of service for the mica spark plugs are the hardest, because oil often saturates the mica and partly short circuits the plug. Even though you may clean the points, the core is still oil soaked.

The mica plug can be made to work under all conditions if it is taken apart, after once fouling, and the mica core burned over an open flame to burn out all of the oil. Then clean the core and points with fine sandpaper and put the plug together. Set the points about $\frac{3}{32}$ " for generator and .022" for magneto equipped motors.

I took my handlebars off and removed the controls and ever since putting them back on the machine, my motor overheats. I did not change the motor in any way, so its up to you, Frank, to set me right. My machine is a 1921 electric.—H. A. J.

I think that your overheating trouble is caused by your spark lever not being fully advanced. Turn the left grip all the way in and then try and move the generator spark lever forward. You should not be able to move this lever when the grip is inward. If you can shift it, the controls are out of adjustment.

The spark lever controls are changed by the adjustable rod on the right side and the control wire and sleeve on the left side of the machine. Your instruction book shows pictures of the control parts.

My 1922 solo 61 motor pops back through the carburetor even sometimes after it is hot. A change of carburetor adjustment

does not seem to help. What are the common causes of popping in the carburetor?
—A. H.

The most common cause for popping in the carburetor is a lean mixture. Immediately after starting the motor, popping may be expected, because the manifold is cold and the fuel mixture is damp and of a slow burning nature. Just as soon as the motor warms up, this kind of popping disappears.

Exhaust valve tappets adjusted too loosely will cause popping in the carburetor even after the motor is warm. A clogged or dirty muffler will cause back pressure which makes the carburetor pop or spit through the air valve.

A low carburetor float level will cause popping because the fuel mixture will be lean. The correct float level for 61 carburetors is $\frac{3}{32}$ ".

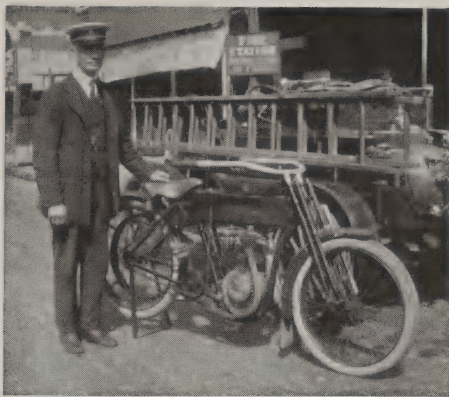
This means that the cork float should be $\frac{3}{32}$ " from the top edge of the bowl when the float valve is seated. Turn the bowl upside down to make this measurement. The float lever can be bent either up or down, if necessary, to obtain the above measurement.

After adjusting my front engine chain I have some difficulty in getting into low gear. Can you tell me what I can do to overcome this trouble?—A. R.

This isn't a serious matter and after following these instructions you will find that the gears shift with their usual ease and quietness.

In moving the transmission to tighten the chain, the gear shifting levers and rods were automatically moved, thus changing the position of the hand gear shifting lever in the gear shifter gate which is mounted on the tank. The hand shifter lever should have $\frac{1}{8}$ " freedom in the gate at either end of its travel; that is, in high or low gear positions. To obtain this setting, remove the rod which connects the hand shifter lever to the short lever (the short lever is mounted on the vertical shaft) at the hand lever

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G. R. Paxton's 1910 Harley-Davidson may be an old model, but it doesn't look old, thanks, no doubt, to G. R.'s good care.

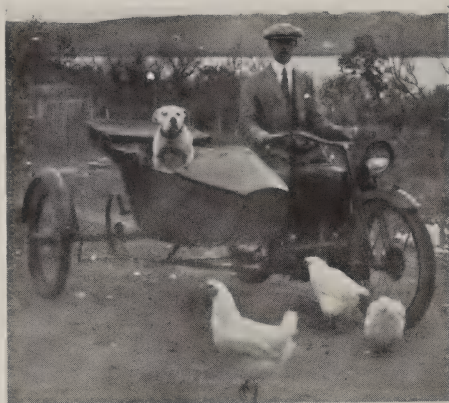
Machine Bought for Junk, Since Covers Over 12,000 Miles

BUYING a motorcycle for junk, and then finding the machine in such good condition that it has served him for twelve to fifteen thousand miles and is still running fine, is the experience that G. R. Paxton of Sanford, Florida, has had with a 1910 model Harley-Davidson.

"I purchased this machine," Paxton says, "from a young man who was in the Fire Department at the beginning of the war. He had traded an old bicycle for it and left it unused about the place until he was drafted, when he offered it to me for ten dollars.

"I bought it in the first place for the tires that were on it, thinking I could get my money out of it in that manner, if the balance of the machine was of no account. Upon examination, however, I found it in almost perfect condition, and since then, although I have ridden it a lot about the city, I have found it necessary to purchase only a tire and a belt, which amounted to about sixteen dollars.

"Altogether," Paxton adds, "I have covered all the way from twelve to fifteen thousand miles with the machine. I have had several offers to buy it, but as it answers my purpose perfectly, I have refused to sell it and expect to ride it for some time to come."



"The district around here is very hilly, being what is known as the Au' Appelle Valley (Saskatchewan's beauty spot), but my Harley-Davidson just laughs at them—the hills, I mean," says J. W. Lawrence of Ft. Au' Appelle, Saskatchewan, Canada, who is shown in the rural scene above. Of the picture, Lawrence says, "Here is a snap of two of my best friends with Echo Lake as a background." This is the second Harley-Davidson J. W. has had.



"Here's an old picture that I ran across this morning that was taken in southern Utah when I was doing recruiting work for the U. S. Army," says Arthur Foley of Milwaukee, Wis. "I traveled on this machine for over a year, going across the Utah Desert and all through Idaho and Utah, getting recruits for the Army Air Service. During this time the only expense on this machine, outside of gas and oil, was one set of new spokes and a set of tires."

"I want to tell you about a trip I made recently to Montreal, Canada," writes Edward Gorman of Kingsbridge, N. Y. "A friend of mine went with me in the sidecar. We made the trip, which is a distance of about 500 miles from Kingsbridge, in three days. I used 18 gallons of gas for the entire trip there and back, averaging 55 miles to the gallon. I am planning on making a similar trip to Niagara Falls this summer." Edward says he has been riding the Harley-Davidson for the past three years, and signs himself, "One of the army of Harley-Davidson riders."



"This is a snapshot of me on my Harley-Davidson and some friends of mine, taken at Snowy Springs hunting rabbits," says Fred Jones of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Canada. Fred says he got one rabbit, and that it was a dandy. "It takes a good motorcycle to start after those things," he says further, and adds that his Harley-Davidson is just fine for the work.





A last minute pose of the three principals in the motorcycle and ice-boat race at Toronto, Ontario, Canada. "Steamer" Moffatt is the man on the machine, Joe Menton, the man in the sidecar, and Tom McDonald, skipper of the ice-boat, is standing right next to the sidecar.

"Steamer" Moffatt, Canada, Puts on Another Thriller

MORRIS "STEAMER" MOFFATT of Toronto, Ontario, Canada, who took a motorcycle dive into the icy waters of the Western Gap of Lake Ontario last December, pulled off another thriller in March. Racing an ice-boat with his Harley-Davidson motorcycle, and jumping from the sidecar to the ice-boat while traveling at about 45 miles per hour, was his latest stunt.

The race was held with "Tom Longboat," the fastest ice-boat on Toronto Bay, and credited with a record of 122 miles per hour. Moffatt won with his latest model Harley-Davidson and sidecar by about four lengths.

In addition to this race, another one was held in which Moffatt leaped from the sidecar to the rigging of the ice-boat while traveling at about 45 miles an hour. As he grabbed the cable, the wind raised the ice-boat up on two runners, spinning Moffatt three times around the cable, but he hung on and suffered no injuries with the exception of a bruised knee. Joe Menton drove the sidecar outfit while Moffatt made the leap.

There were thrills aplenty for the big crowd present. The movie men, press photographers and newspaper reporters were all on the job.

Motorcycling in Hula-Hula Land

(From Page 5)

the speed with which we covered the ground. Ere long we turned abruptly from the paved highway and pointing the nose of the sidecar toward the sea we began a rather painful crawl toward our destination. Sand, chuck holes, ruts and some mud contributed to the slackening of our speed, but that gave me the better opportunity to study the dwellings of the natives, as Smithy generously took charge of the handlebars so that I might not miss any of the sights or opportunities for exceptional photographic material. Finally we landed at a little pier on the ocean's edge.

The setting for a fishing expedition was perfect. Before us stretched a huge crescent bay guarded here and there by coral reefs that turned the blue of the sea into snow white foam. At either tip of the crescent was a little rugged island standing guard as it were over this quiet refuge from ocean storms. Beyond the reefs we could see the marvelous blue of the Pacific stretching off to a horizon that must have been fifteen miles away. The coast line as far as we could see it was lined with tropical trees and shrubs with here and there a cottage of some Hawaiian or Japanese fisherman hidden among the foliage.

I had been assured that Hawaiian fish

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"What's a few stumps and tree roots in the springtime, to riders who ride all winter?" says William D. Hess of Pontiac, Mich., who sent us this picture.

Harley-Davidson Riders Win Big Honors in Australian Trial

MANY honors were won by the Harley-Davidson riders who took part in the Sydney Northern Suburbs' Motorcycle Club's 24-hour Reliability Trial held in Australia recently. Out of the twenty-one riders who started only eight finished, and seven of these rode Harley-Davidsons. Five of the six machines that came through without loss of any points were Harley-Davidsons. Five teams competed, but only one team finished, and all three riders of that team were mounted on Harley-Davidsons. Furthermore, this team came through with a perfect record, not one rider losing any points.

F. Howarth, Hugh Thomas, and S. Stuart were the riders on the winning Harley-Davidson team. The two other Harley-Davidson riders who came through with perfect scores were F. J. Palmer and D. Henderson. D. Napier and K. Strack, both Harley-Davidson riders, also finished, but Napier lost 5 points and Strack 159.

In the big 133-mile race which was held near Stockholm, Sweden, recently, the Harley-Davidson captured first place in all classes, the solo, sidecar, and middleweight classes. Erik Westerberg, who has won so many races in his country this past season, was the winner.

Motorcycling in Hula-Hula Land

(From Page 17)

were very plentiful, but I soon found out that someone had been stringing me, because though we fished hour after hour, nary a fish had I to boast when finally we had to turn back toward shore. Nevertheless, it was wonderful sport, and we enjoyed it thoroughly.

It had been a wonderful day altogether, but no more wonderful than the days that followed swiftly one after the other. With the Harley-Davidsons that we had at our command, we were able to cover every accessible nook and corner of the islands that we wanted to see. The machines gave perfect service, and we could have asked for no more efficient or economical conveyance.

We Make the Trip to Kilauea

Another trip that we particularly want to mention, is the trip to the famous ever-active volcano of Kilauea, which is on the largest of the islands, Hawaii, from which the others in the group derive their name. To get there, we had to take a steamer from Honolulu to Hilo, the second largest of the mid-Pacific towns, sixteen hours away. Smithy accompanied me, and with us we had one of the late model Harley-Davidson sidecar outfits. It was early in the morning when we landed in Hilo. In half an hour, fuel restored to the tank, we were spinning over a concrete highway—all too short, we found—that led toward the great volcano, thirty-two miles away and 4,000 feet above the sea.

Few rides that a motorcyclist can take in any part of the world afford such wonderful contrasts as this thirty-mile trip from Hilo to the active volcano whose crater is appropriately called Halemaumau, or House of Everlasting Fire. It begins in a tropical village, parts of which are almost wholly oriental, the signs, the costumes, the merchandise being wholly or largely Japanese or Chinese. It ends in a region cool with the tang of an autumn morning in the Scotch highlands, the same sort of fine mist frequently brushing past the sun and obscuring the light. Here is a great hotel with every modern con-



Ford couldn't resist the temptation to drive down this beautiful private drive approaching a Honolulu residence. The stately trees lining the drive are royal palms.

venience, American in almost every particular. And in contrast to the placid palm-skirted tropical bay there is a great yawning chasm in the face of the earth three miles across, many hundred feet deep. From this there pours incessantly clouds of smoke and steam mingled with sulphurous fumes, that add to the haze and greyness created by the Scotch mist. At one point in this great crater, known as the outer or old crater, there is an inner crater 1,000 feet across and 700 feet deep, at the bottom of which lava forever boils and glows with varying degrees of intensity. Periodically at intervals of a few months of a year the whole lava mass on the floor of this inner crater rises, thrust upward by some mighty terrestrial force so that the boiling seething lava overflows its banks, even running far down into the nearby tropical forest. Such was the flow of 1921 and of many previous years. Kilauea, however, is but the vassal of the great mountain, Mona Loa, on whose flank it rests. The latter rises to more than 13,600 feet, and its top is a mighty crater which makes the Kilauea crater look small by comparison. But the great sight, after all, is Kilauea, for there one will always find action, glowing, boiling lava and baffling clouds of smoke, while only about once in nine years does Mona Loa rouse herself from beneath her snowy

blanket and pour forth fire and destruction.

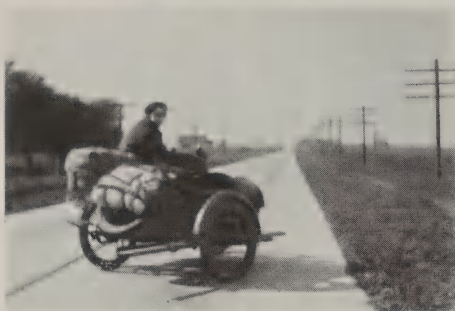
View Volcano From Distance

About half of the road to the volcano summit is good and the rest very poor, we found. But when the sturdy Harley-Davidson finally brought us out on the treeless summit, after passing through several miles of wonderful forest of giant ferns, we felt more than repaid for our labor and bumps.

Coming swiftly around a bend which proved to be the end of our journey, we suddenly found ourselves on the very edge of the great outer crater to which I have already referred. Coal black for the most part, with the lava of countless flows, this giant scar in the face of the earth is truly awe-inspiring. After drinking in the strange grandeur of the crater from a distance, we set out by the circuitous road to descend to the lava-covered floor and approach to the inner crater—the source of much of the steam and smoke. Our path led us through a veritable wonder forest. On all sides were giant ferns struggling with tropical trees for predominance. Many of these fern trees are as high as forty feet.

But we could not linger in this enchanting forest with the smoking crater but a few miles away and so, kicking

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Spring and the open road calls. Here's how Alfred Rathke, Milwaukee, Wis., hit the long, long trail on his trip to Texas last year.

May Brings Increase in Touring Inquiries

IT'S MAY, and we'd know it was May if we didn't have any other sign to go by than the touring inquiries that are coming in by the dozens these days. More Harley-Davidson riders than ever must be planning on making long-distance trips this year, judging by the increase in inquiries over last year at this time. Many riders have already hit the "long, long trail." Others are planning on starting this month, others next month, and so on. Here, we are naming some of the riders who have written us for information about trips they are contemplating making with their Harley-Davidsons.

Harold Hansen of Fairview, Mass., is considering a trip to Minneapolis, Minn., via Milwaukee, this summer with a new 1923 electric machine which he intends to purchase this spring.

New York City is the destination William A. Giller of Los Angeles is planning for his trip with his 1922 machine.

M. W. Criswell of Syracuse, N. Y., is figuring on a trip through the middle-western states as far as Nebraska or Kansas.

H. S. Berry of Indianapolis, Ind., is planning several long trips for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Monroe of 194 Landon street, Buffalo, N. Y., are thinking of making a trip with their sidecar outfit to California, but they are a little bit afraid of attempting it without know-

ing more about the condition of the roads, especially through the Rocky mountains and the deserts, so wondered if some of the Harley-Davidson riders who have made the trip wouldn't write them and tell them how they made it. Will some of you fellows do this, please? We know the Monroes would appreciate it, and we certainly would.

An 8,000 mile trip to and throughout the West is what Charles Merkel of Brooklyn, N. Y., and two of his Harley-Davidson friends are planning. They intend to stop off at the factory on the way west.

Victor D. Fisher of Mexico, Ind., and a friend have Los Angeles in mind as the destination for their trip. Another rider who is going to California is Doyle Melzer of Hamilton, Kansas.

Lawrenceville, Ill., is where Orus Batson of Norfolk, Va., is going on his trip this summer, while Mobile, Ala., is where Henry Oberding of Irvington, N. J., plans to go.

Do you know that the original one-room Harley-Davidson factory is still standing next to the carpenter shop of the present factory?

Check these two big days on your calendar: June 16th and 17th—the dates of the Big National Gypsy Tour.



"They were all going for a ride, which accounts for the smiles," wrote Arthur C. Lynch of Syracuse, N. Y., about this photo.

South American Records Are Broken by Harley-Davidson Rider

ALL existing South American records for motorcycles as well as for automobiles for the 350-kilometer (217-mile) course from Buenos Aires to Rosario, were shattered by Antonio Gaudino on a Harley-Davidson recently. His time of 4 hours and 48 minutes is considered most remarkable by authorities who are familiar with the difficulties of the course. The Harley-Davidson also won second and third places in this race, Ernesto Blanco taking second place, and Eduardo Ucelli, third. In fact, the six machines that finished were all Harley-Davidsons, all other makes dropping out along the way.

First, second and third places in the sidecar class, were also won by the Harley-Davidson. Pedro Perello was the winner of first prize in this class, Pablo Comino, second, and Pedro Vaccario, third.

Another Harley-Davidson victory in South America was the winning of the Circuit Canelones, a 250-kilometer (155-mile) race for sidecars. Gervasio Nunez was the rider who took first place in this event, while Fernando Villaveiran captured second place.



"This summer I am thinking of making a trip to Milwaukee," says Harley A. Myers of Dunkirk, N. Y., "because I want to go through the plant where the Harley-Davidsons are turned out." Myers also tells about a trip he made February 22nd from Dunkirk to Buffalo. The machine worked fine, he said, and pulled through some big snow drifts. The picture above shows him enroute on this trip, accompanied by a friend. "We surely gave the machine hard service that day," he added, "but it stood up under it and never whimpered."



Motorcyclists over in Australia have a somewhat different idea than we have of what the length of a reliability trial or endurance run should be. There, the three or four hundred mile run that is customary in this country, is considered too short to test the reliability of the machine and the endurance of the rider. The usual Australian trial covers a thousand-mile course. Recently a Thousand-Mile Reliability Trial was held by the Motorcycle Club of New South Wales. H. R. Hodgson, W. A. Thomas, King Sheedy, and Frank Howarth, all Harley-Davidson riders, came through with perfect scores.

The Gypsy Tour is to a motorcycling enthusiast what circus day is to a freckle-faced kid—it's the big event of the year.

"Motorcycling is the only sport worth while," says Russell Benedict of Gahanna, Ohio, and adds that he has been riding Harley-Davidsons since 1919. He has owned three different models, his first one being a 1917 model, his second one, a 1920, and his third, a 1923, which he is now riding. Like Harley Myers of Dunkirk, N. Y., Russell is also planning on visiting Milwaukee some time this year. You're welcome, Russell, so is everybody else who wants to come.



You'll look good in these "Puts"

Try on a pair and then look at yourself in the mirror. In addition to good looks these Harley-Davidson Puttees are well made of lasting quality leather. They're finished in polished mahogany shade and have double prong spring front fasteners.

You'll want to send us a photograph of yourself when you get your pair. They're only

\$6

Lined Puttees 50c extra
Strap style at same prices

**Try on a pair at your
local dealer**

Motorcycling in Hula-Hula Land

(From Page 19)

over our motor, we hurried out of the jungle and following many twists and turns came at last to open country made a total desert by past eruptions which have overspread the land with lava and showered it with ash and pumice. Our path dipped down a steep incline and presently we found ourselves on the floor of the outer crater. Thanks to the Hawaiian National Park, of which Thomas Boles is superintendent, there is as good a road across the floor of the outer crater as the difficult situation would permit. Superintendent Boles, who graciously became our guide here, told us that while native Hawaiians were making this trail under his personal supervision, the lava was so hot in many instances that the men had to handle it with heavy gloves or poke it onto their shovels with sticks. All of this served to make our way across the lava more interesting.

Take Motorcycle to Edge of Pit

Soon we were at the end of the trail and stepping down into the partly pulverized lava made our way cautiously to the edge of the pit. Taking turns in holding each other, we peered over the brink down an interminable distance into what might truly be called the Mouth of Hell. There the lava was glowing and boiling, partly visible through openings in the cooler crust and from the cracks there poured clouds of gray smoke. Even while we gazed silently on the spectacle we heard a sudden crash and roar. Looking across the pit to the far way, 1,000 feet away, we saw a great mass of rock and lava crumble away from the side and plunge down into the midst of the lava below. Instinctively we both drew back until Superintendent Boles, who appeared to have no fear of this monster, assured us that usually there was some warning sound before the sides of the pit caved in. By being alert we probably could make our escape to more solid ground in time. It looked like a rather long chance, but we took it, even becoming so bold as to bring our motorcycle to the very brink and photograph-

ing it, thus showing the world, as Mr. Boles said, that this wonder spot is easily accessible to all mankind. I would add, however, that if their nerves are not steady and their feet fleet they would better not come too close to the House of Everlasting Fire.

Frank's Mail Bag

(From Page 15)

connection and screw the swivel either off or on to the rod until the hand lever has the right clearance in the shifter gate.

I have just bought a brand new Harley-Davidson 74 and wish you would tell me the best way to break it in. Some time in August I am planning on a trip to Los Angeles and return and I want my machine to have the right kind of a start.—J. E. F.

A new motor right out of the crate must not be raced or forced too hard for the first 300 miles at least. The new cylinders, pistons and bearings are not used to the high temperatures and mighty forces that make power and they must be given a chance to become hardened for future good service.

The mechanical oil pump is adjusted when leaving the factory to feed a slight over supply of oil and should not be changed until after 500 miles; then you can remove one thin washer from the oiler adjusting screw.

Do not run your machine over 30 miles an hour or let it idle for long periods until after 300 miles of road service. It is never good policy to let a motor run idle for longer than a minute at a time.

Sure you're going. We're all going. Where? The Big Gypsy Tour. When? June 16th and 17th.

The Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, police department has used Harley-Davidson motorcycles for eight successive years.

It's not too early to ask your local dealer or your motorcycle club secretary about your Gypsy Tour, this year, June 16th and 17th.

Get more miles from your tubes



Punctures are easily repaired with this Harley-Davidson All-Rubber Patch. You cut a patch to cover the size of the puncture or blowout. Each box contains 36 square inches of patch, a tube of rubber cement and emery paper.

—and here's 4 more tool box suggestions

Tube of Goodrich No. 4 Cement, 10 cents each.

Can of Firestone Rubber Cement, 20 cents each.

3-inch Inside Blowout Patch, 25 cents each.

Complete set of three tire tools, packed in canvas kit, 45 cents a set.

Your local dealer sells these accessories

*Sure You're Going
-We're All Going
to The*
**GYPSY
TOUR**



Ask your local dealer or your
motorcycle club secretary about
Your 1923 Gypsy Tour

38.05
IADE

The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast



June, 1923

We're Waiting for "Let's Go!"



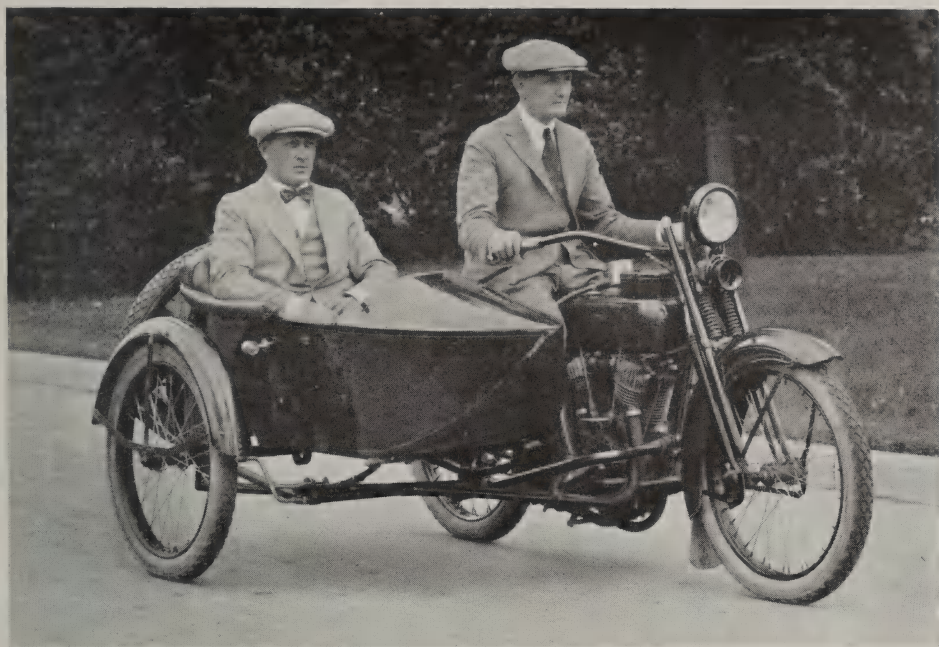
You can't tell whether this happy crowd of Gypsy Tourists stopped by the road side to rest or have their picture taken. Gypsy Tour dates are the two big days of the year for these Denver riders.



Now watch the fun. This big party of Salt Lake City Gypsy Tourists have just checked in at the round up. Games, stunts and prizes make the Gypsy Tour a big double holiday.



"Catch your own fish for supper." That's the cook's orders at this Wausau, Wisconsin Gypsy Tour. The boys and girls here must have some appetites. Just take a look at that string of fish.



"Gypsy Tour? You bet, we're going!" is the hearty answer from Walter Davidson, on the motorcycle, and "Bill" Harley, in the sidecar.

Come On, June 16th and 17th!

By "Hap" Hayes

GYPSY Tour—that's all the riders talk about these days. Riders, motorcycle clubs and dealers—they're all making their plans for this year's Gypsy Tour, June 16th and 17th—the two biggest days of the year on the calendar of every live motorcyclist.

Many clubs and dealers are holding their Gypsy Tour this year with one or more other clubs or dealers near their city. "The more Gypsy Tourists, the more joy for everybody" is the way these clubs and dealers put it.

Hill climbs will be a big feature of many Gypsy Tours this year. Many clubs, though, are not lucky enough to have any good slants in their section of the country. Motorcycle stunts such as slow races, spark plug changing contests, baseball games, foot races, stunts for both boys and girls, swimming and dancing—all popular sports on Gypsy Tours—will be some

of the pastimes that will mean two big days of joy for every Gypsy Tourist.

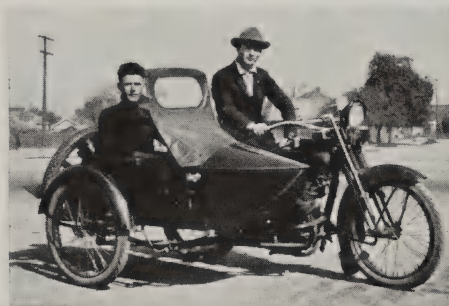
Don't get the wrong idea that a Gypsy Tour is not for girls, too. The wife, your sister or your sweetheart will have the time of her young life if you take her along in your sidecar. It's a sure bet that the boys who have charge of the entertainments for your Gypsy Tour have lined up a program that will keep the girls busy and happy.

Nowadays everybody gives everybody else free advice. Make your Gypsy Tour date now with your fair sidecar passenger. If she's your wife, you're all set. But if she isn't and she is popular and pretty, you had better work fast before some other Gypsy Tourist cops the prize. That's my free advice to you. I know. I was out of luck one year.

"The more, the merrier!" That's the 1923 Gypsy Tour slogan.

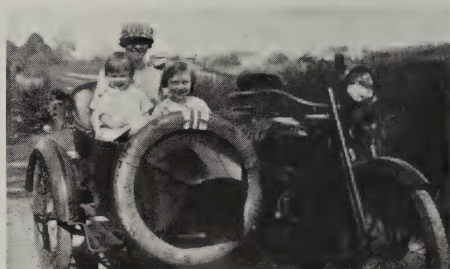


"It's no trouble at all to get a pretty girl to ride in a Royal Tourist sidecar attached to a 74 inch Harley-Davidson," says Clark Perry of Raleigh, N. C., and proves it by sending us this snappy photo. Looking at the photo, it strikes us that if anybody is entitled to a gold medal for neatness, Clark is.



"Just the plain fascination of the sport of motorcycling and the fact that the Harley-Davidson is the best motorcycle on the market, is what accounts for our now being the Harley-Davidson dealers in Bakersfield." That's what Ed Tice and J. D. Duckett, the new dealers at Bakersfield, Calif., have to say about their present business. Both Ed and J. D. are old motorcycle riders, although Ed is the best known, because he was a racer for many years. Ed is on the machine and J. D. in the sidecar.

"The family certainly enjoyed themselves on our trip with our Harley-Davidson to Missouri and Kansas," says Lyle W. Mann of Washington, D. C. "We covered 3,110 miles to Kirksville, Mo., and Topeka, Kans., and return, and all that was needed for the machine afterwards was a few spokes and one spark plug. The engine never behaved better in its life." The picture below shows the wife and the two kiddies all dolled up with a smile and their everyday clothes ready to start on the big trip.



"Here I am, all set for a fast run on a Sunday morning, just out of bed, and rarin' to go," writes Vern B. Emmett of Detroit, Mich. Vern is United States Special Delivery Messenger No. 20 in Detroit. He says that the Harley-Davidson is the only motorcycle in his business that will stand the grind 365 days a year.





A lake where they bite, a boat, a fishing rod and tackle, and a motorcycle to get there—that's all anybody needs to enjoy old Izaak Walton's favorite sport, as John Hogg and Jake Calvin are doing here.

Bass Fishing on Sweetwater Lake

By John E. Hogg

“WHY, I didn't know you had any bass in California,” said a New York friend of mine who is somewhat of an authority on all forms of American hunting and fishing, after I had begun telling him a fish story about bass in some of our inland lakes and streams. “Sure, we've got bass,” I said. “It's a tremendously big state, Mr. Watson, and there's mighty little of anything that the human heart could desire that isn't to be found within the limits of the nation's second largest state. Bass fishing, however, is like a lot of other things. You've got to know where to look for it, and you can't find it from a Pullman car window either! I didn't know there was any bass fishing in the state myself until I went out and found it with a motorcycle, and at that time the excellent bass lake that I found couldn't have been found with an automobile and a search warrant. The reason for this was that a motorcycle or a jackass was about the only way the lake could be reached.”

It all came about in this fashion: Two years ago an engineering story of national importance “broke” on the Quiyamaca Mountains of San Diego County in Southern California. Having chosen journalism as a career, I was at that time, and am yet, the staff representative of an engineering magazine published in Chicago. At any rate, I got a wire from the editor requesting me to “beat it” to the scene of the dam failure that had caused a disastrous flood, and to furnish a news account of it illustrated with photographs. The place I had to go to was 200 miles away. Roads had been washed out, and there wasn't a single bridge left in that 200 miles of road. No automobile could have made the trip. An airplane might have done it, but in a range of precipitous mountains there was no place for a mechanical bird to have come to roost once it got there. The motorcycle was the only thing, so I went ahead with a Harley-Davidson solo machine. There were swollen streams to be forded, a lot of detours, and rough going,



When John asked Jake to pose for a picture, Jake said "Sure, I'm not going to pass up a chance to prove to our friends that there isn't anything 'fishy' about that Sweetwater bass fishing story of ours."

but eventually I arrived within ten miles of my destination. There I interviewed the engineer on the dam project, who, when I told him that I wanted to visit the scene of the flood, very graciously offered me the use of his horse for making the trip; but like the negro cavalryman in the World War when the command to retreat was given—"I didn't want to be bothered with no horse." Well, to make a long story short, I got there. I did it with a motorcycle, got the story on the wire that night, and the photographs in the mail the next day. The whole job was done about the time I'd have arrived on the scene with the hay and oats consumer. On the way home I carried out the engineer's suggestion of taking a look at the great dam on Sweetwater Lake. This was a job that he had put up, which had withstood the flood, and from which he thought I might be able to gain a bit of information on engineering subjects. So, I went home by way of Sweetwater Lake, a difficult trip for any other than a motorcycle. Arriving at the lake, I suddenly felt myself losing interest in dams and engineering projects, when I looked into the water and saw dozens and dozens of great big bass swimming around. "The law was on 'em" at the time, or I think I'd have gone right

home and come back with my bass casting outfit. Right then and there, however, I promised myself a bass fishing trip to Sweetwater Lake, but was never able to jump out of the commercial treadmill long enough to fulfill that promise until June—in the year of our Lord 1922.

Off for the Fish!

It was on the twelfth day of the month of weddings that Jake Calvin and I loaded up the Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit with our camp duffle and bass casting outfits, and hit the trail for the lake. With excellent roads, and a piece of motorcycle rolling stock under us that had more speed than the law allowed, mileage meant nothing to us. We knocked off the miles in jig time, and rolled up on the shore of the lake eight hours after kissing our wives at the kitchen door. We didn't waste any time anywhere, but just rolled along hour after hour looking at magnificent scenery and listening to the motor roar out a steady stream of speed creating power impulses. We made two stops along the route for fuel, one at San Diego for lunch, and another at National City to pick up a five gallon can of live minnows—something that we needs must have if we expected to catch bass.

On the shore of the lake we rolled the sidecar outfit up under a clump of eucalyptus trees, pitched our tent, and set up our portable stove. In a few minutes we had all the comforts of home in a camp and by four o'clock in the afternoon were ready to fish. We loaded all our bait and bass fishing impedimenta into the sidecar, and trucked in down to the water's edge, there to be transferred to our boat. The bait was quite a load in itself because we hadn't taken any chances on not being successful with our fishing for the lack of having the right bait. In addition to our five gallon can of live minnows we had about a quart of angle worms, a basket of salt water shrimps, a tin box full of flies, a bottle of pickled pork rinds, and six different kinds of salt water bivalve shellfish. In fact, we had enough bait to have set out a regular bass cafeteria.

Jake, my companion on the trip, is an old timer at bass fishing. He's literally wound up like an eight day clock with stories about bass fishing down on the Cowskin River in Northern Arkansas, on the lakes and streams of Minnesota, and all over the middle west, north and south.



They're beauties all right, John—but—you should see the big ones we have in OUR state.

Like a lot of other Californians by choice he didn't know there was a bass in the state until I told him I wanted him to go bass fishing with me. Would he go? Well, all he needed was the invitation. Jake had a lot of pet theories about fly fishing for bass, and he declared that bait fishing was too much like catching flies with molasses anyway. He proposed to pit his wits against the wisdom of the bass, and to show me that he could catch them. I was perfectly willing to be shown, and knowing that Jake probably knows more about bass fishing than I ever hope to know I decided to let him work out the bass "carte d'jour" for us and the fish. Forthwith after abandoning the sidecar outfit, and shoving off into the lake, I rowed the boat, while Jake proceeded to fish.

Fancy Feed Doesn't Tempt 'Em

He put on his line a funny-looking fly that very closely resembled a big gnat that was flying in rather annoying abundance over the surface of the lake, and very much about our ears. Cast after cast toward the shore failed to coax out a bass. After about a dozen casts with the fly the angler admitted that he didn't have the right bait, and after trying out seven more kinds of flies, three different kinds of spinners, and a murderous looking wooden minnow,—he somewhat unwillingly consented to try some of the bait we had brought with us. We drew up to the shore for a minute, and while waiting for Jake to get his pole baited, I picked up an old cane pole some fisherman had abandoned, put a hook on the line, baited it with a live minnow, and dropped it into the lake. The hook had hardly touched the water before the pole was wrenched out of my hands. It bent and cracked dangerously, but I hung on—shouting to Jake that I'd hooked the grand-daddy of all the bass in Sweetwater Lake and admit if it hadn't been for his advice of experience, I'd never have landed that fish. As the battle raged for the next ten minutes, with the bass jumping high out of the water at times, and pulling at the rotten old line

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With the stage all set and a large crowd of spectators waiting, the "show" is on at the big Reading, Pa., Hill Climb.

Harley-Davidson Climbers Clean Up All Over the Country

HILL climbs are becoming so popular that nearly every club is thinking of putting on a real humdinger of a climb some time during the season. Several big hill climbs have already been held, and Harley-Davidson riders have been making some mighty good showings, taking nearly everything in sight. At the Reading Hill Climb held at Reading, Pa., for instance, John R. Grove established some hill climb records that will be talked about for a long time to come. The San Francisco Annual Hill Climb held April 22 was another Harley-Davidson clean-up.

Sunday, May 6, should also be mentioned. It was a red letter day for hill climbs, and particularly for Harley-Davidson hill climbers. Three big hill climbs were held on the Pacific Coast and one at Pittsburgh, Pa. Harley-Davidson riders copped the majority of places in every one of these four climbs. 8 out of 12 places was the Harley-Davidson score at Spokane, Wash. 11 out of 12 places made it all but a clean sweep for Harley-Davidson climbers at

Fresno, Calif. 4 out of 6 was the tally at Los Angeles, Calif. 7 out of 12 places in the events for twin cylinders is the news from Pittsburgh.

Here's the where, who and how at these big climbs:

Reading, Pennsylvania

John Grove and his Harley-Davidson set two new records and won three events at the big climb held here April 15. In the 80 Cubic Inch Open event, Grove roared up the hill in the record smashing time of 8 seconds flat, chopping 2-1/5 seconds off the record that has stood for this hill for two years.

Again, in the sidecar event, Grove piloted his sidecar outfit with a passenger up over the top in 13-4/5 seconds. This is the first time that a motorcycle sidecar outfit had topped the 73 degree slant of this hill. In addition to these two records, Grove took first place in the 80 Inch Open, also in the 80 Inch Open for the Reading Eagle trophy, and the Sidecar event.

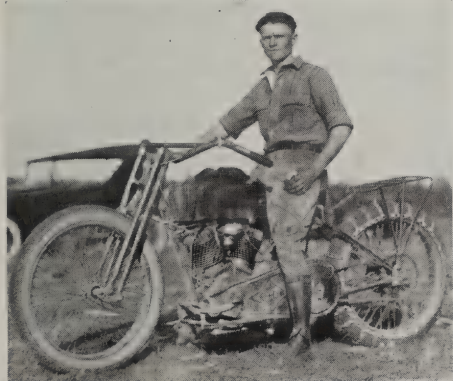
San Francisco, California

Thirteen out of a 15 possible places was the score for the Harley-Davidson riders in the San Francisco Annual Hill Climb. In addition, they won the honor of being the only ones to go over the top. The Open event was won by Dudley Perkins in 23-1/5 seconds, while George Faulders took second place in 30 seconds, and L. Rodino, third place in 40 seconds, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

A. Van de Mark with his Harley-Davidson was the winner of the 61 Inch Professional event, making the top in 35 seconds. Dudley Perkins captured second place in 44-1/5 seconds. In the 61 Inch Novice event, M. Flint, Ed. Martin, and D. Hogan, all Harley-Davidson riders took first, second, and third places respectively. The first three places were also taken by Harley-Davidson riders in the 61 Inch Event for Club Members Only, D. Barberine, L. Barberine, and V. Edhamer taking these places in the order of their names. E. Sunth, another Harley-Davidson man, won first place in the Open event for Club Members Only, while second place was taken by H. Gatton, also the owner of a Harley-Davidson.

Spokane, Washington

Charles Mastolier was the star of the day in the Spokane Climb, winning with his Harley-Davidson the most important event of the day, the 80 Inch Open,



Charles Mastolier, winner of the 80 Inch Open event at Spokane, Wash.



John Grove, who made some records at the Reading, Pa., Climb that caused even the old fans to sit up and take notice.

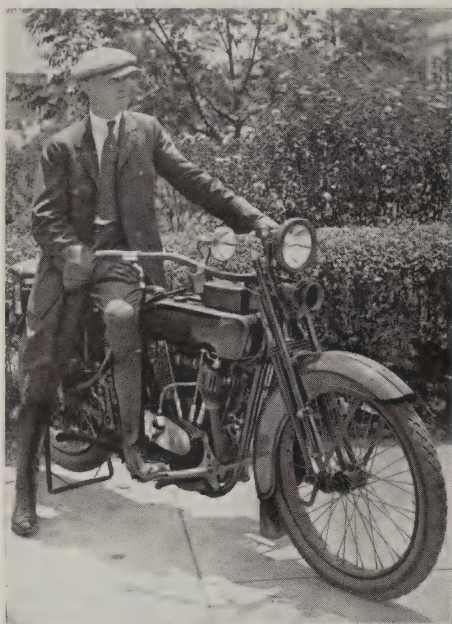
in 7-4/5 seconds, the best time of the day. Clyde Miller, Art Dunn, and John Christiansen were the three Harley-Davidson riders who cleaned up in the 80 Inch Novice event, taking first, second, and third places respectively. In the 61 Inch Professional event, Bert Pearson and his Harley-Davidson lost first place to Fred Lenzi, a rider of another make of machine, but came in for second, while Charles Mastolier captured third place. The Harley-Davidson again came to the front in the 61 Inch Novice event, when John Christiansen took first place, and Jack Benton, also a Harley-Davidson rider, third.

Fresno, California

First place in all four events held was the kind of a clean-up the Harley-Davidson riders staged at Fresno. The best time of the day was made by L. Vandermark who won first place in the 80 Inch Expert event in 20-4/5 seconds. Roy Salmon and Lloyd Elder, also Harley-Davidson riders, took second and third places in the order named in the same event. Roy Salmon starred in the 61 Inch Expert event, while Lloyd Elder took second place, and Ernest Pagini, also riding a Harley-Davidson, took

(Turn to Page 19)

Watch Your Speedometers, Boys



Shh-hh! Like to step on 'er lively? Watch out for this fellow then if you ever get around Macon, Ga., because Officer T. E. Garrett is the champion speedhound catcher, if there ever was one. His record is 123 arrests in just one month, netting the city \$1,224.15.



Here's another one of those motorcycle officers who looks like he'd mean business if you tried to play tag with him. He's Officer Joe Laymen of Sidney, Ohio. Four thousand miles in eight weeks sure proves that Officer Laymen can pile up the miles.



"Just give me a chance and I'll show you what real speed is," says Traffic Officer Jack Corbett of Chico, Calif. We believe him, too. He looks as if he's all set now to dash off at a second's notice. Look out. You're in the way.



Officer Lawrence Duquette of Saranac Lake, N. Y., is such a speedy worker that the photographer had to snap him when in action or not at all. Result—Officer Duquette's good looks don't show up to advantage at all. Sorry, girls.



How peaceful they look just before the attack on the big feed. The Richmond, Virginia, Motorcycle Club was organized at this Spring Opening party of the Hines-Pinnell Co., Inc., our Richmond dealers.

Where Do We Go Next Sunday?

By "Hap" Hayes

"SAY, Joe, where is the club going next Sunday?" The real riding days are here and the boys are all raring to get out and go and go. Naturally, the boys like to ride out with the bunch. They know the more, the merrier. Club members want to know what the club program is. They want to know where the club is going next Sunday.

It's up to your Club Tourmaster or your Club's Board of Directors to map out a schedule of runs, tours, stunts for the contests that will carry you through the summer and fall months. You don't have to have a run every week. Make it every two weeks and you'll find you get a bigger turn out.

The Big Gypsy Tour, June 16 and 17, is the headliner on the year's program of most of the clubs. Social runs to other cities to visit the local club, hill climbs, picnic runs, weiner roast runs, all day tours, endurance runs, treasure hunts, hare and hound chases—these are some suggested runs for your club's program for the summer and fall.

After you fellows map out your program, why not have copies of it type-written or multigraphed and hand one to every member of your club? They'll know weeks in advance what's coming off next and they can make their dates with their best girl accordingly.

Another good idea is to get acquainted with motorcycle clubs in nearby cities. Your club can run over and pay them a visit and they can come over and return the call a couple of weeks later. You can hold your stunts and runs together and everybody will get more joy out of the party. Down east, the motorcycle clubs around New York City are great for these club get together runs. If you saw the turnouts they get and the runs they put over, you would want to try out the idea with your club and the nearby clubs.

Send me a copy of your program when you're all set and I'll print it in the Enthusiast. If you fellows have any new ideas on club runs or stunts, shoot 'em in. I know the other boys will be glad to hear about your idea.

Beg Your Pardon

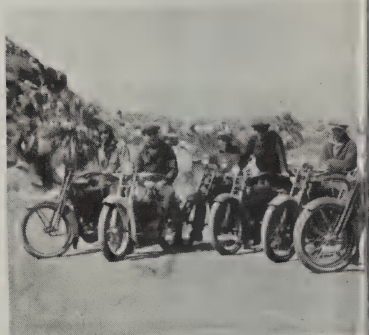
Columbia, Missouri. "You were wrong when you stated in the May Enthusiast that the Columbia Motorcycle Club does not have dues," writes Norman H. Trenholme, Secretary-Treasurer of the club. "Our dues are 25 cents a month. When we announced that the club would hold a chicken dinner and fish fry at a poultry farm of one of the members, every member paid his dues." Who wouldn't, I ask you?

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There's Only — Days Till Y



Like pictures of bathing girls better? All right, send us a good photo of some bathing beauties on your Gypsy Tour. You bet, we'll print it!



Sunday runs with these San Bernardino riding jaunts for the Big Gyp



"Let's Go!" is the call every Sunday 16th and 17th, the Gypsy Tour day



The National Gypsy Tours, June 16th and 17th, are the two big days of the year for motorcycle riders in

our Gypsy Tour---June 16-17



California riders are just spring training for the June 16th and 17th.



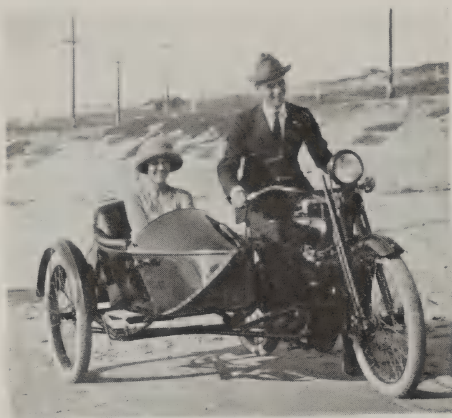
Coming down in Joplin, Missouri. June 16th's going to be "Let's Go!" too.



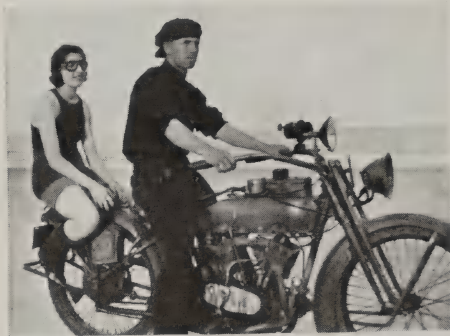
Will he make it? Hill climbs will be a big feature of many Gypsy Tours this year. This is a photo of the climb at the Lansing, Michigan Gypsy Tour.



United States. This is only part of the happy crowd at the Omaha, Nebraska, Gypsy Tour, last year.

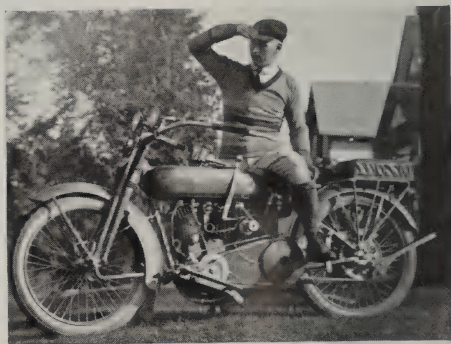


"Give us a Harley-Davidson, California, and a nice, firm sandy beach, and that's all we ask for real sport." That's what Monty Warr, who is salesman for Rich Budelier, the Los Angeles Harley-Davidson dealer, and his wife have to say about motorcycling. Mrs. Warr was a bride of only a few weeks when this picture was taken last year, but she was already as much of a dyed-in-the-wool motorcycle enthusiast as her husband.



"Daytona Beach sure has its attractions," writes R. L. Saunders, of Providence, R. I., about the picture shown above. Saunders made a trip from Providence to Daytona, Fla., a year ago January with his Harley-Davidson. "I left Providence on January 10 and arrived at Daytona January 23, after taking it easy for 1,300 miles," says Saunders. He adds that he stayed at Daytona for over two months, during which time he covered about 2,200 more miles.

"No, I'm not saluting or anything like that here," wrote A. H. Mulligan of Boone, Ia., when he gave us the picture below. "All I'm trying to do is to shade my eyes while posing for this picture, so that I won't look so cross that other Harley-Davidson riders will think that I have the proverbial Irish temper in me." A. H. adds that the picture was taken last September 19 on the famous Lincoln Highway near Boone. He also adds that he intends to send us some snapshots later. (Send 'em along, A. H. We need 'em badly.—Editor.)



"This is my sister-in-law from Toronto on my machine," says M. A. Cole of Fort Williams, Ont., Canada. "She's quite a motorcycle rider herself, and thinks there's nothing like the sport of motorcycling for real fun. Some day she expects she may have a machine of her own. As for myself, well—in my opinion, there's nothing that would take the place of my Harley-Davidson."



Where Do We Go Next Sunday?

(From Page 11)

Ah! The Fair Sex Writes Us

Tacoma, Washington. "Sunday the Tacoma Motorcycle Club had a picnic run up to the famous Ranier National Park. We kept on going until we were stuck in the snow drifts. Then we started back," is the news in a letter I received from Mrs. S. Stephenson.

We Like to Hear Those Words

Richmond, Virginia. "We held a get together banquet during our Spring Opening Week and organized the Richmond Motorcycle Club," writes C. W. Pinnell of the Hines-Pinnell Co., Inc., our Richmond dealers. "I'll send you some pictures of our club runs." That's music to our ears, Mr. Pinnell.

This Is Your Invitation

Muskegon, Michigan. "The Muskegon Motorcycle Club will hold the state Gypsy Tour here this year, June 16 and 17. We plan to hold a parade, hill climb, banquet and plenty of stunts and contests for the girls as well as the boys. Outside riders are welcome," is the good news the club President, E. J. Raymond sends us.

Another Club in Frisco

San Francisco, California. "I am organizing a motorcycle club. Please send me a supply of your suggested Constitution and By Laws booklet," writes Russell Nott. Right now there are four motorcycle clubs in San Francisco. The more, the merrier!

How's This for the First Run

Pawtucket, Rhode Island. "We have started a motorcycle club here in Pawtucket. Over fifty riders turned out for the first Sunday get-together run we held," writes Walter Cross.

What Are Miles Out West

Casper, Wyoming. "The Casper Motorcycle Club has lined up a big program of runs for the year. The big date on our schedule is a 538 mile endurance run," reports our friend Edward Fischer. "We also plan to build a summer club house at Beaver Creek," adds Ed.



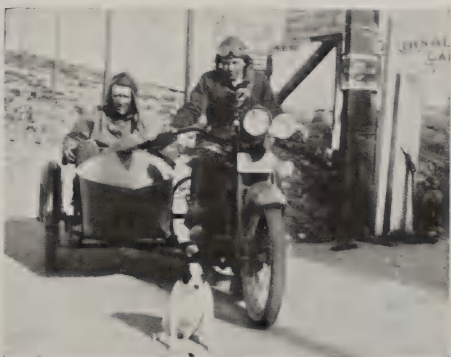
"Here's some of the boys of the Muncie, Indiana, Motorcycle Club," writes our friend George Simpson, the club's pen pusher.

Weiner Roast Starts Season

Lincoln Nebraska. "A weiner roast and a road run are first on the list of the year's program of the Harley-Davidson Motorcycle Club of this city," writes William Wolff, President. Other officers are: R. L. Thomas, Vice-President; Lloyd Collamore, Secretary; Joe Brown, Assistant Secretary; J. B. James, Treasurer; Preston Cave, Road Captain.

What Do You Think of This?

Newport, New Hampshire. "Here is a copy of our four page printed program of club events for the year," writes Wayne Cowen, Secretary of the Granite State Motorcycle Club. "A glance at this program will show you that there is something doing every week of the year, starting May 20th and ending September 9th. 1923 is going to be a big motorcycling year here in Newport." Wilfred Grenier is Tour Master of the club.



"Some run, but 68 hours and 43 minutes isn't so bad for a new rider, is it?" says V. E. Warren of the Navy Yard, Puget Sound, Wash., about his recent run from the Canadian to the Mexican borderlines, a distance of about 1,680 miles.



Here's a photo of the goodlooking watch fob that the Motorcycle & Allied Trades Association will give this year to all Gypsy Tourists who finish the local tours under M. & A. T. A. rules.

Planning a Trip to the West?

Are you planning a trip to Seattle, Wash., or to any other point on the West Coast over the Yellowstone Trail this year? If you are, we'd suggest that you sit right down and write the Yellowstone Trail people today for their literature. We understand that they have any number of interesting folders about their highway, and it would pay anyone to take the time to write them for what information they have. We have found them to be very courteous and prompt, too, in answering all inquiries of this kind. You can reach them by addressing The Yellowstone Trail Association, Inc., 337-339 Andrus Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

You and 51,133 motorcyclists are now reading this June number of the Harley-Davidson Enthusiast.

Bass Fishing on Sweetwater Lake

(From Page 7)

and cane pole until I thought sure the whole combination must let go from plain lack of strength, Jake stood by bossing the job. "Let him run with it now," he'd shout. And then—"Snub him off gently!" I followed his directions as best I could during the lightning-like movements of the fish, and about fifteen minutes after hooking onto him, managed to get him up close to the shore with his dorsal fin protruding above the surface. Jake, meanwhile, was on the job with the gaff, and as the fish came within his reach, he poked the gaff out, and tickled the fish on the nose with it. It was all over in another second. The gaff closed up with a snap like a bear trap, and we had a four pound big-mouthed beauty flapping on the shore a safe distance from the water's edge.

The New Bait Has 'Em Going

"That settles it!" exclaimed Jake, as he held up the beautiful big green fish. "These derved fish are carnivorous, and if they crave live bait, we'd just as well make up our minds to feed 'em the sort of grub they like." Thereupon with the fish I had caught towing astern on a stringer, we shoved the boat into the lake again, and began looking for a place to fish. We found a very "bassy looking" clump of bullrushes not far from the shore. Jake baited his casting rod with a minnow, and began to fish while I began hunting for the bottom of the lake with an anchor. The anchor went overboard with a heavy splash, and I was running the chain over the gunwale of the boat, making enough racket to wake the dead, when—"Zing-ng-ng-ng-ng!" went Jake's reel. I let go of the chain, and looked around to find the old fisherman bending over the side of the boat with his rod bent almost in a semi-circle, and with an expression of delight on his face that made him look about twenty years younger. I grabbed the gaff, and stood by ready to use it with the first opportunity, while the battle with the fish ranged from one end of the boat to the other, towards the bot-

(Turn to Page 21)

Texas Harley-Davidson Riders Display Skill in Riding

A STUNT that tested the riding skill of some of the best motorcycle riders of Amarillo, Texas, was pulled off by F. L. Beer, the local Harley-Davidson dealer, at a Sunday run which he staged recently. The contest was held over a one and one-half mile course along the Canadian River, and called upon the riders to pilot their machines through the loose river bed sand, up and down sand hills, through the river by fording, to the summit of a steep, rocky hill, and even over a stretch thick with sage brush and plum bushes.

Out of the thirty-six riders who took part in the run, twenty-one lined up for the contest. The first to finish the course was George F. Polley on a Harley-Davidson. Following him closely, was Lloyd Parkinson, also riding a Harley-Davidson. John Humphrey and Leo Abbott, who rode Harley-Davidsons, too, had a close race for third place, but Humphrey won third honors by a scratch, and Abbott took fourth. A picture of Polley bucking one of the sand hills is shown at the top of this page.

Are you planning a big vacation trip, this summer, with your motorcycle? Don't forget to send us a couple of good photos for the Enthusiast.

You can't beat a motorcycle for sport and economy.



George Polley looks as if he had a good time winning the endurance contest put on by F. L. Beer of Amarillo, Texas.

Harley-Davidson Scales Highest Peak in the East

For the first time in the history of Mt. Mitchell, the loftiest peak east of the Mississippi River, a gasoline driven vehicle has scaled its side at the particular point known as the Apex of Appalachia. This was a Harley-Davidson motorcycle ridden by P. G. Tilson, who is chief mechanic for the Harley-Davidson Service Station, Harley-Davidson dealers at Asheville, N. C. A moving picture camera was taken along by the local representative of the Fox Film News, and as the result, theatre goers all over the nation will catch glimpses of the mighty mountain monarch, and the motorcycle and its rider who conquered it.



This Martinsburg, Va., bunch was so hungry waiting for dinner when this photo was taken that they were quite ready to do something desperate to the photographer. The occasion was a recent Sunday run to Harrisonburg.

Frank's Mail Bag

"Is there anything you want to know about your Harley-Davidson? Tell me what it is and I'll try to help you out. I'll answer all questions with a letter. Questions that are of general interest to our other Enthusiast readers will be printed on this page of mine. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."—Frank.



I would like you to tell me about adjusting my generator on my 1923 74" motor for summer use. Do I have to have the charging rate cut down or can I leave it just as it was all last winter?—F. T.

I am glad you asked me this question because every Harley-Davidson rider should be interested in the answer. The long summer days will let you ride several hours longer without lights, which, of course, will make it easier for the battery and generator to handle the load. I would suggest that the third or regulating brush be set to give not more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ amperes current at any speed of the machine. This will take care of the regular lighting equipment or one spot light and the tail light, providing a 21 candle power bulb is used in the spot light. The storage battery charges much easier in warm weather than it does in cold weather and for this reason, you should lower the charge rate, or otherwise have your dealer do it for you.

Please tell me how to figure gear ratios between the engine and rear wheel and how the gear ratio affects the motor's operation?—M. O. S.

The proper gear ratio for solo and sidecar use is a very important thing and I hope the following will make this subject clear to you.

The gasoline motor, unlike the steam engine, must turn over a high number of revolutions to keep a steady flow of power coming from it. This is because of the three idle strokes against the one power stroke occurring in each cylinder. The motor must therefore be geared so it will turn over four or five times to one revolution of the rear wheel.

This gives more power strokes of the

pistons at low speeds and makes the use of the transmission gears unnecessary except when starting, making hills or traveling bad roads.

At high speed the motor can turn over only so many revolutions and still produce power necessary to drive the machine. The gear ratio must be flexible enough to handle low speed as well as extreme high speed without injury to the motor.

The best ratio for 61" solo motorcycles is 4.34 to 1; obtained by using a 17 tooth engine sprocket and a 48 tooth rear wheel sprocket.

For 61" sidecar service use a 15 tooth engine sprocket and a 48 tooth wheel sprocket.

For 74" solo, use either a 17 or 18 tooth engine sprocket and a 48 tooth rear wheel sprocket. For 74" sidecar, use either a 15 or 16 tooth engine sprocket and a 48 tooth wheel sprocket.

Gear ratios can be figured by multiplying the number of clutch sprocket teeth by the number of rear wheel sprocket teeth, then multiplying the number of countershaft (back of clutch) sprocket teeth, by the number of engine sprocket teeth, and then dividing the result of the first multiplication by the result of the last multiplication.

My 1920 electric equipped model has developed a miss at medium low speeds that I have been unable to locate. I have tried new plugs, adjusted the circuit breaker points, cleaned the distributor cap and cleaned and tightened all wiring connections.—F. W. J.

I think that either the circuit breaker assembly is not thoroughly grounded or that the small fibre bushing which insu-



Mmm-mm, smell the bacon? And the coffee? We'll tell the world that these four motorcycle enthusiasts know how to enjoy themselves. From left to right they are: Mrs. and Mr. J. C. McKewen, Miss Jennie Pellegrini, and A. H. Walker, all of Sacramento, Calif.

lates the coil low tension wire stud in the timer housing is cracked.

A short wire connected to one of the timer lever studs and coil base screws will make a good ground for the circuit breaker assembly.

Ronald C. Gallusser of Guatemala, Central America, who recently sent us a registration card for his new 1923 model, has had a new Harley-Davidson every year since 1916, which makes eight Harley-Davidsons that he has owned and ridden. What's more, he says they have all given him the best kind of service and no trouble at all.



A bunch of Des Moines, Ia., riders went out for a good time a few Sundays ago. This shows part of them watching the hill climb which was won by Howard Parcel, a Harley-Davidson rider.

Harley-Davidson Climbers Clean Up All Over the Country

(From Page 9)

third. The two Novice events, the 61 Inch and the 80 Inch, were both won by Lloyd Elder, with F. Ward and Roy Salmon taking second and third places in the former event, and H. Bianchi third place in the latter, all being Harley-Davidson riders.

Los Angeles, California

Dud Perkins, whose name nearly every old motorcycle hill climb fan is familiar with, was the winner of the Open event at the Los Angeles climb, and also the only rider to go over the top of this 460-foot climb. His time was 15-1/5 seconds. Hamilton, also a Harley-Davidson rider, won third place in this event.

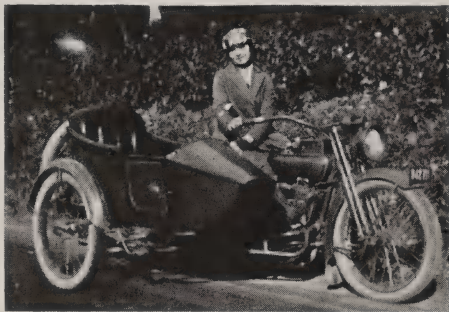
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

The two Novice events, the 61 Inch and the 74 Inch, were both won by Mc Abee riding a Harley-Davidson. Catanzaro, another Harley-Davidson rider, made a good showing by taking third place in the same events.

The Wisconsin State Railroad Commission's figures show that the average cost of running an automobile is 10 cents a mile. It costs the average motorcyclist only 2 cents a mile.



"I think an improvement over the slogan 'Do it with a motorcycle' would be 'Do it with a Harley-Davidson,'" says Glenn H. Hatch of Randolph, Vt. "Anyhow that's my opinion ever since the wife and I made a trip to Augusta, Ga., with our sidecar outfit. We covered 2,984 miles on this trip, and the cost of oil and gas was a fraction over one cent per mile. This picture shows us ready to pull out of Philadelphia."



"I ride a motorcycle because I love the great outdoors," says Miss Florence Jones of Phillipsburg, N. J., who has been an enthusiastic Harley-Davidson rider for almost two years. "We have an auto in the family," she adds, "but it is too monotonous, and besides an auto must stick to the beaten path and the broad highway, but with a motorcycle,—well, just give me my Harley-Davidson and you can have all your autos you want. Motorcycling is the only life!" Girls, we'd like to hear from some of the rest of you.

"I have motorcycled all over the eastern half of the U. S. A. and now I'm going to see California and the western half," said Jeff McFarland, Anderson, Ind., when he rode his new sidecar outfit away from the factory. Jeff and his touring pal, D. J. Armstrong, St. Louis, Mo., will each ride their own outfits. "I have had cars, but give me a motorcycle for real outdoor sport," is the way Jeff puts it. Lots of others think the same way you do, Jeff.



"I have taken many nice trips with my Harley-Davidson, and have taken many pictures," writes Ralph C. Fry of Brunswick, Md. Ralph is a Harley-Davidson rider of about three years' standing, and a more enthusiastic motorcyclist would be hard to find. The photo below shows him out for a short spin over the country roads around Brunswick. "My Harley-Davidson certainly helps me to enjoy life," he says.



Only Sixty-Nine Cents for One Hundred Miles of Pleasure

"SUNDAY, April 18, was set for a little run from Denver to Nederland, Colorado, by a bunch of us riders," wrote Edward L. Bloom of Denver recently. "We covered over a hundred miles, and it cost only sixty-nine cents. How's that for economical travel?"

"The roads were so perfect," Edward went on to say, "that we got to feeling that life was precious worth while, for we were seeing new places and enjoying to the fullest, that Great Outdoor Sport—Motorcycling! In fact, we all had such a good time that we voted unanimously to make our next trip soon, when we will visit Devil's Head, which is one of the highest and most important fire lookout and weather stations in the West. If I can, I'll send a picture of the Head to the Editor so that the rest of you folks can see what it looks like."

Bass Fishing on Sweetwater Lake

(From Page 16)

tom of the lake, and several times into the air. Finally, when the bass came up alongside the boat, I grabbed the opportunity and closed the jaws on him. In another moment, we had hauled the fish, a five pound big-mouthed bass, into the boat, and swatted him over the head with a "fish billy."

Between that time and sundown we landed about a dozen more bass, mostly fish of about half a pound each, but no more big ones. The sun was getting low, and the shadows long, when the bass quit biting for the day. We rowed back to our landing, selected about eight fine small bass for the camp frying pan, and adjourned up the hill to our temporary motorcycle home. There with the light from the storage battery added to that of the campfire we rolled bass in corn-meal, made corn bread in the portable oven, and prepared a feast such as money alone cannot buy. Then we sat down to eat with appetites such as only touring motorcyclists know—appetites for which a lot of



Here's a snapshot of the Denver, Colo., bunch out on the road. They've just stopped for a bite of lunch and a look at the wonderful scenery.

gouty millionaires would gladly swap their eye teeth.

Next morning we toured down to the boat landing with the sidecar outfit as we had done the day before, rowed right out to the same bullrush pool where we had fished the evening before, baited our hooks and were at it again. The bass were there all right in response to live bait. It wasn't the sort of fishing where the fish were pulled in as fast as the hooks

(Turn to Page 22)



A member of the Albuquerque, New Mexico, Motorcycle Club is now giving a demonstration of his skill in riding over the rough roads that are so easy to find in that locality.

You'll want a can of 3-in-1 Oil

—for oiling the warning signal, control cables, magneto and for polishing. Your sidecar springs will ride easier if you use a little 3-in-1 Oil every once in a while. It's a good oil, too, for your fishing tackle and guns.

30^c a can

—at your dealer

Bass Fishing on Sweetwater Lake

(From Page 21)

could be baited, but it was just spicy enough to make it interesting. Sometimes we'd wait five or ten minutes between strikes, but then one or the other of us would be sure to pull in a fish. I hooked and landed two four pounders, and lost one that would have weighed five pounds. Then Jake, between a few half-pounders and bass weighing up to a pound and a half hooked on to a six and a half pound bass that broke the record for which of us could catch the biggest fish.

For the rest of our sojourn at Sweetwater Lake the fishing was much the same. The fish still consistently refused to look at flies, wooden minnows, or other artificial lures, so giving that form of fishing up in disgust, we went on with our bait fish; but each day loading the boat with fish. We built a live box out of reeds and an inlet near the shore into which we dumped our fish alive each day—there to be kept alive and fresh until we were ready to take them home. We had started our tour on Monday morning, and eventually Satur-

day rolled around. Meanwhile, however, we had acquired something more than a live box full of fish, not to mention the meals of them we had eaten. We had gained in weight, gained in whiskers, and changed our complexions from white to walnut brown—and, both of us felt like a million dollar's worth of good health and happiness.

Decide It Was Some Vacation

We packed our fish in a packing case between layers of ice which we had obtained at Tia Juana just across the border, and then turned them over to the motor express for delivery to our door in Los Angeles, after which we broke camp and started for home. Some few hours later, we rolled into Los Angeles. We'd had a wonderful time, with enough fun and good wholesome pleasure crowded into those six days to last us a lifetime. It might all have been by some means of transportation other than a motorcycle and sidecar, but I doubt it. I am sure of this much, however: The trip could not have been made by any other form of locomotion for what it cost us. Counting gasoline, oil, wear and tear on the machine and tires, groceries, and everything—even to beer obtained in Tia Juana and smoking tobacco, we had spent just \$28 between the two of us, or \$14 apiece. Even though the motorcyclist tours to Tia Juana, I still believe there is more fun in a gallon of gasoline in a motorcycle than there is in a Mexican oasis full of booze.

Many of the photos shown in this Enthusiast were taken and sent in by riders. Certainly, we'll be only too happy to print your photos of your good times with your motorcycle.

Uncle Sam knows that motorcycles have 'em all beat for speedy delivery. That's why he shows a picture of a motorcycle on the new Special Delivery stamp.

The "Pittsburgh Press" now uses twelve Harley-Davidsons sidevan outfits to deliver their newspapers every day.

Nobby Ned - HE'S INVISIBLE WHEN HE'S SPEEDING!!





"Bring on Your Roads!"

—that's what you'll say, too, when you put on your Resistal Goggles.

Concrete roads—open the throttle and let's go. Your Resistals will keep the wind out of your eyes.

Dirt roads—and what dyed-in-the-wool rider doesn't long for a dirt road?—your Resistals will keep dust out of your eyes from the front and the sides. Wide, clear glasses give you a clear view of the road ahead.

Crushed rock and gravel roads—your Resistals with the patented *puncture-proof* lens are a sure protection for your eyes. Flying pieces of gravel can't puncture the patented Resistal glasses and injure your eyes.

You'll want an extra pair of Resistals this summer for the wife or your best girl who rides along in your sidecar.

Ask to see these three styles of Resistals:

No. IX 247 Staff Resistals, \$2.50 a pair.

No. KX 248 Jumbo Staff Resistals (the sidecar passenger in the photo above wears this kind) \$3 a pair.

NAK Resistals (that's the style this smiling rider wears) \$5 a pair.

Your dealer sells Resistal Goggles

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The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast



July, 1923

How's this for motorcycle fun?



Gee, but you can eat when you are out on the trail! Leo Herrick of Rochester, Minn., and his family have the system. They camped out all the way on their trip to Rochester, N. Y., to take in the Rally.



Why worry about the hot weather when there is a lot of motorcycle fun? This tug-of-war was only one of the joy-producers put on by the riders of Muskogee and Tulsa, Okla., at their joint club run.



Want to cool off? Try this. It takes the boys from Missouri to "show us." They're from Joplin, and they're going through the famous Ozark country.



What are Miles on a Vacation?

By "Hap" Hayes

THIS is a day. There's a brakeman shuffling along the top of a freight car, parked outside my window. He is whistling "Just like a Gypsy."

"Just like a Gypsy!" What a life! No, I don't mean the old fashioned Gypsy who used to have the flies chased off his face by a horse's tail. I'm referring to the modern Gypsy. The fellow who throws a leg over his motorcycle, takes a slant at his gas tank to see if he has enough and then he's off.

Our friend, R. H. Kerle, who told you about his 19,000 mile motorcycle trip through the West in the April Enthusiast, has the right idea. He's the kind of a Gypsy I want to be. I only wish Kerle would tell us who sends him the checks from home so he can do his Gypsy stuff.

But as long as there is no angel to do the big brother act, we'll have to hold ourselves down to a big vacation trip this year. Frank and I are going to take a vacation trip this summer with my sidecar outfit. Last night I got to figuring out just what we would take along

on our voyage. Frank is strong on the camping out over night idea.

This morning I happened to read Kerle's story over again. Kerle gives the whole list from a 7 by 7 tent to the folding water bucket. By the way, if you're planning a trip this summer with your pal or your wife, you'll get a lot of good tips out of this story by Kerle.

Frank and I talked it over the night before last. We both agreed that it would be best to go way out away from the city before we spread our tent and began to enjoy life like Gypsies. Frank thinks he knows how to make the fish come out of the water. He says he will have fish every day for the piece de resistance, as they say in the Greek restaurants.

"Tell the boys to send us some pictures of their motorcycle vacation, this summer, Hap," the boss just said to me.

Gol darn it, that brakeman is now sitting out on the roof of that Santa Fe box car. He is still whistling, "Just like a Gypsy."



No Sleepless Night for These Boys

"OH-HUM, we're just figuring whether to get up or sleep a while longer. Motorcycling sure does make a fellow sleep good," wrote Sergeant Cecil E. Wiley of Washington, D. C., when he sent us this photo. Sergeant Wiley, and three of his pals, Sergeants Otto H. Sylvester, Arthur E. Bush, and Noel E. Steere, were on a trip from Washington to Gettysburg, Pa., at the time the photo was taken. Steere is the man resting on the sidecar, while

Sylvester and Wiley are in the "pup" tent.

"A pup tent that is waterproof like ours, is the only thing for a motorcycle camping trip," says Wiley. "Most of the regular camping tents on the market are too much bother to put up and take care of, while sleeping just between blankets and canvas, isn't very comfortable in rainy weather, as Sergeants Bush and Steere will testify. They had one such night's experience. Altogether our trip was mighty satisfactory."

Have Lots of Fun With Their Machines, Say Girl Riders

"S MILES and a Harley-Davidson are good pals," says Miss Jennie Pellegrini, and proved it by sending us the photo shown to the left. Miss Jennie is the girl on the right on the solo machine. Both she and her friend, Mrs. J. McKewen, who rides the sidecar outfit, are from Sacramento, Calif.

"We spend most of our spare time outdoors, riding with our Harley-Davidsons," Miss Jennie says further, "and have more good times that way than we can count. This picture shows us on one of our recent trips to Capay Valley."



Pacific Coast Gobs Enjoy Holiday with Harley-Davidson

NOBODY knows how to enjoy a holiday better than Uncle Sam's boys in the navy, as three of them with the U. S. S. Nitro, stationed at the Pacific station near San Francisco, Calif., demonstrated recently. The three "vacationers" were Lieut. C. H. Francis, Carl Gaines, and Samuel B. Bull, and they employed a Harley-Davidson that is used as a motor ambulance on board ship for their good time. The trip from San Francisco to the Yosemite Valley was made, Lieut. Francis doing the driving, Gaines making use of the tandem seat, and Bull in the sidecar, as they are shown in the picture reproduced opposite.

"The trip from 'Frisco to the Valley," said Lieut. Francis, "was both interesting and exciting. Fifty-five miles was up and down rough, unimproved roads. Ten miles up a twenty-five per cent grade, reaching a height of 7,000 feet. Several automobiles, of good makes, were stalled, with their engines overheated. The road was six inches deep in dust and large rocks were scattered plentifully over it. The road was ten feet wide, but on one side in one place the cliffs rose 1,000 feet, while on the other side there was a 5,000 foot drop. The Harley-Davidson with the three of us and baggage took all the grades, most of them on second. The roads were so bad that no speed at all could be attempted. But just the same our Harley-Davidson got us through all O. K. and we had a rollicking good time."

Do you know that the Swedish Postal Department is making extensive use of motorcycles, and that they use Harley-Davidsons exclusively? In fact, with one exception, all government and municipal offices in that country are using Harley-Davidsons.

Philip Mandarke and Peter Wyzer of Chicago, Ill., toured to Milwaukee a short time ago with their Harley-Davidsons, and stopped at the factory for a brief visit.



Harley-Davidson Riders Triumph in Important Italian Races

THE most important Italian race of the year, the Circuito Cremona, was held recently and won by Cantarini with a Harley-Davidson. The race was held on the famous Cremona track, and the distance was 300 kilometers or about 186 miles. Cantarini finished the race with an average speed of 114 kilometers or approximately 71 miles an hour to his credit. Third place was won by Faraglia and fourth place by Malvisi, both Harley-Davidson riders. The world's road record for 10 kilometers or 6.21 miles was made by Winkler and a Harley-Davidson with a time of 137 kilometers or 75 miles per hour.

Another Harley-Davidson winning in Italy was made when Harley-Davidson riders took first, second, and third places in the Torona Champion races. Faraglia was the winner of first place, Malvisi, second, Maggiore, third, and Winkler, fifth.

The Harley-Davidson dealer in any town is your kind of a man. He'll be glad to give you any road dope or any other help you may need on your tour.

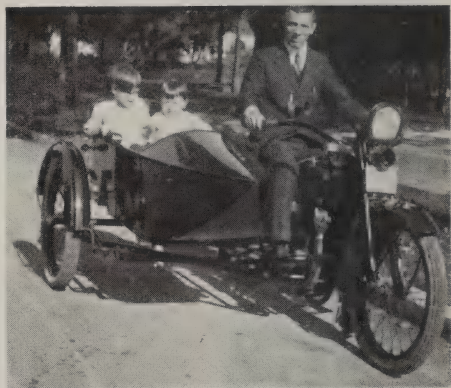


"The girls down here in Dixie sure think a lot of the Harley-Davidson," says Bob Upchurch, the Harley-Davidson dealer at Raleigh, N. C., about the good-looking bunch of girls shown above. "They're always ready for a ride. The only trouble is, more of them want to go along than there is room for in the sidecar." What d'you do when it comes to choosing, Bob? Draw straws?



"Here's Louis Masetti, a friend of mine, shown climbing to the top of a 127 foot sand hill at East Dyer, Ind.," writes Rocco Tieri of Chicago Heights, Ill. "Louis is a bear at hill climbing, and this hill was mere play to him." Rocco adds that both he and Louis have a lot of good times with their Harley-Davidsons.

"Oh, boy! There's nothing like the good old Harley-Davidson, and my two 'chics' like to ride as well as I do, as the enclosed photo shows," writes R. A. Davis of Pittsfield, Mass. "I am great for the trout streams," Davis says further, "and with my faithful Harley-Davidson I get off to the better streams and make good catches. Am looking forward to my vacation when I'm going to pack up and take a long tour on my 74".



"Being 'dolloed up' would never keep us from a jaunt in a Harley-Davidson," says pretty Etola Applegate of Elizabeth, N. J. Etola, who is the bob-haired young lady on the motorcycle, explains that this picture was taken last summer, when she and her girl pal were asked to take a ride with a motorcycle friend. Etola catches her motorcycle enthusiasm from her Brother Bill who is a Harley-Davidson rider.





Some folks sure are born lucky. But maybe we'd get a string like this, too, if we went out to Laramie, Wyo., like these boys from Loveland, Colo. did.

No Back Number Even Though He Is 61, Says California Rider

"SOME folks seem to think that when a fellow reaches the age of sixty, he's a back number, and that such sports as motorcycling are not for him," says W. B. (Dad) Kyler of Ontario, Calif., and adds, "Well, they're all dead wrong. I'm 61 years old, and I'd like to find any young fellow who gets more fun out of motorcycling than I do. And my motorcycling isn't confined to short pleasure trips about the neighborhood, either. Last summer I covered 2,576 miles on a trip to Crater Lake and return with my Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit, and felt as 'fit as a fiddle' all the way."

"Dad" started on his trip August 27, accompanied by a friend. They carried a camping outfit and a suitcase strapped to the luggage carrier. All points of interest were taken in along the way. His average mileage, he says, was 37 miles to a gallon of gas, and 400 miles to a quart of oil.

Drop in and say "Hello" to the Harley-Davidson dealer in the towns you visit on your vacation tour.

Wins Championship in Japan Race Meet

Nagata, a Harley-Davidson rider and one of the veteran racers of Japan, recently won the Final Championship in the Race Meet held a short time ago at the Susaki Aviation grounds, near Tokyo. The 5-Mile event in this same race was also won by the Harley-Davidson, Shimome being the winner. Tokoro, another Harley-Davidson rider, also won first place in one of the events.



Here's how "Dad" Kyler, the "young old" man of Ontario, Calif., toured to Crater Lake.



The four Harley-Davidson "go-getters" of the Lansing, Mich., Hill Climb, who went after all the events and cleaned them up. From left to right, they are: Jack Dibling, Pat Corr, Howard Phillips and Oscar C. Lenz.

Clean Up in Michigan Climb

HARLEY-DAVIDSON riders certainly staged a clean-up at the Lansing, Mich., Hill Climb May 30th. Five events were held, and every one was won by a Harley-Davidson rider. Oscar C. Lenz was the star of the day, being the only one who succeeded in going over the top. The hill was soft sand with just a little sod over the top, 180 feet long, and about 65 per cent grade,

rough clear to the top. More than 2,000 people witnessed the climb.

In the first event held, the 37 Cubic Inch, Jack Dibling gave a nice exhibition of skill in handling his machine by winning first place, with 90 feet to his credit. Second place in this event was won by G. W. Batenson, also a Harley-Davidson rider.

The next event, the Novice Open, was taken by Pat Corr, who succeeded in getting his Harley-Davidson as high as 109 feet.

In the 61 Cubic Inch Expert event, Oscar C. Lenz roared up the hill with his Harley-Davidson and over the top in 10 1-5 seconds. In the 80 Cubic Inch Open event, however, he made even better time, going over the top in 8 seconds. This was the best time of the day, and gave the crowd a chance to witness some real climbing.

The last event of the day, the Closed Club, was won by H. Phillips, who had 109 feet to his credit. He was riding a Harley-Davidson, as was also Pat Corr, winner of second place in the same event.



Here's an example of a well-marked hill climb course. This was taken just before things started humming at the Spokane, Wash., Climb held May 6th.

The Chinese army uses Harley-Davidsons to get there in a hurry when trouble breaks out.

Hang Out the Welcome Sign

By "Hap" Hayes

IT's no use for me to get long winded and pound out a lot of stuff on this typewriter because I know you won't read it. It's too much fun riding, these days. Second, it's too hot to work. I wish that whistle would hurry up and blow.

Did you ever take a ride around the country and get acquainted with some of the other motorcycle clubs in your section of the U. S. A? You fellows could take a run over and meet the boys of some nearby club. When you get back home, you could dust off the "Welcome" on the door mat and invite them to come over and visit with your club.

You could put on a baseball game, motorcycle polo game, or a program of stunts and games like you had on your Gypsy Tour this year. The girls could get in on the fun, too. You could hold a young Gypsy Tour with your neighbor clubs every other week or so.

Well, that is all this time. I said I would make it short and I'm hot and lazy enough today to keep my word.

All the boys must have been out flattening out the hills and burning up the roads the last month. Anyway, the mail for June was pretty light.

Now I'm going to take another look at that bathing beauty that the editor has on page 13 of this Enthusiast. See you later.

Sounds Like a Regular Bunch

Muskogee, Oklahoma. "We have just organized a motorcycle club here, known as the Do and Dare Motorcycle Club. To date, we have seventeen members and we expect to boost this number in a hurry," writes Bernard Fudge, the local dealer.

12 Out of 13 Score 1,000

Chicago, Illinois. "Twelve out of thirteen riders in our Decoration Day run

had perfect scores. Ten out of the twelve perfect scores were made by these Harley-Davidson riders: R. E. Keroley, S. M. Kaufman, H. C. Hausman, H. Scherb, G. V. Kline, J. Hack, H. Kurtner, F. Lilgequist, M. Wendling and H. Baldwin," writes Ed. LaViolette, who tells the world as press agent for the Chicago Motorcycle Club.

Why Go to Montreal?

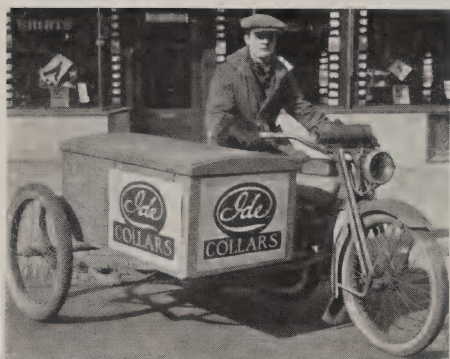
Newport, New Hampshire. "The big run of the year for the Granite State Motorcycle Club is a four day run to Montreal," writes Pleamon Clark, President of the Club. Of course, we can't always say what we think and the Enthusiast goes in the homes of the best families. But we have our own ideas why you boys want to go to Montreal. I'll bet a rubber piston ring that I can tell you in one guess.—"Hap."

That's the Spirit, Boys

Altoona, Pennsylvania. Members of the Blair County Motorcycle Club have offered their services to Mayor Charles E. Rhodes to act as special police escorts for all public parades and special occasions. The boys will work with and assist the local police.



"Solo riding is great sport," say these two-wheel fans of the Harley-Davidson Motorcycle Club of Lincoln, Nebr.



Want to Make Some Money?

Take a tip from L. G. Tipton of Kansas City, Mo., who is conducting a motorcycle package delivery service and finds it very profitable. Mr. Tipton uses Harley-Davidsons exclusively in his service. This picture shows him with the machine that he has let out on contract to the Geo. P. Ide Co. Branch in that city. This particular outfit has covered 70,000 miles since it was purchased in April, 1920.

Motorcycles are a popular vehicle in Japan because of the narrow and crooked streets in that country.

Takes 8 Out of 12 Places in Jerome, Michigan, Climb

THREE out of four events and eight out of a possible twelve places, was the fine showing Harley-Davidson riders made at the Detroit Hill Climb held near Jerome, Mich., recently.

Both the 61 Cubic Inch Expert and the 61 Cubic Inch Open events were won by Oscar Lenz and his Harley-Davidson. Second place in both these events were won by R. Hall, also a Harley-Davidson rider, while Burman, another Harley-Davidson rider, took third place. Hall also took first place in the 37 Cubic Inch event.

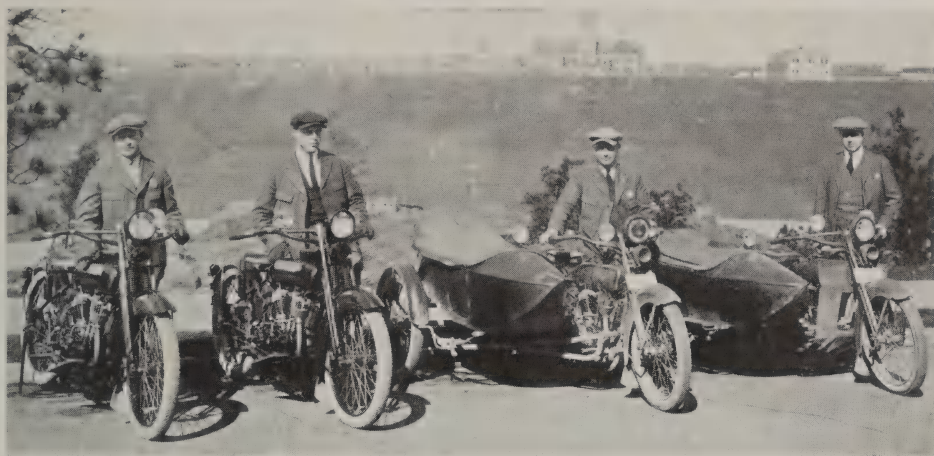
Don't be idle when you discover a fire in the woods; if you can't put it out yourself, get help. Where a forest guard or ranger can be reached, call him up on the nearest telephone you can find.

In far-off, frozen Siberia Harley-Davidsons are sold and used.

The Harley-Davidson factory has twelve acres of floor space and employs 1600 people.



Like to see everything there is to be seen when you're on a tour? Well, here's one of the attractions down near San Antonio, Texas. It's the old San Jose Mission which was built in 1701. The window carving shown in the picture took one man eighteen years to complete.



Speeding? Not Around Spokane

GETTING away with speeding isn't the easiest thing in the world in Spokane County, Wash., where these four motorcycle officers are on the job. So good, in fact, do they do their work of catching speeders and patrolling the highways, that speeding and lawlessness have been cut down to a minimum. From left to right, they are: Officers A. O. Peterson, J. R. Cashatt, H. C. Thomas, and Floyd Brower.

"This office has been using Harley-Davidson motorcycles for several years," said C. E. Long, sheriff of the county, recently. "At present, we have four 1921 model machines. They have each been driven approximately 20,000 miles, most of which has been at high speed. The total operating cost has been less than two cents per mile, including depreciation, and we have found them unequaled for speed and durability."

Speedometers Are Again in Use Around Monroe County, N. Y.

MOTORCYCLE Deputy - George Klem of Rochester, N. Y., was appointed motorcycle patrol officer of Monroe County only a few months ago, but short though the time has been, he certainly has demonstrated to the speeders of the vicinity that he means business.

"The appointment of Deputy Sheriff Klem as motorcycle patrol officer of the county highway system is one of the best moves I have made since taking office," Sheriff Franklin W. Judson stated recently.

"He has been on the job only a short time, but he certainly has shown by the number of arrests that he has made that there is need for such an official in the county."

The photo below shows Officer George Klem and his Harley-Davidson, ready to start out after speeders.



Hot? Here's a Few Sugg



Hill climbing, for instance. If you can shoot up the steep slopes like they have around McKeesport, Pennsylvania, the way Hiram Dorris does, you can keep cool.



"Let's take a run out to the lake!" That's the spirit, these days. This is a



Boy, this looks like a cool spot. John B. and his friend, E. C. Kamerer, right. N down south

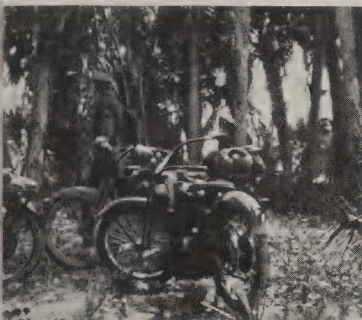


Down in Huntington, West Virginia, the chorus of motorcyclists is "The more, the merrier." The

Questions for Heat Dodgers



One way to get action from a bunch of
group of Indianapolis, Indiana riders.



er, left, sends us this photo of himself
this is not the north woods. It's way
Florida.



Here's a keep cool tip for the girls. This Galveston, Texas, miss
says it's O. K. for hot days. Have any of you boys noticed the
motorcycle in this photo?



photo taken in front of Sprouse Brothers store, local dealers, shows only part of the big turnout.

Frank's Mail Bag

"Is there anything you want to know about your Harley-Davidson? Tell me what it is and I'll try to help you out. I'll answer all questions with a letter. Questions that are of general interest to our other Enthusiast readers will be printed on this page of mine. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."—Frank.



I always like to have my machine looking good and for this reason I wish you would tell me how to refinish my cylinders and keep them from rusting. Can black stove polish be used or can I use aluminum paint?—J. A. H.

The best way to remove rust from cylinders is to have them sand blasted and renickled with only one thin coat of nickel. Several layers of nickel or copper and nickel keeps the heat in the cylinders and of course overheats the motor. This also applies to gilt or aluminum paint.

Black lead or a good grade of black stove polish can be used on cylinders with satisfactory results and without fear of causing the motor to overheat.

Frank, I wish you would tell me all about using castor oil in my 1923 JDCA motor for speed results. My motor sure is stepping but if castor oil will make it faster, that's what I want.

I don't seem to be able to get a good carburetor adjustment, that is, one that works as well on low speed as it does at high speed. Can you help me any on this?—P. E. G.

It seems like all at once the fellows are interested in castor oil as a motor lubricant and I hope the bunch will read this article so they will know how to guide themselves in its use hereafter.

A good grade of commercial or medicinal castor oil can be used for motor lubrication, but regardless of the quality of the castor oil, the motor bearings will become filled with a gummy deposit and prevent future proper lubrication.

Castor oil will not make the average motor faster. Even some high compres-

sion racing motors will run cooler and develop more power with regular oil than with castor oil.

If you will consider the fact that you must take down your motor and clean it out after every 300 or 400 miles of service when castor oil is used, I know you will prefer Harley-Davidson or some other good brand of motor oil for your machine.

Adjust your carburetor on a clear day, around noon, so the range from 20 to 30 miles an hour is satisfactory. Then, close the throttle and obtain the low speed adjustment by means of the adjustable cam track. The high speed adjustment can be obtained by shifting the small index cam lever between 2 and 3 on the dial.

The cork washer, used to prevent leakage between the air shaft and bowl, may become hard and crack and allow just enough gasoline to leak into the hot air connection to change the mixture. Replace this washer if necessary.

You must also remember that spark plug points for electrically equipped machines must be 1-32 inch apart.

Would you please tell me the correct position of the piston in relation to the circuit breaker points?

I have my 61" motor set with the piston on top center and points just breaking in full retard position, and my motor knocks and pounds very easily when the throttle is opened. Is this from the ignition being timed wrong or could it be from carbon?—L. A.

Your spark is not timed right. By locating the piston on top center and setting the points to just open on a re-

tarded spark, you have automatically timed the motor 3-16 inch too fast.

The correct method for timing ignition is to locate the FRONT piston 9-32 inch before top center on compression stroke and then ADVANCE the spark lever and have the SMALL end of the cam just ready to open the points.

With the piston and breaker points set as outlined, mesh the compound gear with the generator and oiler gear, holding the generator gear with the thumb to keep it from turning. The compound gear can be turned and tried until it will mesh in place.

Of course, excessive carbon deposits will cause a motor to overheat and knock regardless of the spark timing. If you have been feeding the right amount of oil to your motor, you should not have to remove carbon under 2000 or 3000 miles of service. When you do remove carbon, I would suggest that it be scraped from the cylinders and pistons because the oxygen burning process generates so much heat the pistons may be warped and permanently damaged.

Clyde Thisse, who hails from Wallingford, Conn., thinks so much of his Harley-Davidson dealer at Amsterdam, N. Y., that he asked us to give the dealer a special boost in the Enthusiast. The lucky man's name is A. G. Brown, which Clyde declares should be changed to



Oh boy! fresh fried trout for breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Hopper sure know how to tempt the appetite.

"White," because, says Clyde, "he sure is one white lad and we fellows think a lot of him."

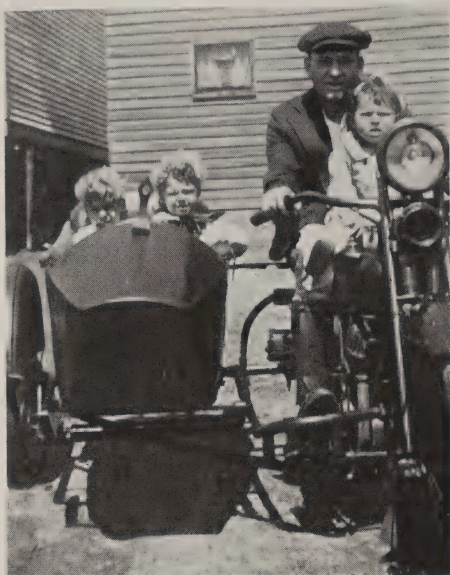
Win All First Prizes in Climb At Richmond, Virginia

All first prizes were won by Harley-Davidson riders in the hill climb held near Richmond, Va., recently. W. B. Hughes and John Reinl, both Harley-Davidson riders, were the stars of the day. Hughes took first place in the 74 Cubic Inch event, while in the sidecar event he and Reinl tied for first place. J. L. Moore with his Harley-Davidson was the winner of first place in the 61 Cubic Inch event. The climb was staged by the Richmond Motorcycle Club.

The Enthusiast is gotten out for you, so let us know what you think of it.



When the photographer said, "All right, boys, it's all over," to this bunch of riders who took part in the Springfield, Mass., Rally, there was almost a stampede. They were so impatient to be off for the day of sport scheduled for them at Meriden, Conn.

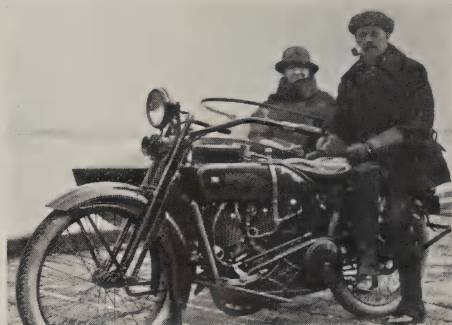


"There's nothing 'Show me, I'm from Missouri' about these youngsters. They know a good thing when they see it," says W. Topp of Wellston, Mo. He adds, "I have a 23 J Harley-Davidson, and have driven it a thousand miles a month since buying it, and about the only expense I have is keeping the gas and oil tanks full."



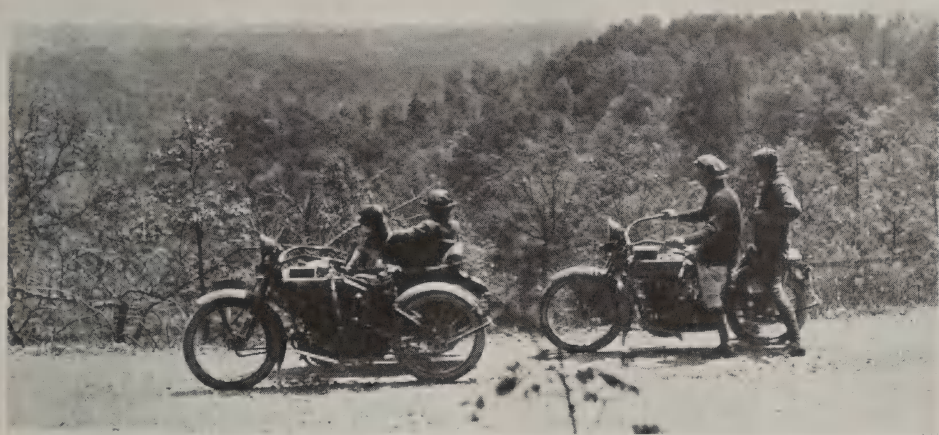
"Here's a picture of my son and daughter, who are now attending Wheaton College at Wheaton, Ill., and their Harley-Davidson," wrote Reverend James Richmond of Otis, Mass., when he sent this photo to us. "Philip likes the Harley-Davidson very much," the Reverend Richmond adds, "and both he and Esther have many pleasant times with it."

"This shows the Wife and myself with our Harley-Davidson outfit taken at Steveston, British Columbia, at the mouth of the Fraser River," writes H. L. Fewings, Vancouver, B. C., of the photo shown below. He says further, "The weather is fine here, and the roads are in good shape for travel. We are looking forward to a 10-day camping trip on Vancouver Island."



"This picture was taken in Amsterdam, N. Y.," writes D. A. Waterstreet who hails from Amsterdam himself, "and shows myself and Mrs. Stanley Orchard of Hamilton, Canada, who was here on her honeymoon, seeing the sights of New York State on a 1923 Harley-Davidson. The picture shows her ready to start on a trip to Albany, Troy, Saratoga, and other places of interest."





We stop, too, when we have scenery like this to look at. No wonder they call this Ozark region "The Land of a Million Smiles." These tourists are on the road between Seligman, Mo., and Eureka Springs, Ark.

Harley-Davidson Riders Win Big Honors in Australian Races

EASTER was a big day for the Harley-Davidson down in Australia, as reports that have just come in regarding races that were held on that day, testify. From Adelaide, South Australia, for instance, comes the news that the Harley-Davidson secured all honors in the 100 Mile Road Races that were held under the auspices of the South Australian Motorcycle Club. Three events were held in connection with these races, the Over 600 Cubic Centimeter (37 cubic inch), Sidecar event, the Over 600 Cubic Centimeter Solo event, both 100 miles, and the 5-Mile Handicap for Country Riders.

Makes Fastest Time of the Day

In the 100-Mile Sidecar race, Harley-Davidsons secured first, second, third, fourth and fifth places. H. J. Butler won first place; C. C. Lorraine, second; R. A. Wesley, third; C. M. Moyse, fourth, and B. H. Jones, fifth. Jones made the fastest lap, and incidentally established a new record for that distance, his time being 24 minutes and 21 seconds.

Jones again distinguished himself in the 100-Mile Solo race, when he made the

fastest time of the day. His time was 1 hour, 53 minutes and 26 seconds. The fastest lap was made by A. H. Cook, also a Harley-Davidson rider. His time of 21 minutes and 37 seconds established a new record. Cook likewise captured first place in the 5-Mile Handicap event, with two other Harley-Davidson riders, R. K. Cook and W. A. Wapper, taking second and third places.

In connection with these races, it is interesting to note that genuine Harley-Davidson oil was used by all Harley-Davidson owners who took part in the races.

Melbourne Also Reports Winnings

Reports from Melbourne regarding the races held there on Easter are also favorable. J. Morphett, riding a Harley-Davidson, won the 6-Lap Sidecar Handicap race, while A. L. Dobson and his Harley-Davidson took the 5-Lap Sidecar Championship. Also, in the 100-Mile Reliability Trial, F. Yott, riding his Harley-Davidson, was the only rider who finished with a perfect score.

1923 marks the twentieth successful year in the history of Harley-Davidson motorcycles.



Hauls Lumber Many Feet in Air Over Six Foot Wide Flume

TIGHT-ROPE walking hasn't anything on the kind of a job that George Marr of Metaline Falls, Wash., and his Harley-Davidson accomplished for the Lehigh Portland Cement Company of the same place some time ago. During the summer, this company suddenly found that the flume, whereby they conveyed their water from a nearby lake to their power plant at Metaline Falls, was about to collapse. A new one was absolutely necessary, and the work had to be hastened through as rapidly as possible, because the cement plant had to be shut down in the meantime.

The flume winds around the side of a creek several hundred feet above the bed of the creek, and there is no roadway for delivery of material. How to deliver the material was a problem that was finally solved by H. C. Helwig, who was superintending the work of engineering. The flume was boarded over and the delivery of the material was made by a Harley-Davidson motorcycle, hauling a two-wheeled truck, carrying 800 feet. The flume is about two and a third miles long, scarcely six feet in width, and in many places is hundreds of feet in the air. The route was covered twelve times daily, making a total distance of about sixty miles for the round trip. Many said that it was a fascinating sight to behold George Marr, the driver, riding along the top of the flume. The slightest inat-

tention to the work in hand might have meant his being dashed to death below. A picture showing Marr hauling a truck load over the flume is shown opposite.

"The motorcycle did the work of four or five men, and paid for itself four times in the first month of operation," Supt. Helwig said at that time. "It greatly shortened the time for flume construction, and certainly was of great value, for a machine whose mechanism could not be absolutely depended on could never be used in such work."

Marr now uses the same machine with a sidecar attached for pleasure.

Win Most Important Event of the Year in Switzerland

CARMINE, a Harley-Davidson rider, made a remarkable record in a big hill climb that was held near Basel, Switzerland, recently. This climb is one of the most important events of the year, and is looked forward to for months by Swiss motorcyclists. Carmine won the 1000 ccm. (61 cubic inch) Expert event in 13 4-5 seconds, and incidentally established a new record for the course. The 1000 ccm. Novice event was won by Blickensdorfer, another Harley-Davidson rider, in 16 1-5 seconds. Laeser, also riding a Harley-Davidson, won the 1000 ccm. Sidecar Expert event, in 18 2-5 seconds.

Pismo Beach Rally Makes a Hit With Riders and Dealers

The Pismo Beach Rally, held at Pismo Beach, Calif., May 27-29, inclusive, was voted an entire success by those who were present. Many dealers and hundred of riders, coming from all over the state, were there. Baseball games, polo matches between the various motorcycle club polo teams, races, dancing, beach parties, and about everything else there is in the way of entertainment, was pulled off to give the crowd a good time. When it was all over, everybody was happy and declared that they would sure take in the next Rally.

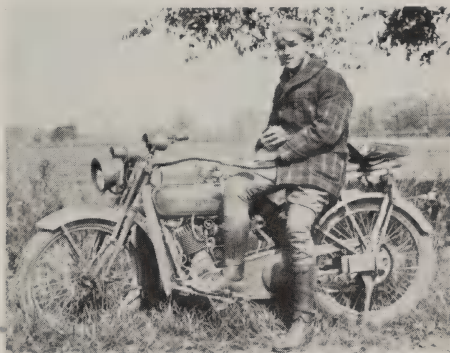
"Anyone who has a Harley-Davidson, shouldn't think anything of a fifty-mile jaunt after supper every evening to see a good live motorcycle sidekick like this one," wrote Bill Wiegel of Janesville, Wis., when he sent us the photo shown below. "Motorcycling is our pastime," Bill, who has been a Harley-Davidson rider for six years, adds, and then explains that the sidecar is one of his own make.



"Here's a photo that might be entitled a 'Little Bit of Canada,' " wrote Ed Taylor of Maisonneuve, Canada. The smiles, Ed says, are because they're so glad it's Sunday again and they've got a chance to take a real ride. Ed's motorcycle is a 1920 model Harley-Davidson. He says it has been running fine, and the general repairs since 1920 have not cost him over thirty dollars.



"I'm sending you a snapshot of myself and my machine that was taken on one of the numerous good roads in the vicinity of Atlanta," writes L. E. Abernathy of Atlanta, Ga. He adds, "As you can easily see from the picture I am quite a recent addition to the family of Harley-Davidson riders, but I have found motorcycling so much fun, that I'm a thorough 'dyed-in-the-wool' enthusiast by this time. A short trip with the motorcycle in the evening, is just the thing to take away that tired feeling that comes from working inside all day."



"This picture," William R. Gerber of Detroit, Mich., says, "was taken on my trip from Pittsburgh to Detroit with my 1919 Harley-Davidson. It shows how hungry a fellow can get when he's motorcycling. Believe me, a sandwich tastes good after you've been out on the road for several hours."



"Down here in Palestine, Texas, the roads are rough and sandy, but that's duck soup for our 1923 Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit," writes J. E. Ballieu. "I ride the machine to work and every evening the Wife, the children, and I go out for a short ride. I have ridden motorcycles for ten years and this is my third machine."



"Our husbands don't get much chance to drive our motorcycles when we're around," write Mrs. Beryl Riley and Mrs. John Emmerich of Valley Junction, Ia. Mrs. Riley is the good-looking lady on the left, and Mrs. Emmerich, the goodlooking one on the right. This picture, they said, was taken when on a trip to a couple of nearby lakes.

The Reverend James O'May, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Syracuse, Ill., is planning on making a trip to Seattle, Wash., some time this month with his Harley-Davidson. His son will accompany him.

"Fish" Tells Monk About His New Harley-Davidson

Charlotte, N. C.
Mar. 23, 1923.

Dear Monk:

I was glad to get your last an to no you like your new job down there in Texas so well. Well bo, I'll be able to run down and spend my vacation with you this summer. You see I've got a brand new Harley-Davidson, an believe me, when it comes to stepping about, shees the roosters spurs. When Durham, the Harley dealer here, turned her over to me an I rode her by myself for the first time, I felt like a groom at a weddin,—kinda nervus like, but proud as a successful insurance agt.

Well Monk, I took her home that evening an thought I'd keep her in the coal house, but I found that there wasnt room for both the coal an the machine too,—not that we got so much coal at this time of year, so when the old man found about half of what we had left, out on the ground next morning, he got sore as a defeated alderman, and tells me if I don't move that thing out an the coal in, I is going to be looking for another boarding house. To preserve the family piece, I bought some scrap lumber to build me a garage, an that evening after I got off from work, I got out my old saw, hatchet an nails. Pretty soon the kid who lives next door herd the noise an piles over the fence. He is joined a little later by 2 more, an talk about your child labor, you'd thought I was running a cotton mill. Well Monk, every one of them kids brings something with them, one of them had a brand new saw, another brought some bigger nails, an when it got dark the other one went home and came back with a long extension cord. By 8:30 we had everything but the door finished, due to the fact that I didn't have no hinges. Well I piles them all on an we ride around the block a coupla times before we puts her in the new garage for the night, an I promises I'll ride 'em around

Turn to page 22

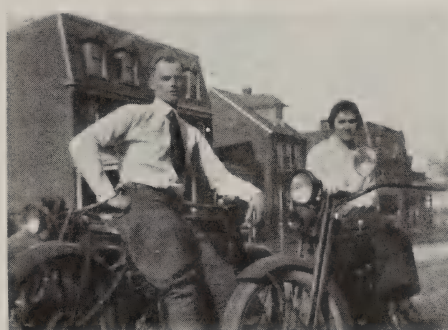
"My 74" Harley-Davidson has given me such splendid service, that I feel obliged to send you the enclosed photos," wrote Fred H. Chaplin of Durban, Natal, South Africa. Of course, we are able to show only one of the photos Fred refers to here, so we are reproducing the best one of them below. This picture was taken, Fred explains, after the outfit had a bath, after making a 700 mile trip with the sidecar loaded with luggage, and over roads that were extremely difficult to travel.



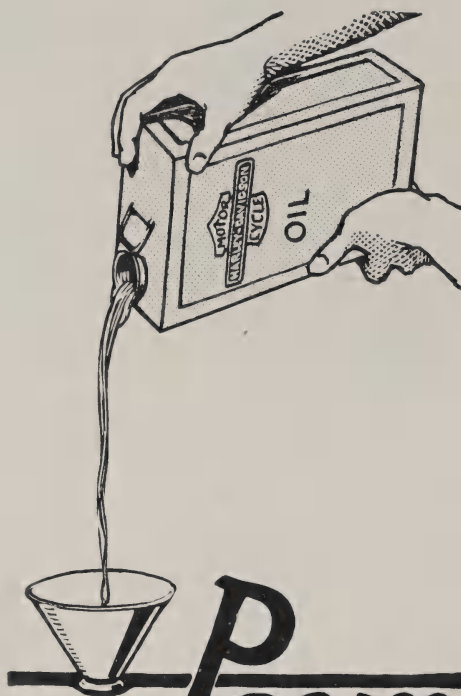
"I pull off this stunt quite often with my Harley-Davidson," says Fred Maringer of Escanaba, Mich., about the balancing stunt he is shown doing in the photo below. Fred, we understand, has quite a reputation around Escanaba as a fancy rider. He also enjoys touring, and often goes on a trip through the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. "There's no limit to the fun I get out of my machine," is the way Fred puts it.



"When my wife and I went on a trip to Nova Scotia with our Harley-Davidson two years ago," says William Cleary of Hawthorne, N. J., "the roads were so bad around St. John that they told us that we would never get through—especially, they said, 'with that thing,' meaning our Harley-Davidson. But we fooled them," he adds. "We got through all O. K., everywhere, although, of course, we did have some mighty hard pulling some places."



"I can clean up everything on the road with my Harley-Davidson if I want to," says William Elbert of Lancaster, Pa., who is shown above with Josephine Yeager, another motorcycle enthusiast. "I've raced a lot of fellows around here with different makes of machines, and I always win." William is an old motorcycle rider, although he has ridden the Harley-Davidson only the last few years, "but no other machine for mine, since I've tried the Harley-Davidson," he says.



Pour
a can of
that good
Genuine
HARLEY-DAVIDSON OIL
in Your tank
Your dealer
sells it

"Fish" Tells Monk About His New Harley-Davidson

(From page 20)

again if they'll keep the machine clean an their hands off the controls, which they promises, an boy, you ought to see her—she looks even better than when I first got her. There ain't even no dust on the spokes.

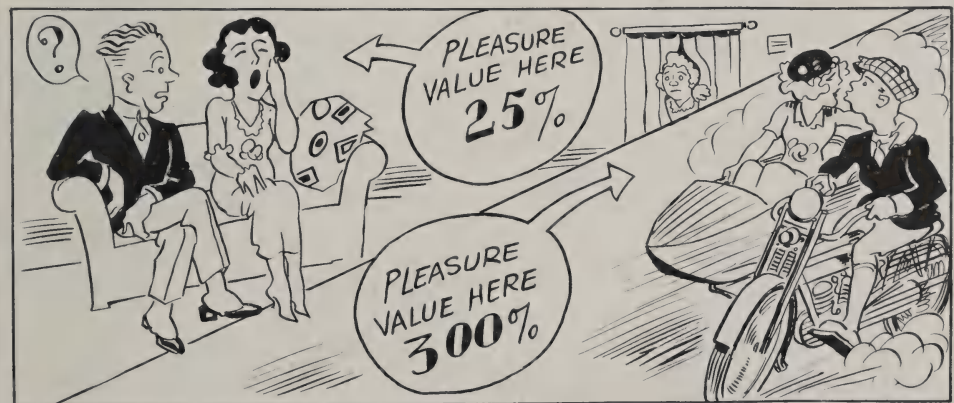
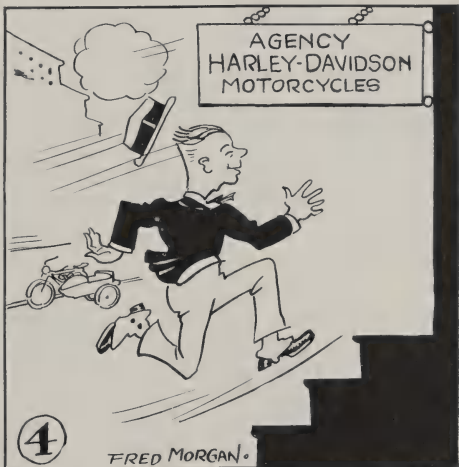
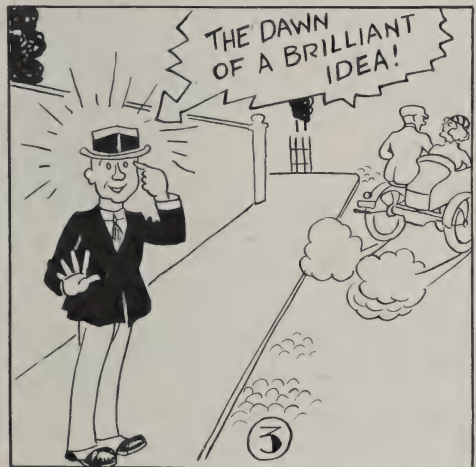
I got a letter from my old girl recently, whose now private secy. to some big cattle man up north. I tells her about my machine an believe me, I unwound some line to that jane,—told her that I'd named my machine after her, not because she was so fast, but because she threw me onct. That gets her peeved an she comes back with I aint no gentleman, which I admits, but tells her that she aint one neither. When it comes to back-firing Monk, I'm a red hot exhaust pipe, but she aint no fouled sparkplug herself, an when I gets her reply I dont gess I'll need to pull out the choker, an when I told her as how she was specially fitted for that cattle job, on account of her previous experience of flinging the bull, I'll bet she'll have a severe case of pre-ignishon, don't you?

You tell that Mary Pickford down at Bailor college that I appreciates hers and yours invite to come down, especially hers because she dont no me yet, but you ought to have better sence than to make me that proposition of free chow, noing that love dont affect my appetite none. Well Monk, watch out for me an Harley this summer, we'll see you.

Yours truly,
 "FISH"

E. J. Kirkman of Santa Rosa, Calif., recently toured from Walla Walla, Wash., with his Harley-Davidson. His first destination after leaving Walla Walla, was Portland, then Seattle, then Everett, then back to Seattle, and from there to Santa Rosa. He is very enthusiastic about the trip, saying that his Harley-Davidson performed so well enroute, that it's the only machine for him.

Nobby Ned - CUPID NEVER BEAT A HARLEY-DAVIDSON!



NOW
You can get
Fire and Theft
Insurance
for Your
Harley-Davidson
for only
\$10⁵⁰

**Ask
Your dealer**

38.05
HADE

One Harley-Davidson Enthusiast



August, 1923

And a good time was had by all



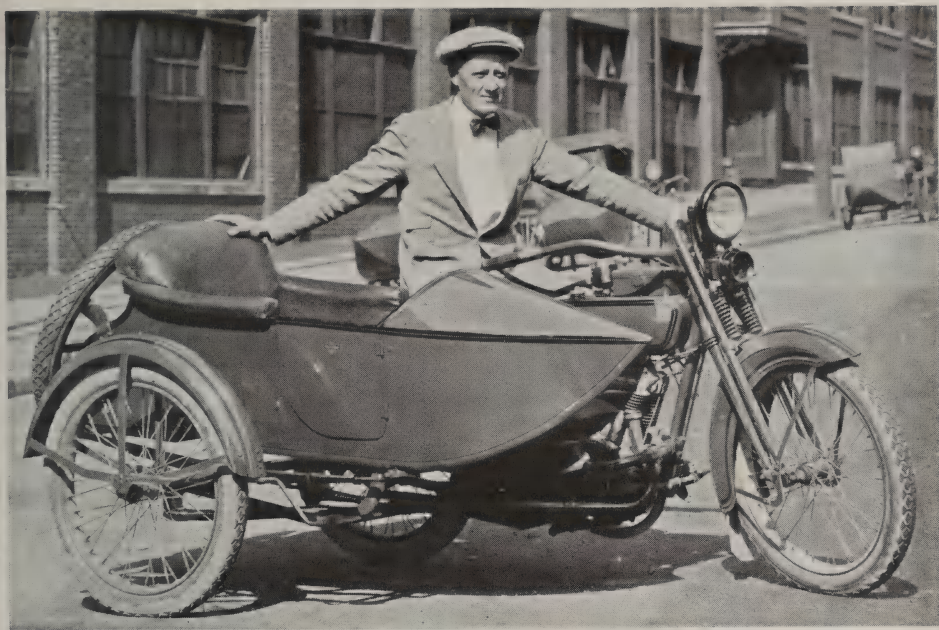
For instance, here's how that bunch of Lincoln, Nebraska, motorcyclists jazzed 'er up on the Gypsy Tour June 16th and 17th at Lake Quinnebaugh, Nebraska.



The fellows up in Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, know how to have a good time on their Gypsy Tour. This is the way some of them made merry.



There's nothing California riders like better than a good snappy game of polo. This game was staged at the Pismo Beach Rally, one of the biggest Gypsy Tours in the West.



“Let’s Go for a Ride!” says Bill

By “Hap” Hayes

THE other noon I was hustling back to the factory on the way to work with my usual burst of speed. Bill Harley was seated on a machine in front of the factory. Bill had a smile on him as big as a home brewer who has just turned out an extra good batch. No wonder, friend Bill was seated on a new 1924 Harley-Davidson.

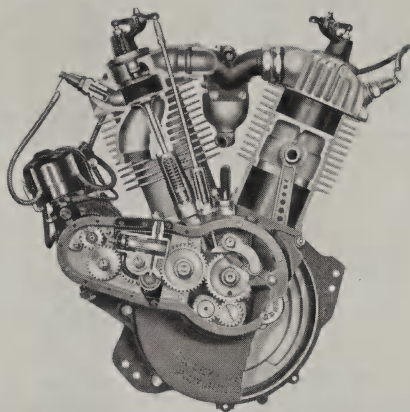
“Let’s go for a ride, Hap!” says Bill. Well, I’m like the rest of you fellows. I would rather go out for a motorcycle ride than work any day in the week or year. So I says, “Sure, I’m on!”

It was my first ride in a 1924 and I want to tell you fellows here and now that Bill Harley’s latest motorcycle is just as good as the advertising department says it is, which is some good.

No sooner had I hopped into the sidecar and ignited a “sand horse” than Bill made a bee line for the bumpy roads. I had just stowed away one of those home cooked meals for which Milwaukee is still famous and I didn’t want to spoil the good effects of a good meal. Boy, that new sidecar rides!

Bill was running off the road half the time, looking for some bumps, rocks and ruts to show me what a good sidecar this new Ful-Floteing bus really is. But I just sat in the sidecar and took it all in with the calm and easy air of a Sheik inspecting his harem. You enjoy a ride in this new sidecar. There was no pitching, nose diving or drumming of my feet on the floor of the sidecar. If I tell you much more about this new sidecar, it will sound like I was trying to write an ad. But it’s easy for a dyed-in-the-wool motorcyclist to get excited about a sidecar that rides the way this new sidecar rolls along the road.

Pretty soon, Bill gave up his search for bum roads and then he hit the concrete. The road was ours. So Bill gives me the word, “Hang on to your hat, Hap”, and he wraps his mitt around the throttle. You can’t blame the papa of such a motor as this new aluminum alloy piston job for wanting to show off. And Bill sure did his stuff with this new motor. Up the hills and down the hills and on the straightaways we zoomed.



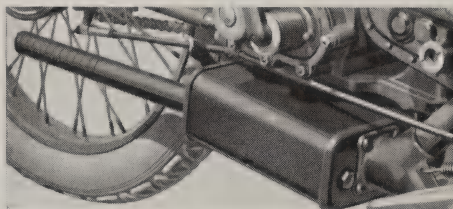
She has speed aplenty but she doesn't shimmy—that's this new motor. Bill Harley put aluminum alloy piston speed glands in this new motor.

After rolling out five miles in umpty flat, Bill slowed up. "What do you think of this new motor, Hap?" "It's the cat's camisole, 'Bill,'" says I, waiting for a chance to show off my correspondence school education.

"Let me drive going back, Bill." The way that new motor responded for Bill got me going and I wanted to try it out myself.

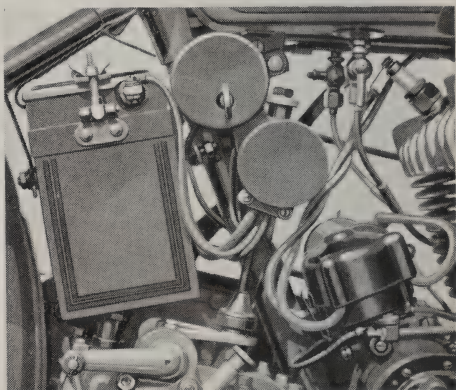
So we changed places. First, I just loafed along. I hadn't gone very far before I noticed the lack of vibration in this new motor. Bill had his eye on me and saw in a flash what I was thinking about. "This new motor cuts vibration in half," quoth the man who has been designing the Harley-Davidson motorcycles ever since the first one, twenty years ago. The new aluminum pistons, special piston rings and drilled connecting rods do the trick," added Bill.

I noticed this lack of vibration when



This big black box is the new muffler. It's twice as big as the old muffler and it sure keeps the motor cool.

we were just about moving along but I noticed it all the more when I gave her the gun. A couple days later I took out a 1924 solo 74. It was a pretty hot day and I opened her up wide to cool off a little bit. My machine held to the road like a street car trolley. There was no bobbing up and down and the front wheel forgot to do a jig. This ride sure sold me all the more on this new motor



The storage battery is wedged in its box and held down by a cover secured by two wing thumb nuts, shown in this photo. See the outside battery terminals, too?

that cuts vibration in half, to use the words of my friend, Bill.

I wasn't looking for vibration so much as I was for speed when Bill and I changed seats. I gave the road ahead the up and down. There was nothing but concrete ahead so I let her go. And go she did. Yes sir, we didn't pick a single flower on our way back to town. You can take it from me that this new motor has that "SOUP" that puts the kick in this sport of motorcycling. This new motor runs much cooler, too. Bill tells me that the experts say that there is no metal that cools off as fast as aluminum. Some of you boys who helped win the last war and drank something called coffee out of an aluminum cup know how quick aluminum cools off. And according to Bill this is the reason why you can whizz along at top speed with this new motor for mile after mile without overheating.

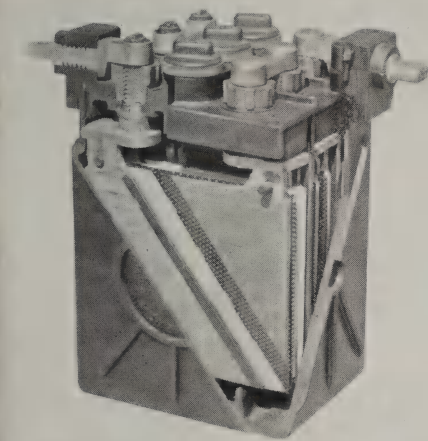
Soon as we left the concrete and just before we hit town, I drove over the

same "shell holes" that Bill drove me over a while before. I took a look at those long springs on the sidecar when Bill and I changed seats and I saw then what made this sidecar ride so easy. But I didn't think that these 49 inch semi-elliptic springs would make such a big difference in riding comfort for the motorcycle rider, too. I was surprised to see that there was no tug or pull on the handlebars on the sidecar side when we hit that first dugout. I glanced over at the sidecar and Bill was enjoying a big smile. "Surprised you, eh? The sidecar wheel on this new sidecar takes its own bumps and doesn't shoot 'em on to the handlebars of the motorcycle," exclaimed Bill. Bill was right. I was some surprised. This new machine handled so easy over this rough going



Lubricating is no longer a job. It's sport now to lubricate your 1924 bus with an Alemite gun. Hook it on—shoot—turn back the handle—slip it off—and then the next shot.

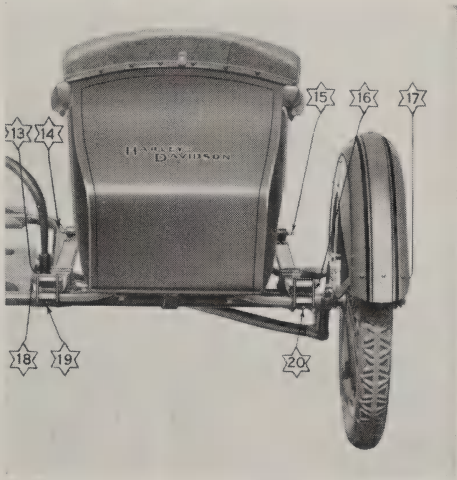
gun on to this little dingus that they call a fitting and gave the gun a turn. Then he gave the handle of the gun a half turn back and slipped the cap off the fitting. "That's done!" says Bill and then he began to explain. "This Alemite gun shoots the lubricant right into the bearing under 500 pounds pressure. This lubricant is shot in under such pressure that it spreads itself all over the bearing. This means better lubrication, of course,



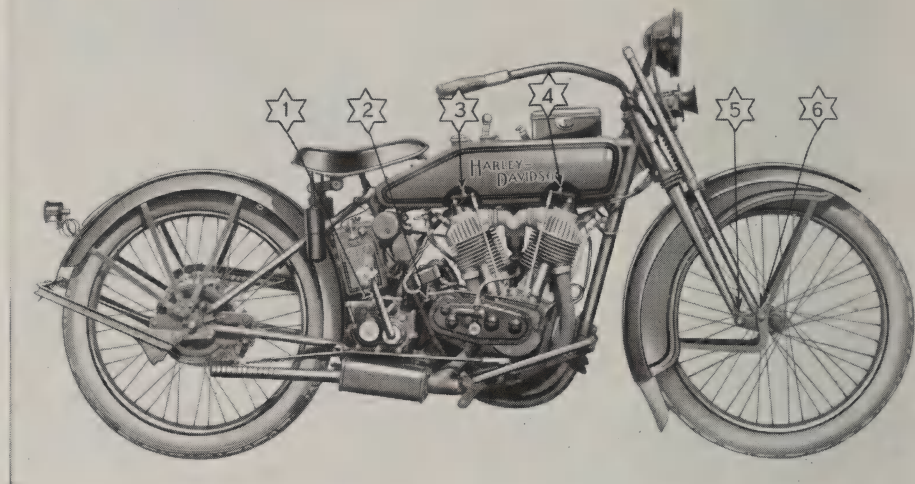
There's 40 per cent more "juice" in this new storage battery. The terminals are rust proof and are now on the outside of the battery box where you can see 'em.

that I almost forgot that I was pulling along a sidecar.

When we returned to the factory Bill reached down under the sidecar seat and pulled out a little black barrel that looked like a baby cannon. "Watch me, Hap, and see if I have anything up my sleeve," says Bill. When I saw him hook this black baby on the little brass button on the front fork rocker plate, I solved the big mystery. "That," I say to myself, "is an Alemite gun." Bill just hooked the



Alemite lubrication makes this new sidecar ride like the queen's carriage. Here are the Alemite shots on the sidecar: 13-Front brace bushing; 14-Front support rod; 15-Front support rod; 16-Rear spring shackle stud; 17-Sidecar wheel hub; 18-Rear spring shackle stud; 19-Rear spring shackle bushing; 20-Rear spring shackle bushing.

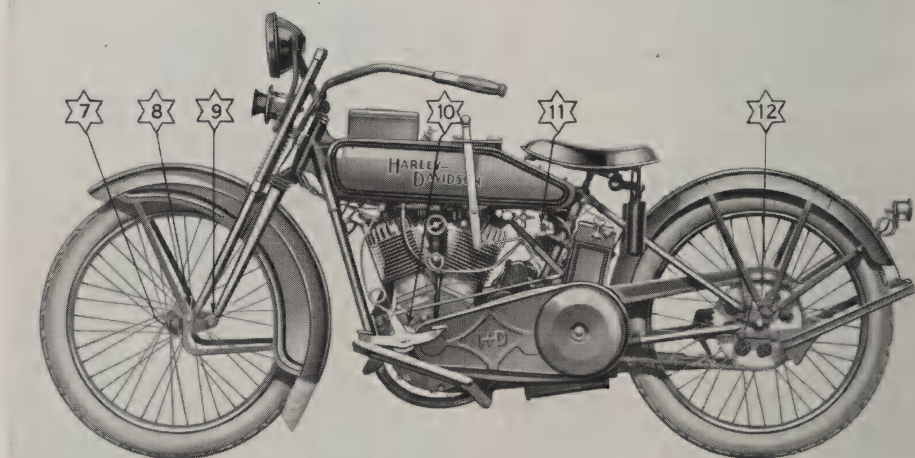


Johnny, get your Alemite gun and let's shoot. We'll start on the right side of this 1924 Harley-Davidson motorcycle. Ready? Shoot! 1-Clutch operating shaft bearing; 2-Generator timer shaft; 3-Inlet rocker arm; 4-Inlet rocker arm; 5-Fork rocker arm; 6-Fork rocker arm.

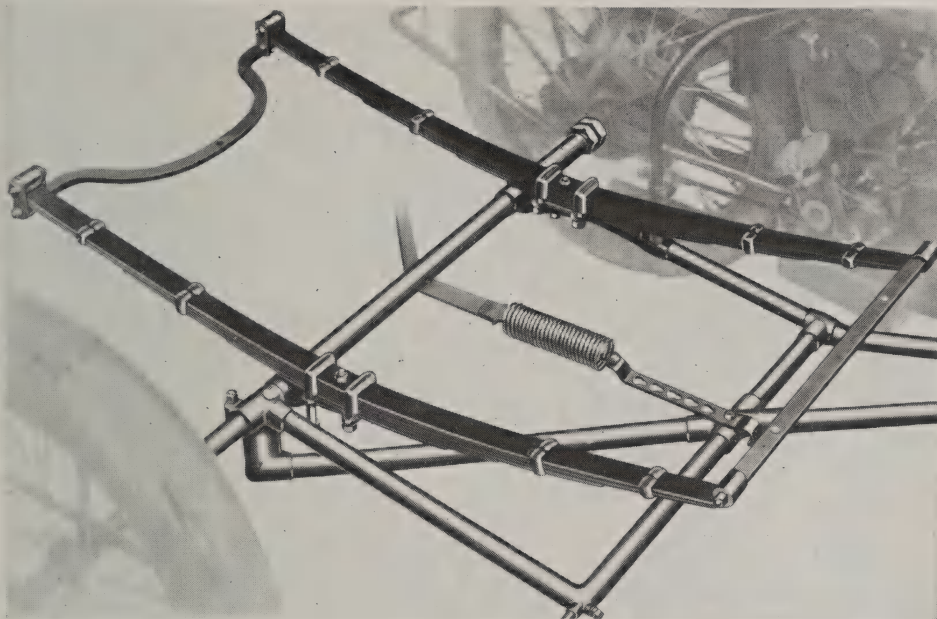
and adds to the life of the bearings and the entire motorcycle as well. Another thing is that lubricating a motorcycle is now a clean and easy job. It's so easy that a rider won't let it go and keep on running when his machine is in need of lubrication," says the first part of the name on the tank of your motorcycle. I don't know how you fellows are but there's been many times in my past that

I've let the lubricating job go, simply because I was in a hurry to go somewhere. So that last statement of Bill's about the job being so easy I wouldn't pass it up now, sure made a hit with me.

I just stopped long enough to light up and read this over from the start and I see that I forgot to tell you about the new color on the 1924 Harley-Davidson.



Now bring that shooting iron over to the left side of the 1924 Harley-Davidson motorcycle and score a couple more bulls' eyes. Let's go! 7-Front wheel hub; 8-Fork rocker arm; 9-Fork rocker arm; 10-Foot clutch lever; 11-Gear shifter shaft; 12-Rear wheel hub. It's a cinch, isn't it? Remember, this new Alemite system means better lubrication and better lubrication adds to the long life of your motorcycle.



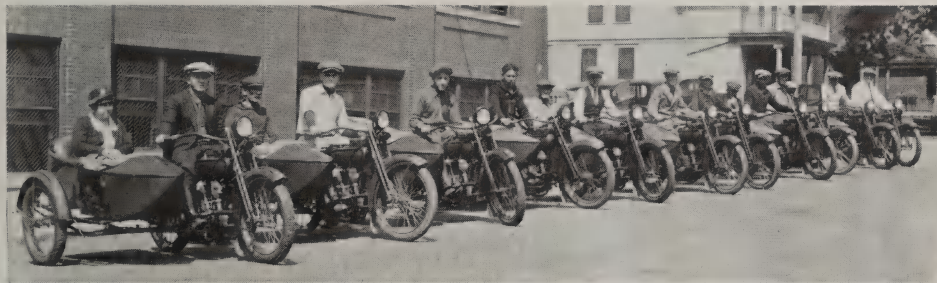
"What makes it ride so easy?" That's what you're going to say, too, after your first ride in the new Ful-Floteing sidecar. Well, take a look at this picture. See those 49 inch, semi-elliptic springs? You don't see springs as long as that on any bus that sells for less than a suitcase full of dollar bills. There's six through leaves and an extra half leaf in front on each of these extra long springs. Each spring is mounted on a strong base, just ahead of the sidecar axle, shown in this photo. The easily adjusted snubber spring checks the sidecar rebound.

So I'll do my duty now and tell you that Olive Green with Maroon stripe is the 1924 color combination. I know when Bill and I were breezing down the main street on this ride I have been telling you about, all the bobbed hair queens were looking our way. I never had an offer to pose for those collar ads and Bill has a couple of grey hairs. So the little dears must have been taking in the new

color combination with their big, loving eyes.

Well this is the end of the ride, so I guess it's the end of my story. I know that you fellows are going to be just like I was when Bill took me out for a ride. You'll want to hop into the sidecar and try that and then you'll say to your dealer "Let me drive."

(Turn to Page 21)



Trains are too slow for these riders, so they came to the factory to get their 1924 Harley-Davidsons. Left to right, Mrs. C. L. Cheshire, Wheeling, West Virginia; C. L. Cheshire, Wheeling, West Virginia; V. W. Stockwill, Urbana, Ill.; "Red" Larkin, St. Louis, Mo.; Roland Carg, Beloit, Wis.; Adrian Stockwill, Urbana, Ill.; Charles Boes, Champaign, Ill.; E. L. Osterdorf, Urbana, Ill.; Sam McGinnis, Rock Island, Ill.; Simon Smith, Beloit, Wis.; C. E. Dalton, Urbana, Ill.; Dick Fitzgerald, Urbana, Ill.; R. B. Ardnt, New London, Wis.; C. Koblitz, Columbus, Wis.; R. S. Maxwell, Beloit, Wis.



These California girls certainly have it easy in hot weather. All they have to do is to hop on their motorcycles and ride to the ocean to get cooled off. Miss Nell White is the name of the girl on the left and Mrs. Monty Ward on the right.

Indiana Motorcyclists Gypsy Tour Through East

"LAST summer we went on a real Gypsy Tour with our Harley-Davidson," said Mr. and Mrs. Emil L. Olsen of Michigan City, Indiana. "We saw about all of the interesting places in the East that we had time to see, and had a wonderful time doing it. Our Harley-Davidson got us there and back, and now it runs better than ever."

The Olsens started out, accompanied by their small son, for Rochester, N. Y., intending to take in the Rally. They were delayed a couple of days in getting started though, so arrived in Rochester just too late for the big doings. They went on then to Buffalo instead and the next day took in the Falls. From here, they went through Syracuse and Albany and the Berkshire Mountains in Massachusetts to Springfield, and from there to New York City. Philadelphia came next, then Baltimore to Washington, D. C. After taking in all the sights at Washington, they headed west for home, going north until they hit the National Old Trails Highway, traveling over this route straight through to Indianapolis.

"We carried a 7x7 foot tent," the Olsens said when asked about their equip-

ment, "a box with our eats and cooking utensils and dishes, a bag of extra clothes, blankets and a heavy canvas which we spread on the ground and slept on instead of a cot. We also had a gasoline stove that sure was a dandy, a two-burner Kamp-Kook stove that heated like a gas stove. I had the outfit weighed and found that we had a total weight of 1,050 pounds, which was a pretty big load for a 61" model machine that was almost three years old."

There are 21,320 motorcycles used in Africa.



Why write anything under such a photo? You won't read it anyway. Yes, we have no bananas!

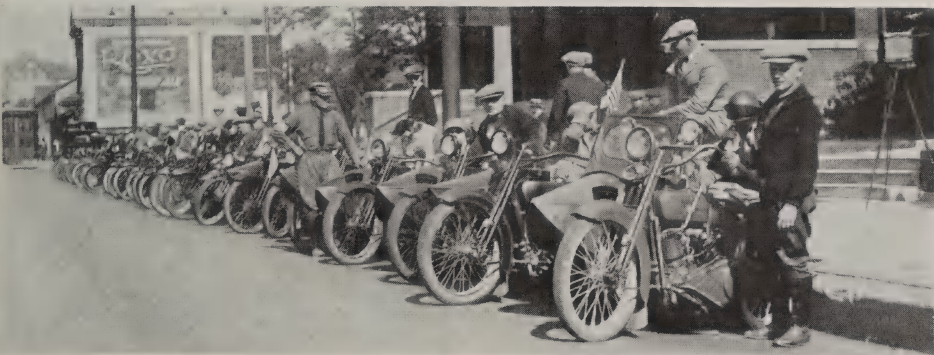
Gypsy Tours Draw Big Crowds



Erie, Pa., had such a big turnout for its Gypsy Tour that we're able to show only one-half of them here. "Everybody had a good time," wrote W. M. Furlong, who managed things.



"Everyone in the crowd voted the Gypsy Tour this year to be the biggest we've ever had, and we've had seven," said S. E. Rochelle of Durham, N. C. "We had a barbecue dinner, some real stuff to drink, a good river to swim in, and four real fun-makers present."



"We had one grand and glorious time at our Gypsy Tour," said Ernie Goldmann, Southern Wisconsin Gypsy Tourmaster. Here's a line-up of part of the Milwaukee Gypsies. Ernie and the Mrs. are in the foreground.



"I certainly am getting a lot of fun out of my Harley-Davidson," writes Frank E. Turgeon of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, who is shown above with his machine, "and I'm getting more interested in motorcycling as a sport every day. This picture was taken near the New York state line, and I guess it shows that I'm having a good time."



"It's the Harley-Davidson that makes it possible for me to do it." That's what Victor Pazicky of Pittsburgh, Pa., who delivers papers for the Pittsburgh Press with the Harley-Davidson and sidevan shown above always says when anyone asks how he manages to "beat" everybody else to it. Victor uses only one of the eight Harley-Davidson sidevan outfits that are used by the Press for rushing first editions to all corners of the city and suburbs before the ink is even dry.

"It is difficult riding over some of the roads through the steep passes in this country," says Ingenieur U. Torricelli of Lugano, Switzerland, "but you can always manage to get through if you have a Harley-Davidson." Mr. Torricelli is shown here on the Furka Pass about 2,400 meters (731½ feet) above sea level. In the background can be seen one of the famous glaciers that are to be found along the Rhone River.



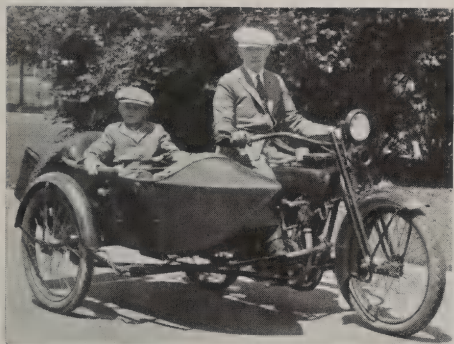
"Here's a photo of my wife and myself just before we checked out at Baltimore, Md., to enter the Six Day Trial," writes Joseph A. Chyba of Baltimore. The Chybas came in second in the sidecar division of the Private Owner Class. We guess they'd come in first in the neat rider class.



Rochester Rally is Big Success



Did they have a good time at the Rally? Well, look at this bunch and judge for yourself. The weather was just right, and nothing made a bigger hit with the Rallyites than Rochester's splendid bathing beach.



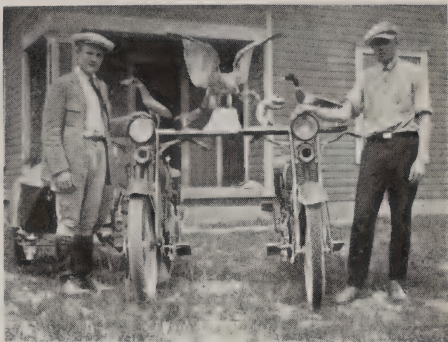
Walter Davidson and his son Gordon drove to the Rally. This photo was snapped just as they pulled away from the factory. You bet they had a good time!



In the sidecar, we have the trade paper editors, T. J. Sullivan of *Motorcycling & Bicycling* on the left, and W. H. Parsons of *Motorcycle and Bicycle Illustrated* on the right.



Who said the Rochester Rally was for Men Only? Not on your life! Here are only a few of the girls who were there. Yes, the dancing was fine.



Can You Guess What They Are?

HAVE the birds and animals shown in the above picture got you guessing? They shouldn't have, because, according to Harry W. Pipher and Clifford Harmon of Orleans, Indiana, the owners of this collection, "Harley-Davidson riders should have seen all of them on their travels." Harry and Clifford are taxidermists.

"We mount all kinds of game birds and animals," they tell us, "and we use our Harley-Davidsons to secure our specimens. If you don't know what the different birds are and the animal, we will tell you," they add.

Harmon is a new rider, and he says there is nothing to beat motorcycling.

Gilbert Raudenbush and P. L. Fish from Bethlehem, Pa., toured to Milwaukee in June with their Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit, and visited the factory.

Win Three Perfect Scores in Reno, Nevada, Run

THREE Harley-Davidson riders finished the 720-mile desert endurance run that was pulled off at Reno, Nevada, with perfect scores. Six other Harley-Davidson riders also finished. The three winners of the perfect scores were: Pat Speer, R. E. Clay, and William Kelly. E. Simmons came in with a score of 990; M. Read with 989; J. Serpentino, 979; V. Casinelli, 940; H. A. Davies, 935, and A. Ward, 935. The winner's mileage averaged 31.3 miles per hour.

This run was considered the stiffest that has been put on in the West. It took the riders from Reno to Battle Mountain, from Battle Mountain to Tonopah, and from Tonopah back to Reno, over some of the worst roads that can be found in Nevada.

Motor Not Fast Enough for Her

Mrs. S. Genova of Marion, Ohio, who came to visit the factory July 10th, isn't to be outdone by her husband as far as motorcycles are concerned. Her husband has a 74" Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit, and so has she. Mrs. Genova laughingly claims, however, that her outfit isn't as fast as that belonging to Mr. Genova, and that she'd like to have a little more "soup" put into it. The Genovas camped out all the way, and enjoyed the trip very much. On their way back, they are planning on going down to Oklahoma and then back to Ohio.

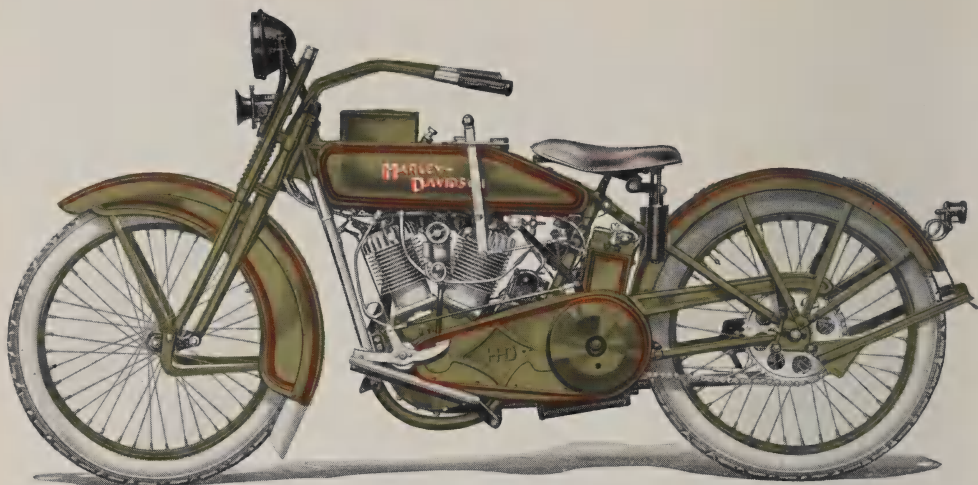


Seven of the nine Harley-Davidson riders who finished in the Reno, Nevada, Endurance Run. From left to right, they are: H. A. Davies, Milton Reed, Pat Speer, Bill Kelly, R. E. Clay, Eddie Simmons, and Joe Serpentino.

The 1924 **HARLEY-DAVIDSON**



- New* Alemite Lubricating System
- New* Motor cuts vibration in half
- New* Ful-Floteing Sidecar Springs
- New* Olive Green color combination



1924—61 Model with the New Alloy Piston Motor



THERE'S speed and power in the new aluminum alloy piston motor in this new 61 model. There's big time saving and better lubrication with the new Alemite lubricating system. There's class in the sporty Olive Green color with snappy Maroon stripe. And, of course, there are the time proven Harley-Davidson features that have made the Harley-Davidson the leader in sales all over the world.

1924 Harley-Davidson 61 model with Bosch magneto ignition, \$300, at factory.

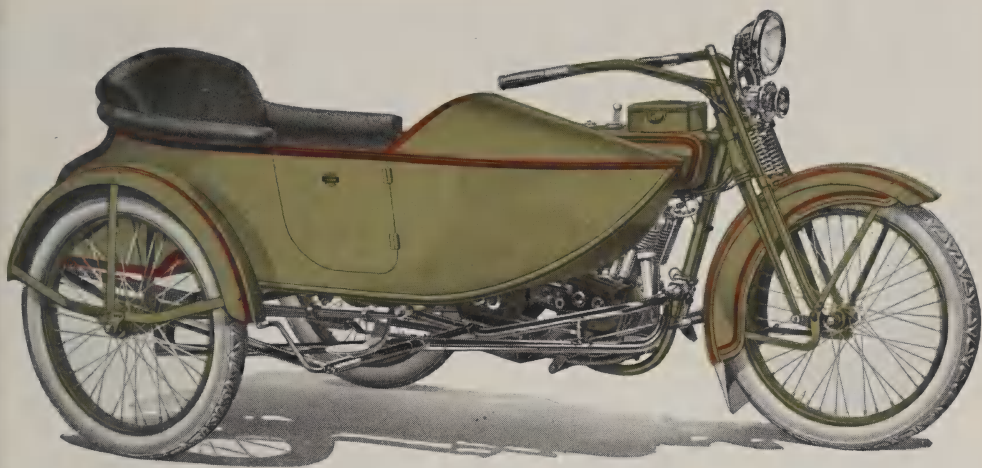
Complete electrical equipment, only \$20 more, at factory.

The model shown above in actual colors has complete electrical equipment.

1924 Harley-Davidson
with Harley-Davidson

*Enjoy Motorcycling—
Outdoors' Greatest Sport
on Wheels—with a*

HARLEY



1924—74 Model with the New Ful-Floteing Sidecar

“GIVE me a Harley-Davidson 74 for speed”, says the motorcycle officer. “I like the 74 for its extra power”, says the sidecar motorcyclist. There’s more speed and more power than ever in this 1924 Harley-Davidson 74 with the new aluminum alloy pistons. Alemite lubrication makes this 74 a smoother running motorcycle and adds to its long life.

1924 Harley-Davidson 74 model with Bosch magneto ignition, \$325, at factory.

Cast iron pistons can still be had on the 74 at a reduction of \$10.

Complete electrical equipment, only \$20 more, at factory.

The model shown above in actual colors has complete electrical equipment.



g Sidecar (shown above
cycle) \$105, at factory.

DAVIDSON

*Ask Your Local Dealer
about his new, easy
Pay-as-You-Ride Plan*

Big Improvements on The 1924 Harley-Davidson

New Alemite Lubricating System

Now you can lubricate your 1924 Harley-Davidson motorcycle and sidecar in five minutes easy. Just hook the cap of your Alemite gun over the fitting and turn the handle. Your Alemite gun shoots home the lubricant under 500 pounds pressure. Then turn back the handle and slip off the cap. The next shot is just as easy.

New Motor cuts vibration in half

Vibration cut in half, faster get-away, greater maintained speed, longer life and less wear — these are the five big features you get

in the new Harley-Davidson aluminum alloy piston motor.

New Ful-Floteing Sidecar Springs

The 1924 sidecar floats on two 49 inch semi-elliptic springs. Take a ride in this sidecar over the roughest roads you know. You'll get a new idea of riding comfort.

New Olive Green color combination

The 1924 color combination — a real outdoor Olive Green with a snappy Maroon stripe — matches the zip and go of the new Harley-Davidson motor.

Let's Go for a Ride!
*Your
Harley-Davidson
dealer*

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Frank's Mail Bag

"Is there anything you want to know about your Harley-Davidson? Tell me what it is and I'll try to help you out. I'll answer all questions with a letter. Questions that are of general interest to our other Enthusiast readers will be printed on this page of mine. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."—Frank.



The buzzer on my 1923 electric machine does not buzz when I stop my motor. It doesn't seem to interfere with the ignition or running of the motor, but I want it to work as it should and I know you can tell me what to do to it.—Roy De L.

I think an explanation of the buzzer's purpose and operation will be educational not only to you but to other riders as well. The buzzer is added to the manual switch to warn you to turn off your switch when the motor is stopped and save battery current. The buzzer is in a circuit separate from the ignition circuit and therefore does not interfere with the running of the motor at any time. Even though the buzzer does not sound, you should still be able to run your machine. The only exception to this, is of course, when the battery is discharged; then you will have to disconnect the battery ground wire and push the machine so the generator will make the ignition current.

The buzzer will not sound due to any one of the following causes:

Battery discharged or out of the circuit.

Buzzer points out of adjustment or burned because battery has been out of the circuit.

Switch base bracket clamp not making good ground connection with the frame tube.

Generator ground brush not seating on the commutator.

Open connection in battery, generator or manual switch.

The buzzer points are adjusted to have 1-32 inch gap when open.

I have been unable to get information on cleaning sidecar upholstery on my 1923 sidecar.—V. R.

The best method for cleaning sidecar upholstery is to use clear water of ordinary temperature and a clean cloth. Wipe off the upholstery with the damp cloth and you will be surprised at the results.

To remove grease spots, I would suggest that Ivory or Castile soap be used sparingly, later wiping off the leather with a cloth dampened with clear water.

Please tell me how to clean the headlight reflector in my 1922 electric equipped machine.—C. H.

Remove the bezel clamp ring and after removing the bulbs, blow the dust from the reflector with a bellows or air hose. Never touch the silvered finish as this would tarnish it.

With a piece of absorbent cotton saturated with alcohol wipe the reflector with even strokes from the center outward. I would not suggest the use of a polish on the reflector as the silvered finish would be scratched by its use.

How should the sidecar be lined up to the motorcycle? A. D.

Connect the sidecar to the motorcycle and adjust the frame brace clevis so the machine leans outward about 3 degrees. With the machine leaning slightly away from the sidecar, you will notice all the difference in controlling the combination. With the machine set as I have suggested, there will be practically no side strains on the frame or forks.

East or West—They All Use 'Em



Harley-Davidsons, we mean. For example, the town of Bound Brook, N. J., uses two Harley-Davidsons on its police force of five. The motorcycle officers are: J. W. Boble on the left and Otto A. Williams on the right. The men standing are: Officer Charles Bohler, Chief of Police Nash, and Officer Frank Wall.



While, out in Denver, Colorado, the Police Department warns, "Watch out, you mountain park joy riders!" Four Harley-Davidson sidecar outfits are being used by the Mountain Park Traffic Force.



Of course, it's Switzerland. No wonder the riders of A. Hafliger, the Harley-Davidson dealer at Bern, get so much pleasure on their Sunday trips. With such wonderful scenery, we'd be tempted to forget that we'd ever have to work.

Is Economical Way to Travel, Say 2,200-Mile Tourists

FOURTEEN dollars and sixty-three cents is all it cost Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Weaver of Muncie, Ind., on the 2,200-mile trip they made all through the Eastern States with their Harley-Davidson last year.

"We removed the seat from the sidecar," they said, "and in its place we put our blankets and pillows for our camping out nights. We carried a small army tent, a collapsible stove, frying pan, coffee pot, cups, plates and all the things necessary for cooking and camping. We also had a large traveling bag filled with extra clothing.

"One time we covered 315 miles in ten hours and used only eight gallons of gas, and traveled through six very large cities where traffic was unusually heavy. We averaged forty-five miles to a gallon of gas for the entire trip.

"The Harley-Davidson is certainly an economical way to travel, and the sport one has on a tour like this cannot be beat."

The Weavers are shown opposite setting up camp for the night.

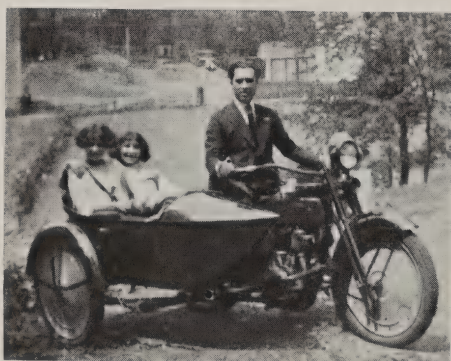
Congratulates Himself on Luck in Buying Harley-Davidson

"I think I am the luckiest fellow in the world," says Herbert L. Harding of Narrogin, Western Australia. "I made a trip of 130 miles on the very morning I purchased my Harley-Davidson solo machine over some of the worst roads in Australia, and it took me only five hours. I didn't have a bit of trouble enroute, and haven't had any since, and I've covered almost 2,500 miles now. As for my tires, they refuse to be pierced by the usual 'worries of the road.'"



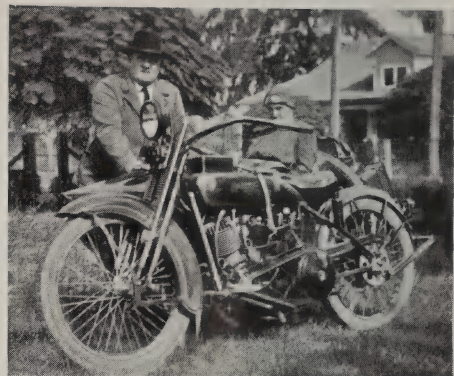


"I've made several trips this year ranging all the way from 200 to 375 miles with my 74" Harley-Davidson, and believe me, I think it's the only way to travel," writes Fred Parson of Detroit, Mich. Fred adds, "On one trip I made 375 miles and had two sidecar passengers, and had to buy only four gallons of gas in addition to the couple of gallons I already had." Fred has been a Harley-Davidson rider for almost six years.



"You asked me for a picture with my girl in the sidecar, so here it is, only I doubled up. Instead of one, I placed two, and they both sure are some babies," says Albert Flauowski of Southport, Conn. Albert adds that his 74" is working like an Elgin watch, and that he's proud of it. "I believe in keeping my machine cleaned up," he also says.

"Here's a picture of my wife and self and our Harley-Davidson outfit, all ready to pull out on our recent trip to Atlantic City, N. J.," writes S. E. Rochelle, who is the Harley-Davidson dealer at Durham, N. C. "We made the trip to Washington, D. C., a distance of 302 7-10 miles in 12¾ hours," Rochelle adds, "and altogether we covered 1,127 miles. It cost us only \$12.11 for gas and oil, and I didn't have to unlock my tool box all the way."



"I have owned and ridden eight ma- chines of various makes, models 1913 to 1919, and three of them have been Harley-Davidsons," says George W. Green of Langley Prairie, British Columbia, Canada. "My present mount, in fact, is a Harley-Davidson, 1915 three speed. I have found that for riding almost entirely on country roads at all times of the year, as I have to do, that the Harley-Davidson is the only machine."





It's the big Kerchhoff Tunnell near Fresno, Calif., that's holding the attention of these boys. Can you see it—that white place way off in the distance? This tunnel is 17,500 feet long, 18x18 feet, and cost \$2,663,250. Water is carried through it to the Kerchhoff Power Plant which supplies electric power for lights throughout the San Joaquin River Valley.

Rider Finds Long Distance Trip in India Enjoyable

INDIA, with its jungle roads and hot tropical sun out on the plains has never appealed to us as being exactly a motorcyclist's paradise, especially for long distance trips. Neither did it to Sergeant Major H. J. Shepherd of Wellington, India, until he tried it recently. His trip took him over a distance of 430 miles, and he found it very satisfactory in every way. He found that while motorcycling, the swift motion tended to counteract the intense heat of the sun and that his Harley-Davidson was well able to negotiate any jungle roads that he might encounter. As it happened, however, the roads were in fine condition all the way, and a positive pleasure to travel over. His trip took him from Coonoor to Madras, and for the 430 miles only seven gallons of gas were used.

Shepherd was accompanied by a sidecar passenger. Camping equipment and a trunk in addition, made his load a none too light one. Shepherd says he has covered 20,000 miles with his machine, and that it is still going strong.

More Harley-Davidsons are sold today than any other motorcycle in the world.

Try Motorcycling for Health, Advises Veteran Rider

"Anyone wishing to enjoy good health should try motorcycling," says Anton F. Klepke of Eldora, Iowa. Anton ought to know, too, because he's been riding motorcycles for ten years. All of his machines have been Harley-Davidsons. His first machine, he says, was a 1913 model. He rode it for seven years, and then purchased a 1920 electric model. This machine he rode until recently when he bought a new 74" 1923. "I have never experienced any motor trouble," Anton says about the service he has received from his various Harley-Davidsons.



"Our bunch made a 2200-mile trip to Canada and return last summer," writes Miss Anna Mueller of New York City, and adds, "This photo shows a couple of the riders."



"For making fast trips to town, hauling eggs, cream, and so forth, and doing the 101 small errands that are to be done around a farm, give me a motorcycle," says W. W. Wohlford of R. R. No. 2, Huntington, Ind. Mr. Wohlford, who just recently purchased his Harley-Davidson, is shown here with his family all ready for a trip to town.

Motorcycle Saves Money on Farm, Says Minnesota Farmer

"A MOTORCYCLE sidecar outfit is the most useful and profitable 'implement' a farmer can invest his money in."

That's a broad statement, but it comes from a farmer himself, and one who has had experience with a Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit. The man is James Kubitz of Route 1, Browerville, Minn., and the machine he uses is an old gray-colored three wheeler, model 1916 Harley-Davidson. James says he ought to know what he is talking about because he has



"There's 25 machines in our town, and 20 of these are Harley-Davidsons," says R. E. Refinot of Bremerton, Wash., "and believe me, we have some mighty good times. Here's a few of us taken on one of our recent trips."

had three years' experience with a motorcycle on the farm.

"It will pay any farmer well in hauling his cream to the creamery as it does me. I haul my cream fifteen miles to a creamery, and my home creamery is only seven miles away, but the difference in butterfat prices pays me well to do so. Then there are many other uses for a motorcycle on the farm, such as hauling groceries from town, getting repair parts in a hurry, and so on. Lots of times I replace the sidecar body with a rack two feet wide and four feet long, and drive as far as fifty miles, to get a valuable pig or calf. For poultry, I put another floor in the rack, and take the poultry where I can get the most money, for distance doesn't bother me much with the Harley-Davidson. By using a motorcycle, I can buy my gas by the gallon instead of the barrel as the fellows with cars or trucks have to. Then on Sundays, the machine is always there to be used for pleasure."

James says he expects to get a new 74 cubic inch Harley-Davidson and a two-passenger sidecar very soon.

Riders in 103 countries today enjoy motorcycling—Outdoors' Greatest Sport on Wheels—with a Harley-Davidson.

Many Riders Visit Factory in June and July

HARLEY-DAVIDSON riders are certainly making the most of the summer this year by going on long trips, if we are to judge from the number of riders who have come various distances to visit the factory during June and July. Some just visited us and then returned home, while others went on to further points.

The names and addresses of the visitors as they appear on the visitors' register during June and July, are:

June 5th—R. H. Pellum, Urbana, Ill.; Joe Urmanski, Edgar, Wis.; Harry I. Mickelson and Leon Henderson, Houston, Minn.

June 11th—Fred Williams, Evansville, Ind.; William McDermatt, Madison, Wis.; P. C. Muse and Clarence H. Carter, Johnson City, Tenn., and Enoch N. Anderson, Rockford, Ill.

June 13th—William L. Rodgers, Gary, Ind.; L. E. Motter, D. H. Reed, C. D. Sherbundy and C. F. Shreffler, Willard, Ohio; Henry Menke, Jr., Albert Goebel and Lynn Messmer, Fort Atkinson, Wis.

June 14th—Russell Williams, Landess, Ind.; L. E. Wheeler, Ames, Iowa.

June 15th—J. H. Smurthwaite and M. Dempsey, Akron, Ohio.

June 18th—Vere F. Fralick, Monroe, Wis.; William Grinnell, Monroe, Wis.; H. W. King, Des Moines, Ia.

June 22nd—L. W. Ebert, Angus, Wis.; Carl B. Jones, Rice Lake, Wis.

June 23rd—Leander Foxgrover, Appleton, Wis.; R. Thalen and W. Brown, Galveston, Texas.

June 26th—Paul L. Fish, Bethlehem, Pa.; Gilbert H. Randebush, Hellertown, Pa.; William Boshes, New York City, N. Y.

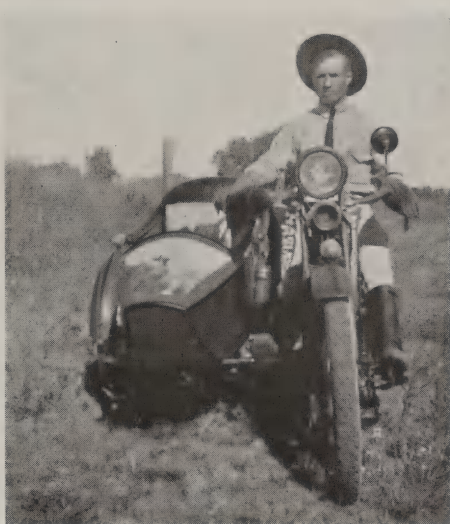
June 27th—Fred Maass, New York City; E. L. Mathew and Arthur Borden, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia.

June 30th—R. P. Bailey and A. Schultz, Joliet, Ill.; H. W. Sorenson and J. E. Fillion, North Platte, Nebr.

July—Irving L. Weber, Peru, Ill.; John J. Boisen, Luverne, Minn.; Lewis H. Totterdale, Warren, Ohio; Carl B. Dahlquist, East Ashland, Wis.; George Resh, Eugene Berneske and Audrey Truba, Detroit, Mich.; Joseph Kincheski, Chester Kincheski and Joseph Ciesielski, Peru, Ill.; Charles A. Schultz, La Salle, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. H. Hansen, Lyons, Iowa; Paul W. Worcester, Boston, Mass.; Edward J. Donahue, Dorchester, Mass.; Claude W. La Rue, Washington, D. C.; Wm. H. Martin, Jr., Washington, D. C.



"We fellows are thinking of starting a club soon and calling it the Lynbrook Motorcycle Club," writes Henry J. Halloran of Valley Stream, N. Y.



Wouldn't Be Without Machine, Says Western Rider

"I WILL never be without a Harley-Davidson because I find it too useful," is what John Shutow, now of Elmiro, Ohio, but formerly of Denver, Colorado, says. John knows what he is talking about, too, because he made a trip last February through six states in seven days with his Harley-Davidson.

"Traveling through the middlewestern states in February isn't any fun," John says, "and after my experience with the roads at that time of the year, I certainly wouldn't recommend anyone else trying it. My motor worked fine, not missing even once. The railroad fare from Denver to Elmiro, Ohio, is \$60.00, whereas my Harley-Davidson pulled me through at a cost of only \$14.34 for oil and gas."

Shutow's machine, it is said, is quite a curiosity to the folks around Elmiro, since he has nearly everything on it except running water. He has all the regular accessories and in addition has a barometer, thermometer, compass, typewriter, folding table, guns hung in rattlesnake belts, and so forth. In addition, as you will notice in the photograph shown above, he has had the sidecar decorated with paintings showing the Wild and Woolly West.

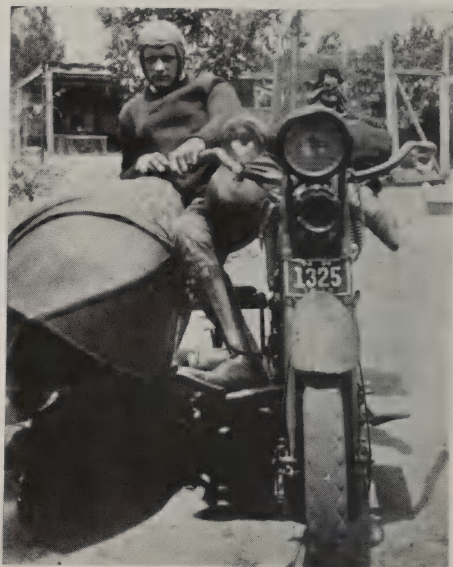
California Wasn't Far Enough for This Rider

MAKING a tour to Los Angeles in the land of Sunshine and Roses wasn't enough for Ray C. Putnam of Lebanon, N. H., so he went on another short tour down through Mexico to Columbia and Brazil, South America. Ray started from home with his 1920 61 cubic inch Harley-Davidson August 22, 1921, took in all the sights possible along the way and finally wound up in Los Angeles after he had covered 6,844 miles. Covering this distance, cost him only \$65.40 for gas and oil and \$17.80 for repairs.

It was not until after he reached Los Angeles that the trip to South America was considered. He met up with a pal, who proposed the trip. Since Ray wasn't in a hurry to return home, he was in entire accord, and forthwith they packed up, and started off. They went via Mexico City, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Panama Canal to Bogota, the capitol of Columbia, followed the Amazon River for a ways, and wound up at Manaos and Santarem, Brazil. Four days were spent sightseeing around Brazil, and then they started on their return trip, going over the same route they had covered in coming down. When they got back to Los Angeles, they had covered 5,480 miles and spent \$48.70 for gas, oil and repairs.

"I can't say enough in praise for the services that my Harley-Davidson rendered me on this trip," Ray now says. "I covered about 8,400 miles on my return trip and used four sets of tires on the entire trip, and still own and am running the machine. With a small expense I intend to use it this season, then to trade it in for a new 1924."

Reverend Elmer Snyder of Bucklin, Mo., uses a Harley-Davidson in his work of spreading the Gospel. He has used a Harley-Davidson and sidecar for two years in this way, and has received such splendid service from it that he has now purchased a new 1924 model.



For long distance motorcycling, Ray Putnam takes the prize. Read the story of his trip at the left.

Carmine Wins in Big Race at Geneva, Switzerland

In the Grand Prix de Suisse for 1923, which was held near Geneva, Switzerland, June 9th and 10th, Carmine and his Harley-Davidson made a remarkable showing by taking first place in the 1000 cc. (74") Sidecar Class. His time for the 148.8 kilometers (about 92½ miles) was 1 hour, 45 minutes and 5 seconds, making his average speed 84.9 kilometers or 53 miles per hour. This was the best time for sidecars in all classes. In this same event, Laeser, another Harley-Davidson rider, took third place, while Leu and Blickensdorfer, also Harley-Davidson riders, took fifth and sixth places.

The 1000 cc. Sidecar event was the only event in which Harley-Davidsons were entered in this race.

Walter Davidson, President; William Davidson, Vice President; William Harley, Chief Engineer; and Arthur Davidson, Secretary—the original founders of the Harley-Davidson Motor Company, are still directing the affairs of the company.

(Continued from Page 7)

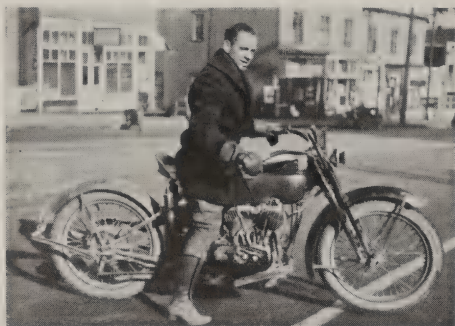
You have a motorcycling surprise coming when you take your first ride in this 1924 outfit.

P. S. The editor tells me that there is going to be a four page insert in this

Enthusiast along with this story of fame and fortune. The ed goes on to say that this insert will show the new Harley-Davidsons in their actual colors and a little something different on the first page of this insert.



"A little action, girls!" Shouted the camera man to this trio of California peaches. No wonder the boys go to California.



William Pollard of Seattle, Wash., who tied with Veryl Hart, a Harley-Davidson rider of Tacoma, for highest honors in the 233-mile Tacoma Motorcycle Endurance Run.

Roads in Good Condition, Says Washington, D. C., Tourists

ONE of the many visitors at the factory during July was William H. Martin, Jr., of Washington, D. C. He came with his Harley-Davidson solo machine, traveling by way of Columbus, Ohio, Indianapolis, Indiana, and Chicago. When he arrived in Milwaukee, July 7th, his speedometer registered exactly 971 miles.

"I found the going very good with the exception of about sixty-five miles in Indiana," he said when asked about the condition of the roads. "In some places there was a lot of sand and gravel, but it wasn't so bad."

Mr. Martin said he has been riding his Harley-Davidson for the last three years, "and it has never but once given me any mechanical trouble and that wasn't much," he added. Martin also told us that he rides on an average of 10,000 miles in a season, managing to pile up this high mileage on Sundays and holidays and during his two weeks' vacation.

A cablegram just received from our dealers, Orlandi, Landucci & Luporri at Lucca, Italy, advises us that first, second, third and fourth places were won by Harley-Davidson riders in the International Races held at Brescia recently. Rogai took first place; Malvisi, second; Faraglia, third, and Winkler, fourth.

Extra Charge for War Tax on Parts Discontinued

EFFECTIVE the first of this month, extra charges for Excise Tax or War Tax will be discontinued on all sales of Harley-Davidson spare parts. The amount of this tax has been absorbed in our prices. Although we are still paying the Excise Tax to the Government, in most cases the retail prices of Harley-Davidson parts remain the same as before.

The elimination of the extra charge for Excise Tax makes it much easier to figure the cost of spare parts. It is no longer necessary to get out a pencil and paper and figure out what the tax will be in addition to our published prices.

Cross Country Tourists Visit Factory on Way Home

Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Weaver of Pomona, Calif., who, accompanied by their daughter, are making a tour of the country with their 74" Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit, arrived in Milwaukee July 10th. They were on the last lap of their trip, having already been across country, going over the Lincoln Highway to Baltimore, Md.

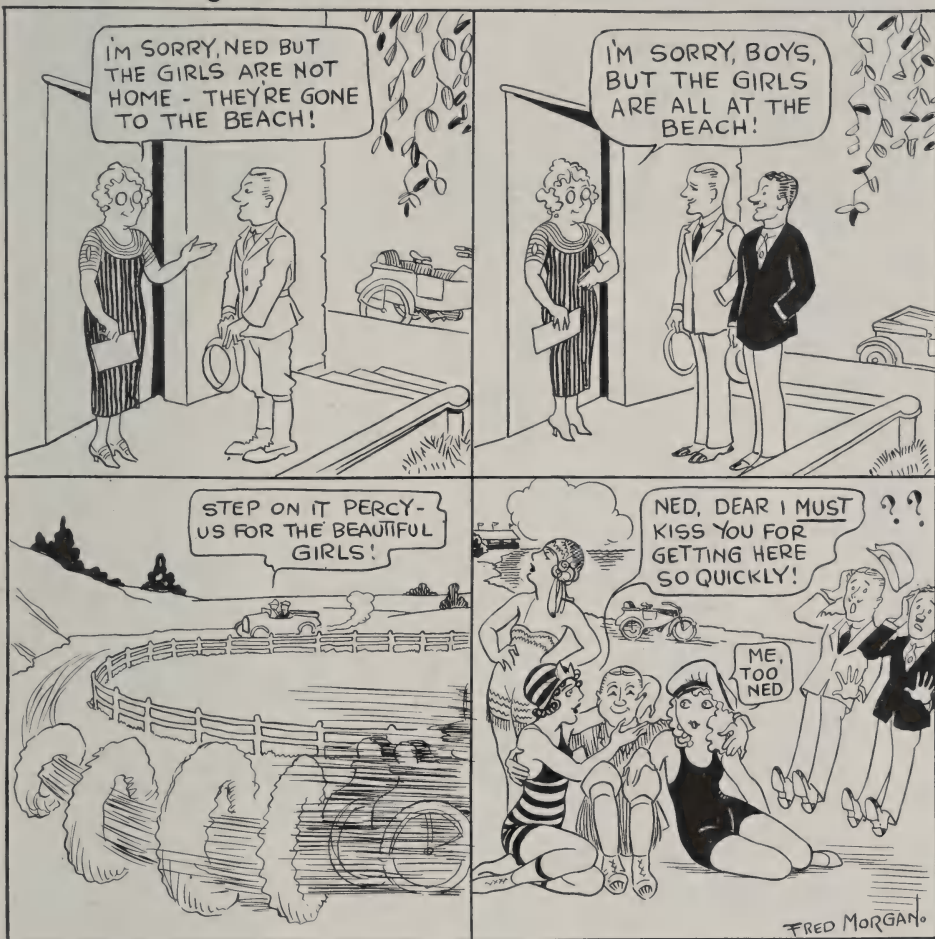
Both Mr. and Mrs. Weaver were very enthusiastic about the motorcycle way of seeing the country. They also spoke about the efficiency and economy of their machine, saying that the 74" had cost them scarcely one hundred dollars in all for repairs and tires since they purchased it a year ago. This figure included all repairs that had been made to the machine while on their travels.

Washington, D. C., Riders Make Merry on Gypsy Tour

The bunch from Washington, D. C., had such a good time on their Gypsy Tour June 16th and 17th that Charles Andrae, one of the boys, wrote a lot of verses about it. The verses were very interesting, but too long for the Enthusiast, so we had to pass them up. Anyhow, the riders went to Winchester, Va., where they had a lot of good eats—and drinks—and a merry time in general.

Nobby Ned

TIME AND A HARLEY-DAVIDSON
WAIT FOR NO MAN!





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September, 1923

Why is the Summer So Short?





Art Dunn, Spokane, Washington, smoking up the steeps on his Harley-Davidson in the Mount Rainier National Park Hill Climb. Art and Dud Perkins were the only two riders to go over the top of this big hill.

“Bring On Your Big Hills!”

By “Hap” Hayes

SUNDAYS, a fellow used to slick himself up pretty, go out and kick over his motor and then call on his favorite sheba. Then they would go out for a ride in the country with his motorcycle.

Nowadays, it's different, as the owners of the big breweries will tell you. A fellow slicks himself up, gives his mirror a treat, goes out and kicks over his motor and rolls down the street to call for his sheba. Then they go to the nearest motorcycle hill climb.

Some of the boys not only park their motorcycles and take in the hill climbs, but take a try at the slopes. If they succeed in climbing the hill faster or further than any of the other boys, they can bring home one or more nifty loving cups to show mamma, papa and all the neighbors.

Out on the west coast, down in Pennsylvania, up in New England, over in Minnesota, and all over the country, wherever there's any kind of a good hill,

you'll find a motorcycle hill climb being staged or planned by the boys.

“You can take it from me, Hap, there are real thrills and sport in a motorcycle hill climb,” said Glenn Scott, Marion, Indiana dealer to me the other day. Friend Glenn, you know, used to be the promoter of the famous Marion 200 Mile International Road Race back in 1919 and 1920. So I sort of stopped and listened when Glenn opened up with that remark. Then I waited to hear more from Glenn.

“Our club, the Entronuse Motorcycle Club of Marion is going to hold a hill climb on Sunday, September 16th. We have invited all the hill climbers around this part of the country to come down and do their stuff. The boys have rented the hill for the day and they're going to sell parking space. The girls will be on the job to sell refreshments and add some more to the club's treasury.

“The spectators like a motorcycle hill climb. This is the fifth year we're hold-



It wasn't so many years ago that a fellow could use a couple high class cups like this when he served pretzels and—well, what's the use? Now Dud Perkins just puts them on his shelf along with the others. Dud is shown here holding in his left hand the Harley-Davidson cup that he won at Portland.

ing this hill climb and each year we draw a bigger crowd. There are no serious accidents and it doesn't cost the boys much to put on this hill climb."

It's the same way all over the country. Most of you fellows hear only about the big climbs such as Capistrano, Rochester Rally and Worcester. But all over the country wherever there's a combination of a bunch of live motorcyclists and a hill that fools 'em, you'll find a hill climb sooner or later.

Today the big cry of motorcycle hill climbers and motorcycle hill climb fans is, "Bring on your big hills!"

You fellows are missing something if you never saw a hill climb. Take my tip. Next time there's one within a couple hundred miles of your home town, fill up the old bus with gas and ride over and get a new thrill. You're going to like this sport.

Or you might try this if there are no hill climbs in your part of the republic. Ride around with the bunch some Sunday afternoon and look for a good hill.

Then your gang can hold a hill climb of your own. Put up some prizes, rent the grounds, sell parking space and refreshments, just like Glenn Scott's bunch in Marion that Glenn told me about.

Don't forget to write me a letter and tell me all about the results of your hill climb. If any of the boys get any good photos send them along, too. I'll see that the dope of your climb and the pictures of the winners are put in the Enthusiast, so the other riders can see that you have a live bunch.

Here's the where, who and how of some of the hill climbs held during July and August:

Dud Perkins Is Double Winner at Mt. Rainier Park Hill Climb

Five thousand spectators saw Dud Perkins on his Harley-Davidson go over the top to victory in the 61 and 80 cubic inch events in the first motorcycle hill climb ever held in Rainier National Park, Sunday, August 5th. Mt. Rainier is about seventy miles from Tacoma, Washington.

Art Dunn, Spokane, Harley-Davidson, was the only other rider to see the top of the hill. Dunn took first in the 61 and 80 inch novice events.

Ray Lane, Seattle, Harley-Davidson, took second in the 61 novice with a mark of 284 feet. Bill Crane, Salem, Oregon, Harley-Davidson, won second in the 61 expert with 312 feet. Charles Mastolier, Spokane, grabbed third honors in this event with 300 feet, and a second in the 80 inch expert with a climb of 300 feet.

Oscar Lenz and Raymond Star at Mt. Garfield Hill Climb

Oscar Lenz, the Lansing, Michigan, Harley-Davidson dealer and well known slant shooter, added two more cups to his growing collection, when he took first in the 61 and Open events in the Mount Garfield Hill Climb, held near Muskegon, Michigan, Sunday, August 12th.

Dan Raymond, Muskegon, and his Harley-Davidson took high honors in the 61 novice event with 103 feet. W. H. Wanderer, Grand Rapids, Michigan, Harley-Davidson, was second in this event with 85 feet.

E. J. Raymond, Muskegon, Michigan, Harley-Davidson, was second to Lenz in the Open event with 118 feet. H. Phillips, Lansing, Harley-Davidson, was third in this event with a mark of 117 feet and 1 inch.

Grove and the Bunch Clean up at Altoona, Penna. Climb

"Three firsts, four seconds and five thirds, or a total of twelve places out of a possible fifteen was the Harley-Davidson tally at our hill climb, Sunday, July 29th," writes J. E. Schaffer, Altoona, Pennsylvania dealer.

John R. Grove, the Chambersburg, Pennsylvania slope topper, took first in the 61 expert and seconds in the 74 and 80 inch expert events. Williams, Harley-Davidson, was third in the 61 expert.

It was a one-two-three clean-up for Harley-Davidson in the 74 inch novice. Bozieniece, 1st; Hetrick, second; Band-tall, third; were the winning trio in this event.

McAbee, Harley-Davidson, was third to John Grove in both the 74 and 80 expert classes.



"Ride 'em, John, ride 'em!" John R. Grove, the Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, Alpine acrobat, does his stuff with his Harley-Davidson at the Rochester Rally climb.

Ed. Voss Thrills Big Crowd With His Sensational Climb

The Galena Road Hill, near Peoria, Illinois has defied all the great and near great motorcycle hill climbers for two years and more. Now the Peoria Motorcycle Club is looking for another hill that can't be topped.

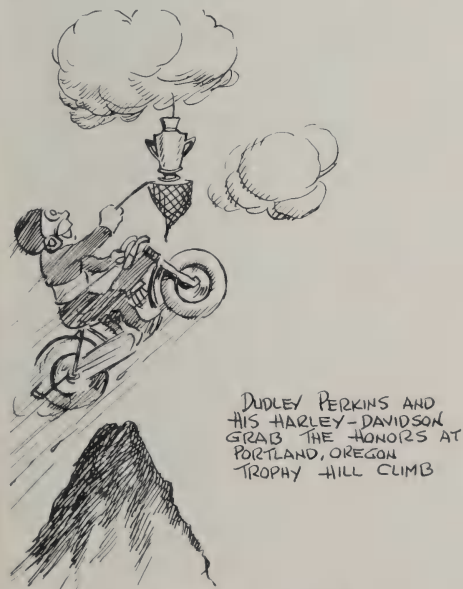
Sunday, July 15th, Ed. Voss, of Voss Brothers, Peoria Harley-Davidson dealers, roared up and over the top of Galena Road Hill with his Harley-Davidson steed that he has named "Spark Plug." That's why the boys are looking around for another young mountain.

Harley-Davidson Riders Take 11 out of 12 at Portland, Ore.

Dud Perkins, San Francisco, and his Harley-Davidson hill hound, was the big star in the Portland, Oregon Hill Climb, staged Sunday, July 29th by the Portland, Oregon Journal. Harley-Davidson riders collected three firsts, two seconds and three thirds for their day's work on the hill.

Dud was number one in the 61 expert event with a time of 6 seconds. Bill Davis, Harley-Davidson, took third in this climb.

Dud Perkins, Bill Davis and J. C.



This is the way Howard Freeman, cartoonist for Motorcycle & Bicycle Illustrated, pictures Dud Perkins' victory at Portland.



Meet Oscar Lenz, Lansing, Michigan Harley-Davidson dealer and hill climb specialist de luxe. Whenever you're in Lansing, drop in and see Oscar's big collection of cups won in hill climbs.

Evans mopped up the hill in the 80 inch Open in the order named.

Roy Ball, Hy Roberts and Joe Sproed climbed the hill for first, second and third honors in the 61 inch novice event.

Dud Perkins went over the top every time in each of his seven trials.

Fred Scott Zooms Up Hill and Wins Two at Richmond, Ind.

Fred Scott, Muncie, Indiana, took a trip down to Richmond, Indiana, Sunday, July 15th, and came home with first prize in the 61 open and the 80 open events.

Earl Wright and K. Mott, both Harley-Davidson riders, took second and third in the 61 open event.

Tom Underhill, Harley-Davidson, was second to Fred Scott in the 80 inch open. Earl Wright, Harley-Davidson, won the Wayne County Open Championship.

Fred Scott made the fastest time of the day when he shot up the heights in 9 and $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

One, Two, Three in Both Events at San Jose, Cal. Climb

It was one, two, three in both the 61 expert and the open events for Harley-Davidson riders in the hill climb promoted by the San Jose, California Motorcycle Club, Sunday, July 22nd.

Dud Perkins breezed up the side of the hill and won another cup for first prize in the 61 expert with a mark of 399 feet. Mattson with 380 feet was second and MacGinnis was third.

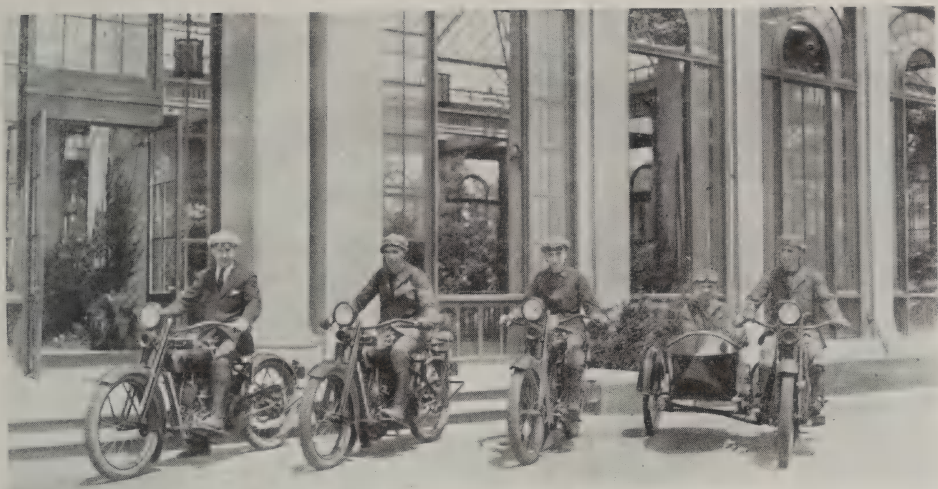
George Faulders took first in the Open event with a time of 22 seconds. Dud Perkins received second in this class with a time of 25 seconds, and Mattson was third.

Our correspondent says it was one, two, three for the Harley-Davidson

(See Page 19)



Down and around Pennsylvania when they hold a hill climb, they write John R. Grove, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, to come on over. John does and usually goes back with a sidecar full of cups.



Here are four of the fellows who help make the famous Du Pont Conservatory at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, the beauty spot that attracts thousands. "We've been supplied with automobiles by the estate to make trips to the nearby cities and villages, but we'd rather use our motorcycles any day," is what these boys say. A section of the Conservatory, which is noted for its wide selection of flowers, fruit, plants, and vegetables, is shown in the background of the picture. The four gardener-motorcyclists are Charles and Percy Green, Arthur Bulpitt, and Thomas McNamarc.

Tour Through the Blue Ridge and Allegheny Mountains

"WE HAD a wonderful trip," said J. Isler of Carlstadt, N. J., about the trip he and three of his friends made through the Blue Ridge and Allegheny Mountains of Virginia and West Virginia.

"We covered 1,812 miles, used 37 gallons of gas, and about 4½ gallons of oil," Isler said further. "The scenery in Virginia and West Virginia is the most beautiful in the country east of the Mississippi, we think. We will always remember especially the beautiful Caverns of Luray in Virginia.

"In West Virginia, we had to cross a mountain called North Mountain, which was a climb of five miles and then a coast of seven miles down the other side. The roads were very rough, and all through the Virginias, whenever we came to a brook, creek or any other stream of water, we simply had to ford it."

The three riders with Isler were: Paul

Niederer, George Purner and Frank Hess. The two Harley-Davidson outfits that they used on the trip worked perfectly all the way. All of the boys have been riding Harley-Davidsons since 1917, and expect to continue riding them, "because," as Isler puts it, "we certainly put the machines to some severe tests on this last trip and know now what a Harley-Davidson is made of."



"Traveling 1,812 miles with our motorcycles was play compared to this job of ferrying ourselves across Gailley's Bridge, West Virginia," says J. Isler, Carlstadt, New Jersey, and his pals. Read opposite the story of their trip.



"Here's a picture taken of myself and by me of the outfit I have been riding for the past two seasons," says W. C. Gloystein of Twin Falls, Idaho. "It's **SOME BUGGY**, too, I want to tell you, and I surely have good times with it." Gloystein adds that the majority of motorcyclists around Twin Falls ride Harley-Davidsons.



"This photo shows myself and the machine I drive for Petty's Drug Store, located a few steps from the second busiest corner in the U. S. at Broad and Market Streets, Newark, N. J.," writes William Alt. "I make three deliveries daily with this machine, and it covers an average of sixty miles a day." Alt adds that he has been a Harley-Davidson rider since 1918, and that he thinks the Harley-Davidson is the only machine for all around use.

"It sure is nice to just 'shoot' up a hill instead of climbing up," says Lauris Slettedahl of Wood Lake, Minn., and sends us the picture shown below to show us how he does it with his Harley-Davidson. "I rode a 1914 single from 1918 until this spring, and I wouldn't have gotten another then, if I hadn't wanted one of the new models."



"**Motorcycling** is a popular sport in Roumania," says Major Saulescu of Bucharest, Roumania, president of the Moto-Club-Roumain. "Our club," the Major adds, "is doing everything possible to develop the sport. We have promoted many races, touring trips and excursions. Up to the present all of the races in the 61 cubic inch class have been won, without exception, by the Harley-Davidson."





Planning a camping trip with your Harley-Davidson? You are. Well, take a look at this nifty-looking outfit that Mr. and Mrs. Otto Lehman of Rochester, Minnesota, sport around with them, and we'll bet you a thermos bottle that you'll get at least one idea from it that you hadn't thought of before.

No Sport Like Motorcycling, Says Owner of New 74

"MY NEW 74 is the third Harley-Davidson I have had," says J. E. Leavette of San Jose, Calif., "so you can imagine that I like them. I think they are the finest piece of transportation machinery on the market.

"My motor had run only 600 miles, when one hot day I got 146 miles from two gallons of gas, and I carried a tandem passenger, too. How's that for economy? This record was made on a regular Sunday outing," Leavett went on to explain. "and I didn't know what was doing until it was over. There were several stops made and miles of mountain roads traversed."

Leavett said further that he thinks no sport can beat motorcycling, although he himself is one of the conservative riders, preferring to let the "other fellow" do the "dynamiting" while he looks on.

"In the summertime we think there's nothing more fun than getting out into the country with your Harley-Davidson and cooking a meal outside," say Mr. and Mrs. William Herman of Cleveland, Ohio.

"We are having delightful times around our lovely city with our new 1923 74" Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit," write Mr. and Mrs. James C. Monroe of Buffalo, N. Y., "and the Falls comes in for many visits. We can travel for such a low cost and enjoy the open so much. Also, we like the comradeship of fellow motorcyclists who seldom pass without a greeting, which, you may be sure, is cordially returned."



"Signs like this are as plentiful out West as trees are here," says Art Campbell and Lou's Baeuerle of Kalamazoo, Michigan, who recently returned from a trip to Los Angeles. "This particular photo was taken near Beaver, Utah, and shows me giving the sign the 'once-over,'" explains Art.

Harley-Davidson Helps Reporter Score Big Newspaper Scoop

SCORING a newspaper scoop by means of a Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit was the talk last month around the office of The Spokesman-Review of Spokane, Wash.

The big stuff was pulled when the Idaho towns of Burke and Mace, center of the great Couer D'Alene mining region, were destroyed by fire July 13th and 14th. More than \$1,500,000 damage resulted from the conflagration.

Edward Litchfield, special motorcycle reporter for the paper, and Staff Photographer F. Stimpson were the men who made the 125-miles dash from Spokane to Burke in three hours, getting the story and exclusive pictures for their paper ahead of all competitors.

The orders to beat it to the scene of the blaze were given at 5:30 P. M. July 13th. At six o'clock the sidecar outfit was well out of Spokane and at nine o'clock, amid flames and smoke, the newspaper men were gathering first hand news and shooting photos at the scene of the disaster.

Half an hour later the paper had obtained the complete story of the fire—via special telegraph service, into its own news room. No mishaps marred the



What's a bad curve to a newspaper reporter when he's out to make a scoop? "It's nothing to me as long as I have my machine," says Ed Litchfield, and proves it by sending us this photo to go with the story opposite.

thrilling race against time over the Fourth of July Canyon, through detours and deeply rutted roads, but on the way back the law intervened and a speeding charge was brought against Litchfield. He was allowed to proceed after depositing ten dollars bond for appearance in court next day. A speed of fifty miles an hour was maintained for more than half the distance to the fire.

Harley-Davidson Riders Triumph in Important Holland Race

One of the most important races held in Holland this summer was won by Harley-Davidson-mounted riders. This was the Bussum race meet held July 3rd and 4th in connection with the 25th Anniversary of the Royal Dutch Automobile Club. A. P. van Hamersveld won the 750 cm³ (37 cubic inch) Solo Class for Amateurs, covering 1 kilometer at a speed of 92 kilometers (or 52 miles) per hour from a standing start, and 122 kilometers (or 75 miles) per hour from a flying start.

First place in the Professional 750 cm³ Solo Class was captured by D. Hoogeven, also riding a Harley-Davidson, his speed per hour for one kilometer from a flying start being 122½ kilometers or 75 miles. M. van den Berg, another Harley-Davidson rider, took second place in this same event, and van Gent, also a Harley-Davidson rider, third place.



Here's all that remained of the \$500,000 hoist of the Hecla Mine after the big fire. Read the story above for details.

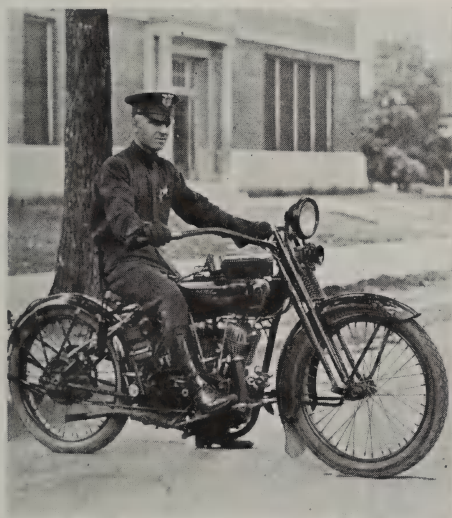
"Watch Out! Anyone in Sight?"



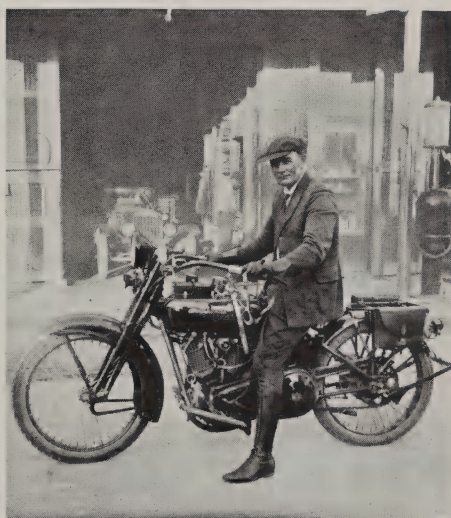
No, this isn't a new way of directing traffic. It's Sergeant George Diblin of Troop A, South Jersey State Troopers, putting on a fancy riding exhibition at the recent Monmouth, New Jersey, Horse Show. When this photo was taken, Diblin was going thirty miles an hour.



"It's a snap keeping my part of the city tamed down since I've been given a Harley-Davidson to use," says Officer Roy E. Moore of Warren, Pennsylvania. Moore adds that the Police Department uses Harley-Davidsons exclusively in its motorcycle division.



"You don't have to show me anything about Harley-Davidson motorcycles, even if I am from Missouri," says Motorcycle Officer Muggins of Joplin, Missouri. "We've used three since 1917, just recently buying a new 1923 model, and they have been satisfactory in every way."



Meet the champion motorcycle officer of Texas, Officer J. E. Dalton of Decatur, who recently ran down a speeder who was driving a 16-cylinder French car and going at 73 miles. The car owner said that he didn't mind, except that it riled him to think that a \$300 motorcycle could run down a \$20,000 car.

"Come on, Gang, Let's Go!"



"The photographer had to work fast to get this photo of our Gypsy Tour bunch. The boys su



"July 22nd, 97 riders from all parts of North Carolina rode to Jackson Springs. The bunch—part of which is shown



When H. A. Bowie, Washington, D. C., Harley-Davidson dealer, sends out an invitation to the rider

and They're Off for a Day



were anxious to get out and go," writes F. L. Beer, Amarillo, Texas, Harley-Davidson dealer.



this photo—had one big day," writes R. C. Tucker, Branch Manager, Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., Charlotte, N. C.



for a sociability run, they come in big bunches. Bowie is shown seated in the stands counting 'em over.



"On the road to Mandalay—in Rockland County, New York," is the poetical caption Salesman A. R. Child wrote under this photo when he sent it to us. Wonder if the scenery alone is responsible for thus inspiring Al?

Covers 1600 Miles in Seven Days With His Sidecar Outfit

TAKING in two national parks, the fight at Shelby, and a trip over the Canadian line within a week, was what C. F. Bruschi did recently with his Harley-Davidson motorcycle and sidecar. He covered 1600 miles in the seven days, and averaged $45\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the gallon of gas. He had a passenger in the sidecar. Two gallons of oil were used, and the cost for gasoline and oil amounted to \$12.20 for the entire journey.



This is the way little Miss Spink, daughter of Mrs. William Spink, White Plains, New York, rode in the Baby Parade held there recently, and won first prize. The driver of her chariot was Harold Van Dusen, the owner of the machine.

Bruschi left Spokane June 29th, arriving in Butte, Mont., the first day. On the second he was touring around Yellowstone Park, having made 590 miles in the two days. After a jaunt through the park Bruschi drove to Shelby, arriving in time for the fight. That evening he left for Glacier National Park, arriving the next day and spending a day there. Then he journeyed over the Canadian line.

Breaks Record for One Kilometer in Holland Races

The Harley-Davidson made a splendid showing at the races held at Scheveningen, Holland, recently. In the 1 Kilometer Sidecar event, K. v. d. Horst and his Harley-Davidson took first place; J. v. Meeuwen, second; J. R. Letitre, third, and A. F. Bolland, fourth.

M. v. d. Berg and his Harley-Davidson were the winners of the 1 Kilometer Race for motors 750 cm³ (37 cubic inch) or upwards. A. E. v. Hamersveld, also riding a Harley-Davidson, took second place in the same event. In winning first place M. v. d. Berg broke the record in Holland for 1 Kilometer by making an average of $124\frac{1}{2}$ kilometers or 77 miles per hour.

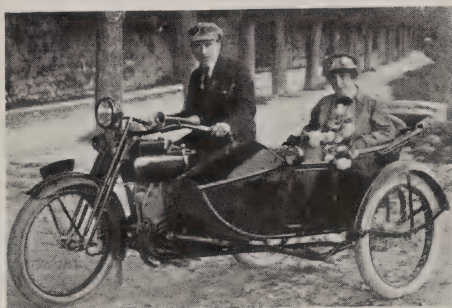
"If you're planning a honeymoon trip, take a tip from me," says Mrs. Howard E. Stauffer of Lancaster, Pa., "and make it a motorcycle trip, because that's the only way. Howard and I ought to know because we made a 10,500-mile trip on our honeymoon last year with our Harley-Davidson, and we had a wonderful time. We carried a complete camping outfit, and nearly everybody we spoke to, asked, 'Do you carry all that?'" Mrs. Stauffer is shown below at the Halfway House on the road going up to the summit of Pikes' Peak, Colorado.



"There isn't anything Mother likes better than a spin out in the fresh air in my sidecar," says Ira Ordering of Oakland, Calif. Ira is a salesman for George Faulkner, the local Harley-Davidson dealer, and because his mother enjoys it so much, he often takes her for a ride.



"I guess you can see from this pic-ture that I have a lot of fun with my Harley-Davidson," says Thomas Leskowsky of Haverhill, Mass. Tom adds though that he wishes there was a motorcycle club in his town, and wonders if somebody couldn't wake the boys up so they'd get one organized. Maybe "Hap" could help.



"My wife and I have wonderful trips with our Harley-Davidson," says Professor Pietro Saccardi of the Camerino University, Camerino, Italy. This photo shows the Professor and his wife out for a short ride. Recently they ascended the "Madonna Della Carceri," one of the steepest ascents around Camerino, with their Harley-Davidson.

Frank's Mail Bag

"Is there anything you want to know about your Harley-Davidson? Tell me what it is and I'll try to help you out. I'll answer all questions with a letter. Questions that are of general interest to our other Enthusiast readers will be printed on this page of mine. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."—Frank.



I notice on my new 1924 JDCA machine, an extra fuse has been added to the fuse box and no connections are made to this fuse. What is it for? Can I connect my K-B spot light to this fuse?—R. V. G.

You guessed it. The 1924 fuse box has a spare fuse to connect the spot light to, so the electrical system will be fully protected.

Never connect a spotlight, speedometer light or sidecar light directly to the battery because a short circuit would burn up the wiring and discharge the battery. The fuse will give you protection against such trouble.

Frank, I have a 1923 74 JD motorcycle and sidecar and I want to know if compression plates should be fitted to give me more power in extremely high altitudes.—R. S.

In 1921, cylinder design was changed in such a way as to make motors perform about the same in both low and fairly high altitudes, that is, altitudes up to 7000 feet.

In your case I would suggest that you fit compression plates to your motor because they will make for more power and your maximum speed will not drop very much, if any at all.

I have just purchased a 1924 JDCA and it sure is a "bear" for speed and power. I have noticed that the starter on my new motor gives four or five distinct "clicks" when returning to normal position, while on my old machine the starter gears caused just a couple of "clicks" during the same travel.

I know that my new starter is more effective than the old one, but I want to know just what difference there is between them.

—W. H.

I am glad you mentioned this starter thing because other riders later on will probably make the same discovery and want to know "how come." On the 1924 models, the Engineering Department added four more teeth to the starter gear and starter clutch, in order to get a full stroke out of the starter.

The extra four teeth in the starter arrangement are responsible for the few more "clicks" you heard while the pedal is returning to normal position.

Just about the time my 1923 JDCA gets to running good, it seems to want to slow up. What could cause my motor to act like this?—J. K.

When the motor is running along nicely at high speed and proper attention is paid to lubrication, it will not slow up or hold back unless something is wrong with the carburetor, compression or spark plugs. Spark plugs are responsible for more high speed troubles than anything else entering into the motorcycle's makeup. Be sure you have a pair of good reliable spark plugs in your motor and I know your trouble will then be overcome.

I have been getting very good results from my 23 JD motor by flushing the motor with kerosene, according to the instruction book, and I want to know why most of the riders fail to give motors this attention. Some fellows claim that kerosene flushing does ab-

solately no good, while others say they "can't be bothered."

I am, therefore, anxious to know if I would get just as good results if I did not use the kerosene flushing method—H. D.

Part of your letter explains why most riders do not use kerosene flushing to keep their motors in tip top shape. The part where they "can't be bothered" answers your question.

Kerosene flushing after every 700 or 1000 miles will loosen the carbon or keep it soft and prevent, to a certain extent, the formation of heavy carbon deposits.

Of course, the motor casing should be flushed, drained and cleaned with gasoline after the motor has been flushed with kerosene and 2½ guns of fresh oil put in the casing. For the rider that likes a sweet-running job, and realizes that all things mechanical must be given some attention if they are to render good service, kerosene flushing will be found helpful.

Makes Fastest Time Ever Made in New Zealand

THE fastest time ever put up by any motorcycle in New Zealand was made by F. Haworth on a Harley-Davidson at the final of the New Brighton Beach Speed Tests held recently. With the engine of his 74 cubic inch Harley-Davidson motorcycle roaring away, Haworth hopped away from the mile peg. The speed was on all the way, the powerful machine doing 90 miles an hour on the hard sand, and when finally he dashed past the judges in the remarkable time of 39½ seconds, he had made new figures for the distance for New Zealand. The previous record stood at 40½ seconds.

The record-breaking ride was made at the Pioneer Sports Club's flying-mile championships, and Haworth was riding in the class for 750-1000 c. c. (37 to 51 cubic inch) machines.

An additional triumph for the Harley-Davidson was the establishment of a New Zealand Fastest Time Record for Private Owners by L. C. Monkman, also on a Harley-Davidson.



"I just came back from a 2,800 mile trip up in and around Northern Michigan and say, you can take it from me, there's no sport that has the 'kick' that you get riding on a motorcycle," William M. Harris, Champaign, Illinois, told us when he dropped in to see the factory. "I have a Cadillac eight and two other automobiles, but when I want a little real sport and fun, I roll my Harley-Davidson out of the garage and go for a spin," adds William.

William's father is a banker in Champaign. W. V. Stockwill, Urbana, Illinois Harley-Davidson dealer, is seated in Harris' sidecar in the above photo.

In Norway, one person in every 1,518 rides a Harley-Davidson.



Here's the way hundreds of Harley-Davidson riders are hitting the long, long trail these days. Good luck, fellows.



Jim Davis Wins National 25 Mile Title and Sets New Record

JIM DAVIS on a Harley-Davidson slashed 52½ seconds off the world's record for the 25 mile distance with a 30.50 motor and won the National 25 mile 30.50 championship at the Milwaukee Race Meet, August 12th, at State Fair Park. Davis hung up a new world's record for this distance of 20 minutes and 35 seconds.

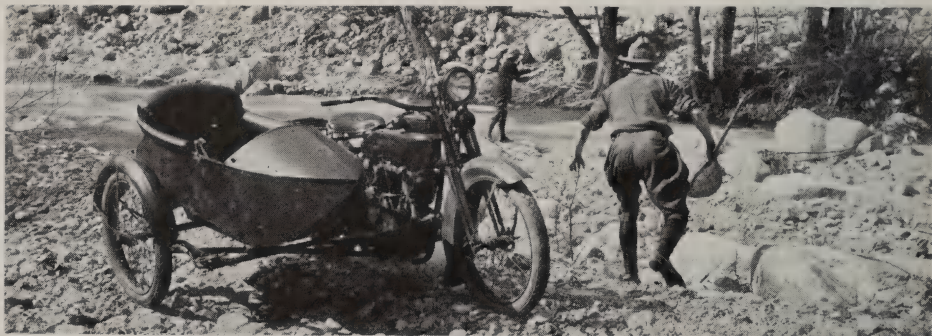
Davis averaged 49 2-5 seconds to the lap on a mile dirt track in this race. Ralph Hepburn, also on a Harley-Davidson, lead up to the twentieth lap in this race when he was forced to quit. Davis then took the lead and held it to the end.

Norway Racers Pile Up Victories for Harley-Davidson

HARLEY-DAVIDSON riders in Norway have been making some remarkable records during the summer season. In a race held at Daelengen, for instance, Ernst Vaumund captured both the 1609 meter (1 mile) and 3000 meter (1.8 miles) races with his Harley-Davidson, while Oscar Wiger, also riding a Harley-Davidson, captured second place.

In another race held on the 8th and 9th of July at Trondhjem, Ernst Vaumund and Oscar Wiger again displayed what the Harley-Davidsons can do, when between them they took three out of the four events held. On the 8th, Wiger took first place in the 5000 meter (3.1 miles) event, while Vaumund took third. Vaumund, however, came in first in the 10,000 meter event, and Wiger second. On the 9th, Vaumund took second prize in the 5000 meter class, but in the 2500 meter he again captured first place.

The 5th of July in Drammen saw another Harley-Davidson victory when Harley-Davidson riders again took three out of four events. Nic. Lunde and his Harley-Davidson won the 5000 meter event. The 10,000 meter event was won by Oluf Graff, also riding a Harley-Davidson. A second 10,000 meter race that was run off was won by Ernst Vaumund, while Nic. Lunde took second place.



Sure they're still biting, and biting mighty good, too, so they say. Try it one of these days like the folks here are doing. Your motorcycle will get you there in a jiffy.

Harley-Davidson Displaces Oxen for Marking Old Oregon Trail

FROM an ox team to the motorcycle seems a mighty lengthy jump, but this is exactly the experience the three people shown in the picture opposite have had. The older gentleman, Mr. Ezra Meeker, was a pioneer of the Old Oregon Trail in 1852, traveling its entire length of 2200 miles with a yoke of oxen and a wagon. The other man in the party is J. D. "Dad" Barratt, who made a 12,000 mile tour about the country in 1921 and 1922 with his Harley-Davidson. Helen, his daughter, is the girl in the picture.

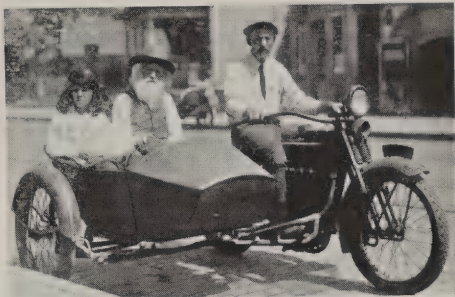
Mr. Meeker has gone over the Old Oregon Trail with an outfit of oxen and wagon a couple of times within the last several years, each time covering its entire length and picking out and marking many spots where it had been. It was on his trip in 1910 to 1912 that "Dad" Barratt accompanied him. Barratt was given the position of bull whacker and wagon master, also official photographer, because of his previous experience in handling oxen in the West in his younger days. Little Helen was a baby on the rig at this time.

Just the other day Mr. Meeker again visited Omaha in the interest of the Old Oregon Trail, and called upon "Dad" Barratt to help him out. This time the oxen as a means of transportation were discarded in favor of "Dad's" trusty Harley-Davidson two-passenger sidecar outfit, and it was this way, the three of them, Meeker, "Dad," and Helen set out.

Their object is to dig up the ancient history of the Old Oregon Trail from its starting point on the Missouri River, and to select spots for the making of motion pictures in the near future.

Mr. Meeker, who is 93 years old, claims this is the first time he has ever ridden in a sidecar. He is enjoying the experience very much, he says.

Harley-Davidson motorcycles are now used by over 1,200 police and sheriff departments in the United States.



"Bring On Your Big Hills!"

(From Page 6)

bunch in the novice event, too. Why not send us the names? We would like to print them in the Enthusiast.

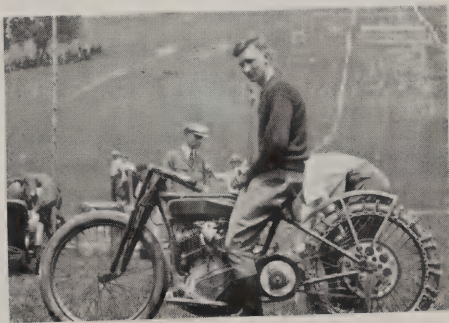
Three Firsts for Oscar Lenz in Battle Creek, Mich. Climb

It was Lenz Day at the Battle Creek, Michigan Hill Climb, held Sunday, August 5th. The Michigan hill climb champ took first in the 61, 74 and Open events. Then Oscar called it a day and rode back to Lansing.

W. Wanderer was another star performer with his Harley-Davidson. He took second in the 61 and 74 contests and third in the Open event.

E. Hanson, another Harley-Davidson rider, was second to Oscar Lenz in the Open event.

Oscar Lenz also made the fastest time of the day when he galloped up the grade in 9 seconds.



Ray Coryell, Ossining, New York, has been out of the hill climb game for two years. This year he came back and took second in the 61 Expert event with his Harley-Davidson at the Rochester Rally Hill Climb, July 4th.

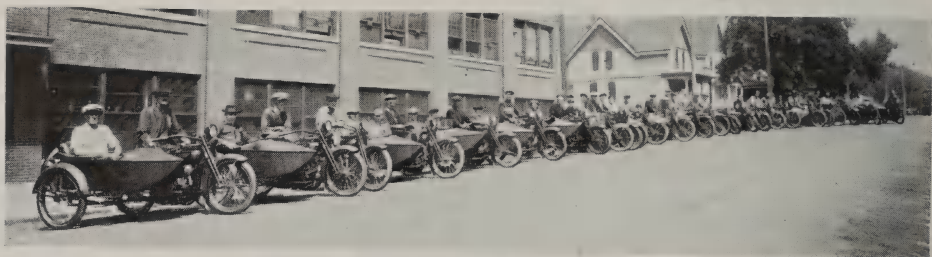


"Roads in New Zealand aren't what they are in America," writes Frank R. Jones of Jones Bros., Ltd., Harley-Davidson dealers at Christchurch, who recently made a 2500 mile tour through the North Island of New Zealand. "They're so bad, in fact," Jones adds, "that many people won't believe that I made the trip with the Harley-Davidson."

Motorcycle riders of Santa Barbara, Calif. were treated to a watermelon feast recently by James Slaybaugh, the local Harley-Davidson dealer. There were plenty of watermelons, richly flavored and ripe clear through, and the boys had a great time getting away with them. Altogether, the affair proved to be one of the most enjoyable events the fans have had in a long time.

Harley-Davidson motorcycles and sidecars are built in a factory that has 12 acres of floor space and employs 1,800 people.

More dealers sell Harley-Davidsons than any other motorcycle in the world.



Riders from Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, Michigan, New York, and New Jersey rode to Milwaukee to see how their Harley-Davidsons were built and to take in the Milwaukee Races, Sunday, August 12th. Here's the line-up of the merry gang, taken in front of the factory.

More Harley-Davidson Riders Than Ever Visit Factory

MR. JANE, the elderly gentleman who ushers visitors in and out of our office and plant, has been kept mighty busy keeping track of the Harley-Davidson riders who visit the factory, ever since he returned from his vacation the middle part of July.

Here are the names and addresses of those who came to see us and the dates they were here:

July 10—Elmer Brandt and Ernest S. Cobaugh, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Lester G. Arnold, Rochester, N. Y.; Arthur Plotzner, West Penfield, N. Y.; Edwin Kessler, Jr., New York City; Charles Skewes, Racine, Wis.

July 16th—Carl W. Rouse and Owen Gait, Frankfort, Ind.; Harry T. Mechling, Springfield, Ohio; Howard S. Bronson and Clinton Fredrickson, Chicago, Ill.

July 19th—M. J. Wells, Minneapolis, Minn.; Capt. J. N. E. Trout, Cleveland, Ohio; Oliver L. Bull, Charles Clifford and Jasper White, Pottstown, Pa.

July 20th—John Tait, North Bergen, N. J.; Charles Forster, West New York, N. J.

July 25th—Henry Papenfuss, Hartland, Wis.; W. W. Thomason, Spartanburg, S. C., and John Bartellak, Shenandoah, Pa.

July 26th—Earl Durr, Davenport, Ia.

July 28th—Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Souders, Westmont, Ill.; George Johnson and Joseph Owens, San Francisco, Calif.; Harry Boatsman, Chehalis, Wash.; Bill Wood, San Francisco.

July 30th—John S. Henderson, Clinton, Ind.; John Seagquist, Moline, Ill.; Joseph Bencarchi, Erie, Pa.; J. Lawrence Hildebrandt, Catonsville, Md.; J. H. Kent, Baltimore, Md.; C. J. Delagrang, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

July 31st—Howard Phillips, Walter Goodno, Oscar C. Lenz and Adolph Miller, Lansing, Mich.; E. T. and Ray Bennis, De Kalb, Ill.; Villi. Olofsson, Waterbury, Conn.; Ernie Bunger and Robert Tajzler, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

August 1st—Irwin S. Nelson and Aramis Rekdahl, Duluth, Minn.; Leonard Sinton, Minneapolis, Minn.; Donald F. Clark, Stanford University, Calif.; Wm. Melish Harris, Champaign, Ill.; A. J. Ostrowski, Kankakee, Ill.

August 3rd—A. and C. J. Burkhardt, Wellston, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Clark, Vera and Gladys Clark, St. Louis, Mo.; H. W. Clark, Cicero, Ill.; Marie Perkins and Gladys Roos, Greenwood, Mass.; John Crosby, Wakefield, Mass.; Arthur Eourne, Lexington, Mass.; W. C. Banzhof and Edward L. Peterson, Sioux Falls, S. D.; Amelia Krevell, Beloit, Wis.; C. A. Smith, Rockford, Ill.; A. E. Vanzo, Stambaugh, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Sinke, Roanoke, Va.

(See Page 22)

Vacationing via Harley-Davidson

By J. E. Young

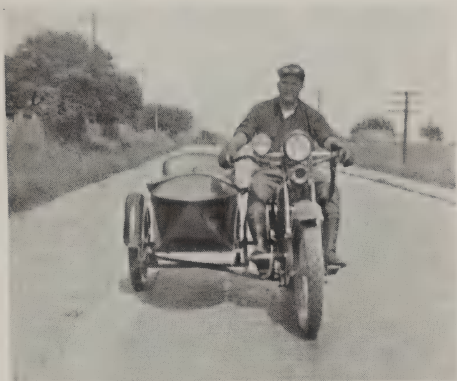
A VACATION spent on a motorcycle is a real vacation. An Irishman by the name of William Keisewetter and myself left our homes at Altoona Pa., early Sunday morning, June 10th, in my 23JD and sidecar outfit. Our destination was Niagara Falls, N. Y., and from there to wherever we decided to go at the close of each day, so our vacation was really a big Gypsy Tour.

But to get back to the beginning. We decided to go a little out of our way in order to strike a new road, which was supposed to have been finished last fall. After traveling steadily for four or five hours, we came to a sign reading 31 miles to Tyrone. Tyrone being only 14 miles from Altoona I remarked to Bill that we were sure traveling, for we were only 45 miles from home and a half day on the road. We didn't care for the miles, for we anticipated the cement road later on, but up to this day, I have not been able to locate more than 25 miles of that cement road, owing to nicely printed signs reading "Detour." We honestly detoured so much that I was calculating on finding ourselves at home again, but evidently the engineer knew his compass when he made those detours, for they eventually landed us near Oil City where we stopped to visit relatives.

We had the pleasure while there of witnessing the shooting of an oil well. If any reader has his doubts about the strength of nitro-glycerine I advise him to go and see 75 quarts of that liquid being touched off 550 feet underground and watch the results. I would rather ride a motorcycle 100 miles an hour at midnight than carry a pint of that stuff across the street.

After leaving Oil City, Pa., we headed for Erie, stopped there long enough to enjoy the hospitality of Mr. Furlong, the Harley-Davidson dealer, and left for Niagara Falls.

At Niagara Falls, having our sidecar



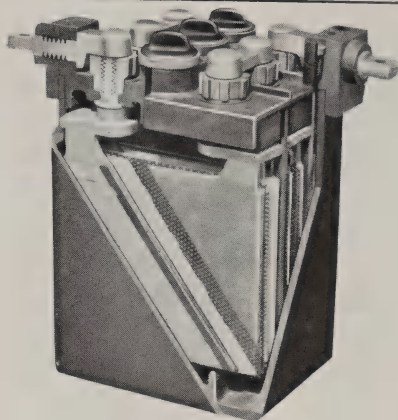
J. E. Young, who tells you, in the story appearing on this page, all about the vacation trip he made with his Harley-Davidson.

packed solid, and not having a blueprint to follow in replacing the baggage, we decided not to have our machine examined by the "Customs," but would go over to Canada by street car. We took in all the sights, and something else that was made unlawful in the United States on a certain July 1st, but this action was perfectly safe, for we found out that the Custom Officers did not use a stomach pump.

Leaving Niagara Falls, we retraced our trail to Erie and headed for Cleveland. There we got in the Saturday P. M. traffic jam and got our engine warm enough to fry eggs for supper. We took in the sights here, and then headed for Columbus. While on this stretch we met two



"We had the best time we ever had in our lives the week we spent in touring to and from Milwaukee and visiting the factory," says N. H. Bodie of Honesdale, Pennsylvania. Bodie and two of his friends visited the factory early in July.



(Cutaway View)

You'll Like This 1924 Battery

It has 40 per cent greater capacity, four husky plates in each cell, terminals are located on the outside of the battery box where the acid can't get to corrode them.

You know increased battery capacity means better lighting and easier starting. You have it in this 1924 battery.

This battery will stand up under the hardest kind of service. The plate connector posts have heavier threads and are fitted with sealing nuts twice as long as used formerly. The battery jar cover is heavier and is strongly reinforced.

The price of this 1924 improved battery has also been reduced.

This new, improved 1924 battery will fit any electrically equipped Harley-Davidson.

It's a better battery at a lower price—

\$13.⁴⁰

*at factory
tax included*

pals who were motorcycling to the coast. We left these fellows at Columbus, where we stopped to look over my old army quarters. It was here that I peeled my first potatoes in the war against Germany.

We left Columbus by the Old National Trail, traveling over brick road and through very nice country. We pulled into Wheeling, W. Va., after paying war tax on two old bridges and left there for home via macadam, concrete, sand, dust, ruts etc. and arrived home happy, sunburned, and refreshed for another year's work.

We traveled approximately 1300 miles on 31 gallons of gas and 5 quarts of oil. Buy a motorcycle and spend the difference in upkeep for traveling.

More Riders Visit Factory

(From Page 20)

August 4th—John Shultz, Pleasantville, N. J., Gunard Olson and Louis J. Horack, Omaha, Nebr.

August 6th—H. B. Stansbury, Elmer Suemnicht, and Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Langley, St. Louis, Mo.

August 9th—Thomas B. Gordon and Leo J. Pavonarius, Philadelphia, Pa.; Paul Theimer, Menasha, Wis.

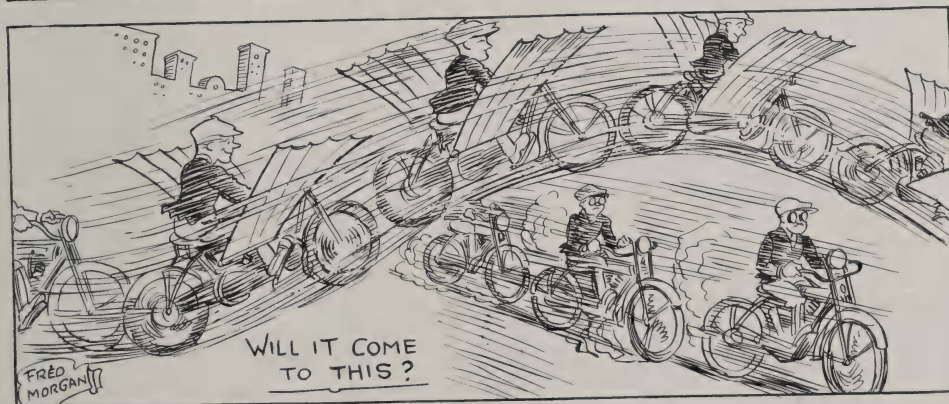
August 10th—Marjorie Waln, Cara Lucas and Clifford Bosworth, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Oscar Weisz and Adolph Gaelitz, St. Louis, Mo.; S. D. Weston, H. S. Whiting and Fred Sarenpa, Minneapolis, Minn.

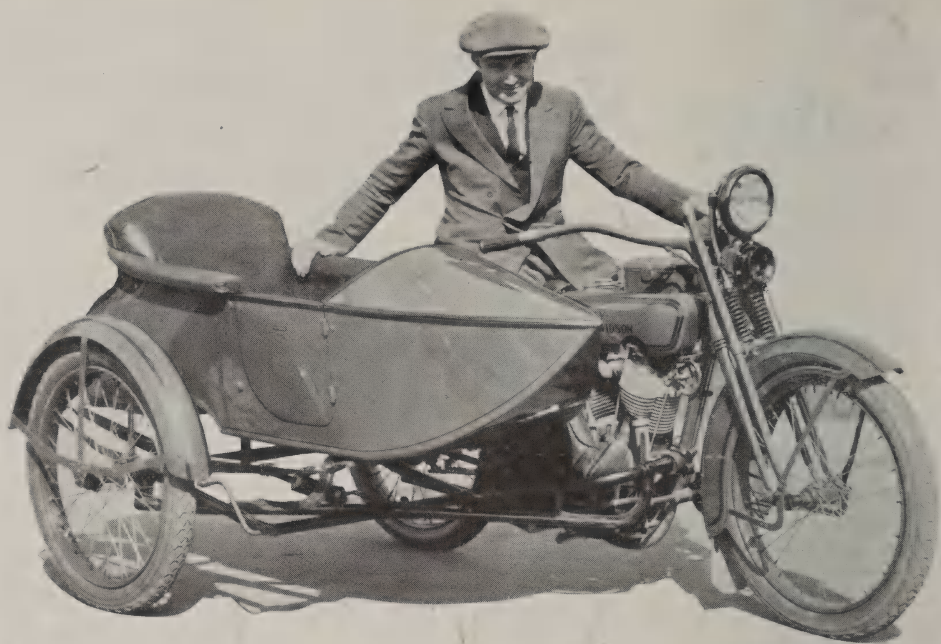
August 11th—Paul Humphreys and Theo. Emmons, Urbana, Ill.; John Rebhan, Jersey City, N. J.; Arthur Smith, Hoboken, N. J.; John Tokar, Woodcliff, N. J.; Joseph and Frank Tokar, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Pat Etchingham, John Lanahan, J. Tipinan, F. P. Lutgeb, Pat O'Brien, Robert Tipman and Jim Healy, Chicago, Ill.; A. F. Harder and E. Toussaint, Oak Park, Ill.; Joe Urbuzzi, Moline, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Blum and son, New York City; Joe Wagner and Russell Dare, Kokomo, Ind.; L. H. and Mabel M. Palmer, Battle Creek, Mich.; R. L. Walters, C. A. Traff, and Roy Zimmer, Galesburg, Ill.; W. C. and M. R. Bainbridge, Beloit, Wis.; C. S. Miller and W. A. Vedder, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Harry R. Miller, Louis Fritz, and Earl Winkler, Portage, Wis.; T. Kith, Leo N. Herriek, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard M. Gorn, Rochester, Minn.; Clifford C. McKeagere, Portage, Wis.

August 13th—Chas. B. Krueger, Joe Minninger, and W. Krueger, Cincinnati, Ohio; Wm. Sakkers and Fidel Bell, Holland, Mich.; Carl Tusag, Henry Cacia and Ralph Balboni, Joliet, Ill.; Wm. F. Hartnagel, Cincinnati, Ohio, Harry Turnvis, Joliet, Ill.; H. O. Carlson and H. G. Johnson, Rockford, Ill.; Ray E. and Marie Hornick, Dayton, Ohio; E. C. Wood, Weyerhauser, Wis.; A. T. Robbins and J. Horachek, Chicago, Ill.; Roger Wood, Weyerhauser, Wis.; C. E. Simpson, Lima, Ohio; Eric Widell, Erhard Anderson, and Marcel Declercq, Moline, Ill.; William Jorgenson, Neenah, Wis.; A. P. Dettlyen, Appleton, Wis.; Gaylord Groth, Earl J. Wright, Joseph Austerman, Richmond, Ind.; Elmer and Donald Ballantyne, Hobart, Ind.; John Greene, Prairie du Chien, Wis.; Rolla Fowler, Alvah Botkin, Oscar Bond, Fred Neeley, and Clever Vardeman, Marion, Ind.; Howard Morr, Auburn, Ind.; James Foley, Freeport, Ill.; C. G. Grill, Kenneth Frick, and Clare Grubb, Auburn, Ind.; Wilbert Rappatta and Elmer A. Friedrich, Ashland, Wis.; Harold O. Dole, Freeport, Ill.; Joseph H. Friend and Robert C. Frarey, Howe, Ind.; Kenneth Elliott and Leo Patten, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Nobby Ned

WILL A HARLEY-DAVIDSON GET 'EM?
ASK THE SHEIK WHO OWNS ONE!





Have You had Your Ride in the 1924 Harley-Davidson?

You have a new motorcycle joy coming, if you haven't.

Lubricating is now a clean, five-minute job with the Harley-Davidson special design Alemite system. Vibration is now cut in half by the new aluminum alloy piston motor. The sidecar is now floated on two 49-inch, semi-elliptic springs. There's class in the new Olive Green with Maroon stripe color combination.

You bet, your local dealer will give you a ride in the new Harley-Davidson. Just ride over and say "Let's Go!"

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ADE

The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY
OCT 8 1923



October, 1923

These Riders Know What's Fun



"Bring 'em all along" is the slogan of Casper, Wyoming, Motorcycle Club members. This is a recent line-up, taken on Casper Mountain, one of the club's favorite places for Sunday picnics.



"You bet we're having a good time," said these fellows to Factory Salesman Fred Seymour as he snapped them. They are on the big outing to Mountain Lake, Pennsylvania, put on by the Triple City Motorcycle Association.



"The more, the merrier," say the members of the Midwest Motorcycle Club of Indianapolis, Indiana. That's why they turn out in crowds like this.



"Attaboy, Johnny!" Bill Stranahan, of the Western Motorcycle Co., Kansas City dealers, and a bunch of Johnny's friends congratulate him after his sensational victory.

Johnny Branson, a Boy of 21, Breaks 100 Mile Record

By "Hap" Hayes

"**B**ILL, I know a lad who is a comer in the race game. I would like to have you give him a chance to ride in the 100 Mile National Championship race. Can you fix him up with one of your machines?"

Bill Ottoway, manager of the Harley-Davidson racing team, looked at Bill Stranahan, of the Western Motorcycle Company, Kansas City, Missouri, Harley-Davidson dealers.

"Let's see. We have a machine here that Ray Weishaar was supposed to ride. Ray wired me last night that he was a papa, just a few days ago, and he won't be able to come to Kansas City to ride this race. I guess I can let your boy ride the bus that Weishaar was going to ride," said Bill Ottoway to Bill Stranahan.

You know the rest. Johnny Branson, the 21 year old lad and the "comer" whom Bill Stranahan told Bill Ottoway about, did ride the big race.

He rode in front, too, when the starter waved the flag at the end of the 100 Mile

National Championship Race, Labor Day, September 3, at the Kansas City Speedway.

He rode the 100 miles in the record breaking time of 60 minutes and 11 seconds or at an average speed of 99.7 miles per hour for the entire distance. Three-tenths of a mile faster and he would have been the first motorcycle racer in the world to travel 100 miles in one hour!

It was Johnny's first big race. It was his first ride against the country's best two wheel speed stars. It was his first big victory.

Did Johnny Branson, 21 year old Kansas City boy and Western Union messenger, smile when they pinned the 100 Mile National Championship for 1923 medal on him? And, did his face, greasy and dirty and perspiring from the 100 mile grind, light up with a smile when they told him he had won \$900 in prize money that went to the winner of first place?

Well, use your own judgment.



Here's the Harley-Davidson factory racing team: Left to right, Hank Syvertsen, charge of pit service; Ralph Hepburn, Bill Ottoway, boss of the team, Red Parkhurst and Jim Davis.

Riders in Blanket Finish

A machine and a half length behind Johnny Branson, Johnny Krieger, finished second. Ralph Hepburn, the famous California Comet, roared down the board track and into third money when he finished half a length behind Krieger. The race between Krieger and Hep was so close that Hep was announced as the winner of second place. But later the judges and timers announced that Krieger was the second rider to check in at the finish.



Al Stuckey, Kansas City, Mo., showed the boys some speed in the 25 mile amateur race and won a 1924 Harley-Davidson 74 motorcycle.

It was the kind of a finish that made the 20,000 speed fans in the stands cheer so long and so loud that they had to buy a couple of Coca-Colas so that they could cheer some more.

The lineup of riders at the start of this big 100 mile race was a roll call of the best space eaters in the U. S. A. There have been other long races this year but no race held this year has attracted such a line up of fast machines and fast riders as this 100 Mile National Championship Race, Labor Day, at the Kansas City Speedway mile and a quarter oval board track.

Jim Davis, Harley-Davidson, Ralph Hepburn, Harley-Davidson, Gene Walker, Johnny Krieger, Curley Fredericks, Paul Anderson, Johnny Seymour were some of the big stars in the field of twelve starters who flashed down the stretch for the running start with a 100 miles to go.

Davis Takes Lead at Start

Jim Davis let the rest of the boys hear the music of his exhaust for the first nine laps of the race. He dropped back then for a couple of laps but came back and rode along and out in front until he had to stop at the pits in the twenty-third lap.

Hep and Johnny Krieger were playing tag all the while out in front of the field. Johnny Branson, riding just like it was

old stuff to him, was stepping right on the tail of the leaders.

Lap after lap the boys came around so bunched up that it looked like a couple of motorcycle police riding in a Labor Day parade. The only difference was that Hep, Krieger and Branson had their cut outs not only open but off and they were going faster.

Branson was shooting around the board oval and at the half way mark he took the lead. Then Branson and the big stars rode their mounts for every split second of speed they could get out of their motors. Hep, Branson and Krieger took a whirl around in first place every now and then.

But it was Johnny Branson, 21 year old Kansas City messenger boy, on a borrowed Harley-Davidson, that shot across the tape when Starter Bill Ash let the checker flag drop at the end of the big race of the year.

The best previous time for 100 miles in a motorcycle race was made July 4, 1921, by Ralph Hepburn with a Harley-Davidson eight valve at Dodge City, Kansas. Hep's time was 1 hour 7 minutes 52 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds. Branson slashed off 7 minutes 41 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds with his Harley-Davidson pocket valve twin when he set a new world's record of 60 minutes and 11 seconds. This 100 mile National Championship race was limited to pocket valve motors.

Davis Makes 111.11 M. P. H.

Sounds like the name of a certain cigarette. But that's the average speed



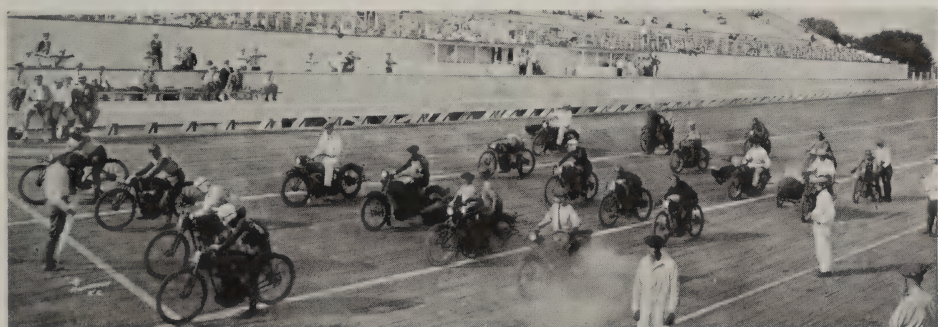
This is not a tooth paste ad. It's Jim Davis, speed star of the day, and his 111.11 miles per hour smile.

Jim Davis made with his Harley-Davidson pocket valve twin in his qualifying lap. Jim whizzed around the mile and a quarter oval board speedway in 40-2/5 seconds, at an average speed of 111.11 miles per hour.

111.11 miles per hour!

You hear a lot about a certain record made a couple years ago down at Daytona Beach, when a rider on another machine made a mark of 115.79 miles per hour. This record was made for only a kilometer (a kilometer is a little more than three-fifths of a mile) with an eight

(Turn to Page 19)



"Are you ready?" A bang, a roar and a whirl and they're on their way for the flying start of the big 100 mile National Championship Race.



"It seemed like meeting someone from home to run across another Harley-Davidson rider on a lonely road in Idaho," said Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Rasor, Sprague, Washington. Read opposite the story of their trip.

"The Gifford Motorcycle Club of Gifford, Iowa, held their annual picnic one Sunday recently," writes J. M. Johnson, the Marshalltown, Iowa, Harley-Davidson dealer, "and they invited riders from Marshalltown, Iowa Falls, Alden, Beaman and Eagle Grove to join them. We're certainly glad we took them up on their invitation, because we surely had one grand time."

It takes five weeks to ship Harley-Davidson motorcycles from the factory to our dealer in New Zealand.

Describe Trip as "One Grand and Glorious Time"

"WE had one 'grand and glorious' time on our trip," wrote Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Rasor, who came through Milwaukee from St. Louis early this summer on their way to Sprague, Washington. They were riding their Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit, which, they explained, was the fourth Harley-Davidson they have owned.

"We hit the Yellowstone Trail when we left Milwaukee," they wrote further, "following it almost the entire way. The roads were fairly good, although, of course, we had some mountains to go over that were very high and steep. The Bitter Root mountains were the worst, awfully rough and lots of sharp rocks. We took in Yellowstone Park, spending four days there.

"With the side trips that we made, we covered 2872 miles altogether. The motor never missed a stroke from the time we left. We were on the road just four weeks. We averaged 37 miles to a gallon of gas, and used three gallons of oil, and we rode all the way from 160 to 280 miles per day."

More Harley-Davidsons are sold today than any other motorcycle in the world.

You can buy a Harley-Davidson or get service way up in Anchorage, Alaska.



Domestic Sales Manager T. A. Miller went up into the North Woods on his vacation this summer. This shows Mr. and Mrs. Miller camping on the shores of Little Star Lake, Woodruff, Wisconsin. They covered almost 500 miles on this trip.



John Hogg hard at work. "Come ducks! Come ducks! Quack! Quack! Quack!"

On a Motorcycle Duck Hunt

By John E. Hogg

DID you ever try to work on a legal holiday or when you wanted to do something else? As a rule I stick pretty close to my work, but if there is anything that will get me away from my job, it is a flock of geese or ducks heading southward. When such a thing happens, it is just like waving a piece of nice smelly cheese in front of the nose of a mouse. I become the hungry mouse, and the waterfowl are the cheese, and if I do kick myself in the ankle to go on about my work, I'm all upset for the day. I can't get my mind off of ducks, gum boots, and guns, so I may as well yield to the temptation as to be hampered by it.

It was just a few days after the duck shooting season opened that I came out of my back door one morning, and was about to straddle my motorcycle for the usual daily jaunt to the office. I was in the act of kissing my wife, when a clear resonant, but unmistakable "Ah-hunk! Ah-hunk!" came floating down out

of the sky overhead. Simultaneously our noses tilted upward, and we found ourselves gazing skyward at a long V-shaped string of Canadian geese that were streaking southward high overhead. We watched the geese until they were out of sight. "Gosh!" I exclaimed, "I'd like to be parked in a duck blind today with a shot-gun. It's a legal holiday. I don't really have to work unless I want to. Come on, let's knock off for the day and go hunting? I'll 'phone the office, and tell 'em I'm going to lay off today. You put up a lunch, get your gun and your hunting togs, and we'll take the sidecar, and tour out to the San Marino Marshes."

"Oh, daddy! Do you mean it?" exclaimed Ruth, and with that she was off into the house, and began pulling guns, boots, ammunition, and hunting costumes out of the duffle locker.

When I 'phoned the office and got my partner John Ford on the wire, he was all for joining us. To this I replied:

"Come along, if you like. We'll be glad to have you."

Thirty minutes later the duck hunting party was under way with one sidecar outfit, and one solo motorcycle, heading southward along the seacoast to the San Marino salt marshes. It was a mere matter of 100 miles to the marshes, but mileage doesn't mean anything to the motorcyclist. We clicked off that 100 miles in three hours of steady running, and having gotten an early start, were on the shooting grounds two hours before noon. Automobile duck hunters occasionally visit the San Marino Marshes, but when they do they have to leave their machines nine miles from the actual hunting grounds, and cover that distance on foot. Not so with the motorcycle hunter, however. We left the main-traveled highway twenty miles from the hunting ground, took a little cut across lots, and came down on to the ocean beach, four miles after leaving the road. There we toured down the beach to the inlet of the marsh from the sea, took out across lots again for about three miles, and drove right up to the very edge of the rank growth of tules and bullrushes that mark the edge of the marsh.



Hogg, bringing in ducks shot from the sidecar blind.

All Set for the Ducks

There were ducks all over the marsh, and here and there great flocks were moving to and fro, with an occasional V-shaped streak of Canadian honkers streaming along overhead. The problem of finding a suitable blind from which to do our shooting was soon disposed of by my exploring into the marsh on foot. I found a route that lead right down to the water's edge where the soles of my rubber hip boots scarcely sank into the mud at all. It was a fine place for hiding, and setting out our decoys. Going back to the sidecar, I told the Missus to get in the sidecar, duck low, and hold on tight. She did, and in another minute we were going through the marsh like a high-powered rifle ball through pine boards. We tore up tules and cat-tails by the ton, and sent clouds of ducks scurrying skyward, but eventually we arrived right on the edge of the watery marsh where we could shoot from the cover of the bullrushes, using the sidecar as a blind. The color scheme of the outfit blended wonderfully well with the surrounding landscape, and screened as we were, there was nothing much to be done but set out the decoys, load up our guns, and get busy with the duck caller.

Activities Start With a Bang

It was just about ten minutes after we got settled that a lone pin-tail drake came streaking down-wind over the decoys. We had previously agreed that Ruth was to have the honor of the first favorable shot, and when the pin-tail drake came in, she was ready for him. She let him come until he swung his feet out preparatory to settling among the decoys. Then she raised up majestically out of the weeds. "WHANG!" went her little 20-gauge, and Mr. Pin-Tail ran "ka-plunk" right into the center of a charge of No. 6 chilled shot. He folded his wings, and went down in the marsh and over end like a drop-kicked football. Thereupon "Gum Boots" (my nick-name on the trip) was called upon to do the retrieving dog act. I was just



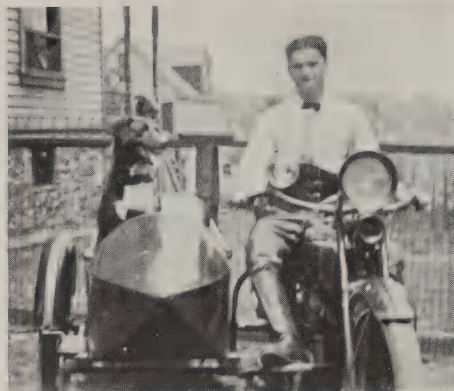
What chance has a poor, lone duck with a hunter and huntress like Ford and Mrs. Hogg on the job? The foolish canvas-back!

raising up to wade out in the marsh when "whizz-whizz," right over our heads went two mallards. "Ker-Bung!" roared John Ford's 32-inch smoke pole, and "Boom!" went my old "Long Tom" pump gun. Ford hit his duck, and I hit mine, and with three birds ready to be retrieved from the marsh, the honors of the day were pretty evenly divided for a starter. I splashed out into the marsh, picked up the three birds and stumbled ashore. We hung the ducks on the sidecar, and then resumed activities with the duck caller—that little mechanical reed "musical instrument" which seemed to say: "Come ducks! Come ducks! Come to our dinner party! Quack! Quack! Quack!"

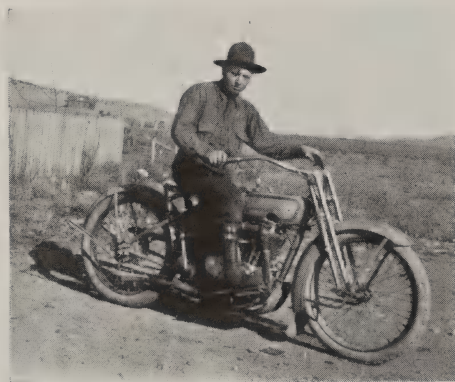
After bagging the first three birds there was somewhat of a lull in the shooting. It lasted for nearly half an hour, and during that time we became painfully aware that two hunters, one huntress, and a few thousand waterfowl were not the only tenants of the marsh. Flocks of musical-winged twist-drill mosquitoes soon made their appearance, and then along came myriad swarms of biting black gnats and "no-see-ems." They were a blood-thirsty lot, and it kept us busy fighting them off as best we could. We had to forego the luxury of Lady Nicotine as a solace and means of keep-

ing the insects away, because the slightest curl of smoke issuing from the blind would have put the screws on the possibility of more shooting. Finally the monotony of fighting off the bugs was broken by a long mallard drake dropping down over the decoys. He was completely fooled by the decoys and the duck caller until he got within about twenty feet of the blind. Then he evidently saw his mistake, and zoomed skyward with a startled "Quack! Quack!" as he went. He had discovered his mistake too late, however. Just as he sailed off into the air, a charge of chilled shot from Ruth's little 20-gauge Winchester pump gun, rose to meet him. The shot rattled audibly against his thick coating of feathers, and with that the big drake folded his wings and neck, and came down with a splash in the marshy bullrush jungle to the left of the blind. I gathered up my gum boots, and went after him, but hunted all over the vicinity of where he fell without finding so much as a dislodged feather. Finally, I was about ready to give up the search, when Mr. Mallard Drake poked his green head up out of the plashy marsh growth almost between my feet. There was no chance to use my gun without blowing the duck into bits at that close range, so I did the

(Turn to Page 20)



"Here's a photo of three real chums, a Real dog, a Real motorcycle, and a Real rider. Some combination, eh?" wrote Charles W. Rupp of Mt. Oliver, Pa., to "Hap" Hayes, recently. Charles went on to say, "I have a 1918 with a 61" motor, and believe me, I can stay with any of them. Had a swell time on the Gypsy Tour. Went over 150 miles with a sidecar passenger on three gallons of gas. Pretty cheap trip, wasn't it?"



"I am enclosing a picture of the Old War Horse," wrote Roy Stendel of Magdalena, New Mexico, when he sent us the photo we are reproducing above. Roy said further that he has been a satisfied owner of a Harley-Davidson since 1915, and has experienced many interesting and pleasant rides in all parts of the country. "Roads, no matter how bad they were, never held me back," he said in this connection," as long as I had my Harley-Davidson to fall back on."

"I have a 23 JD outfit, and think it's the greatest motor ever built and I've been riding different makes of motorcycles ever since 1913," says William B. Hughes, Jr., of Glen Allen, Va. "I am sending you a photo of my wife and self that we took on a fishing trip. With the right wind and weather and a powerful 74" to carry you to the fishing grounds, what more could a fellow want? My wife thinks it's fine to get out in the great outdoors when you have a dependable Harley-Davidson to carry you."



"This photo shows myself on my Harley-Davidson and a neighbor in the sidecar," says Gunder Omland of McIntosh, Minn. Gunder adds that he got his first motorcycle in 1913. Since then, he has had four different makes, all twins, but states that he likes his Harley-Davidson the best.





The solo riders of the new Motorcycle Division of the West Virginia State Police. From left to right, they are: Trooper Paul McClung, Corp. Edward O. Dudorics, Trooper J. B. Greever, Corp. A. D. Smythe, Troopers E. S. Duckworth, E. M. Spilman, and Harley Boyles.

Training the Motorcycle Division of the West Virginia State Police

By Dan Dresser

"**S**AY, Dan, I've got a real job for you now," said the Boss to me one morning early in August. The Boss is Joe Kilbert, manager of the Service Department here at the factory. "How'd you like to go out to West Virginia and show a bunch of those State Troopers how to straddle a motorcycle properly?"

"Sounds like some real fun, Joe, but what's the big idea?"

"Why, the way I understand it, they're just re-organizing the whole force. They used to do sort of specialized police or detective work, you know. Now they're branching out into different lines of rural police and patrol work. They have been using a number of our machines right along, ever since they were organized four years ago, but now they've just purchased thirty new machines, ten sidecar outfits and twenty solos. Said the old outfits gave such good service that they felt safe in buying more. They've opened up a training school and they've asked us to send them somebody to

teach the men assigned to motorcycle work how to ride and how to take care of their machines. Think you'll like the job?"

"Sure thing! When do I start?"

"The 15th, and you stay two weeks."

And that's how I've come to know quite a bit about one of the finest organizations in the country, and the finest set of men it's ever been my lot to meet.

I landed in Shinnston, West Virginia, or at what is also known as Haywood Junction, where the training school had been opened up, just in time to superintend the uncrating and setting up of fifteen of the new outfits. The work of training, I found, was going on in full force and was well organized. Every member of the State Police—no matter how long he had been with the department—was being put through special courses in legal information and the rudiments of police work. Captain J. R. Brockus, an ex-service man who had a great deal of experience handling and

(Turn to Page 14)

You Can't Beat these R



A couple more feet to go! This is a rear view of Dud Perkins, famous San Francisco hill climber, just as he is about to hit the top at a recent hill climb at Mount Rainier National Park.



Ever go duck hunting? You cyclists, it's a real fall sport. in a nice, tender duck after a



The boys down and around El Paso, Texas, are keen for solo riding. They're just as keen for going

all Days for Riding Joy



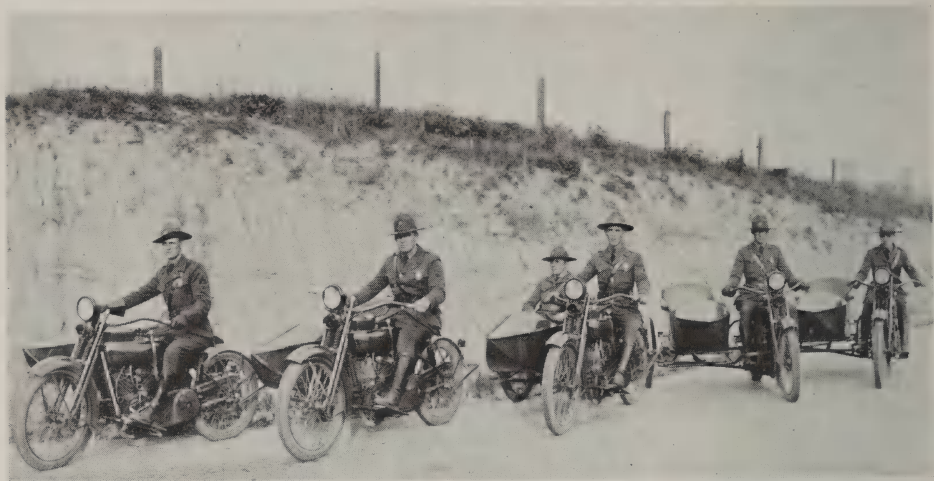
take it from these two motor-
great, too, to sink your teeth
hunt.



"Howdy!" Lawrence Unbehaun, factory salesman, right, greets
Ivan Schroeder, another factory salesman, and wife, on the road
between Maumee and Waterville, Ohio.



in bunches for a big time. This left to right picture was taken on a recent run to Larrizolas' Ranch.



Some of the sidecar riders of the new Motorcycle Division of the West Virginia State Police. From left to right, they are: Corp. H. L. McCoy, Trooper C. E. Smith, Corp. W. W. Creasey (in the sidecar), Troopers C. E. Hawks and Grover D. Townsend, and Corp. H. E. Wilson.

training men during the war, had been placed in charge of the school. The men were being sent to him forty at a time, and it was plain to be seen that he was letting no grass grow under his feet in putting them through the various courses of training. Certainly, I couldn't kick that any time was wasted in getting me at my job.

I Find Good Rider Material

It was made clear to me right from the beginning that Superintendent Jackson Arnold, the head of the State Troopers, realized that the life of the new machines they had purchased would depend largely upon the care and repair they receive, and that he intended that every man who was assigned to a machine should thoroughly understand how to ride it and how to take care of it. Seventeen men were put in my charge, and the work of training those men into good motorcyclists was the greatest sport I've had in my life. It's always fun, of course, to watch some of the antics a machine will go through when a new hand is at the handlebars, but it wasn't only that. It was the plain, downright nerve and stick-to-itiveness of those men that I enjoyed. I certainly found out what stern stuff those West Virginia State troopers are made of. "Give up" isn't a

part of their vocabularies. Some of those men had never even ridden a bicycle, and mastering their machines and learning the sense of balance at the same time turned out to be a mighty tough proposition, but did any one of them give up? They did not.

With material of this sort at my command, you may be sure that when the two weeks finally rolled around and the training season was over, I had a line-up of motorcycle officers of whom I was mighty proud. Naturally, I didn't want my work to go unremembered, so I managed to get twelve of them lined up one day and had a photo taken of them. The result appears with this story.

Courtesy Insisted Upon

Courtesy is one of the things insisted upon by Lieutenant Hobart A. Brown, who is in command of the Motorcycle Division. His men are peace officers first and foremost, he says. Besides their duties of curbing all reckless driving and every evidence of lawlessness on the state highways, they are given instructions to be "first aid to the injured" for motorists who meet with hard luck while touring.

Superintendent Arnold has stationed the motorcycle State Police on all the highways through the state. For the present, they are not on fixed posts, but

are being transferred from section to section, as the need requires them to stem the reckless driving, now so common on the narrow, winding roads throughout West Virginia.

Carmine Piles Up More Victories in Swiss Races

ALFREDO CARMINE, the Swiss rider who has been piling up so many victories for the Harley-Davidson this year, triumphed again when he won the first prize in the 1,000 c. c. (61 cubic inch) sidecar class in the Grand Prix de Suisse, one of the most important motorcycle events of the year in Switzerland. His time of 1 hour, 45 minutes, 5 seconds was the best time made for sidecars. Laeser, another Harley-Davidson rider, won third place in the same event.

Both Carmine and Laeser came in for honors again in the Bergprüfungsfahrt Thun-Heiligenschwendi race. Carmine captured first place in the 1000 cc. Solo Class, with Blickenstorfer, also a Harley-Davidson rider, third. Laeser was the winner of first place in the 1000 cc. Sidecar Class.

There are more than 1,000 Harley-Davidson dealers in the United States.



"Goodbye California. Hello Oregon!" H. Morken, San Francisco, California, and two Harley-Davidson rider companions make a 2,000-mile tour through Northern California and the Oregon Cascades. Of course, they had to stop at the State Line to take a last look at the Home State.

Carlos E. Font, Harley-Davidson rider, won the Cup Challenge race held recently by the Buenos Aires Automobile Club. The course covered 314 kilometers 500 meters. Font covered the distance in 3 hours, 40 minutes, and 5 seconds.



The Ashland Motorcycle Club of Ashland, Wisconsin, have many good times at their club house on White River. Here's a bunch of members ready to leave after a pleasant afternoon.

Frank's Mail Bag

"Is there anything you want to know about your Harley-Davidson? Tell me what it is and I'll try to help you out. I'll answer all questions with a letter. Questions that are of general interest to our other Enthusiast readers will be printed on this page of mine. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."—Frank.



I want you to tell me why my battery overflows after I put in distilled water. The acid runs out of the hole in the bottom of battery box and eats the paint off the gear box, making a whitish powder that looks bad.—F. J. S.

The battery trouble you have experienced is, I think, due to overfilling with distilled water. There is a space between the separators and the bottom of the filler plug opening of about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch which governs the amount of water that can be added. If too much water is added, the gas, which is formed during charging, will force the solution up through the filler plug and spill over the jar.

I would recommend that only enough water be added to the cells to keep the separators covered and give enough solution for a hydrometer reading. Too much solution does not increase the battery's efficiency, but rather decreases it if the solution overflows and is lost.

It may take a few minutes longer to raise the saddle when adding distilled water to battery cells, but I'll tell the world it's better to "see" how much solution there is in a cell than to guess at it and have a messy job after charging takes place.

Frank, I wish you would set my mind at ease about the charging rate of my 1923 generator. My ammeter shows a charge between 5 and 6 amperes when I ride about 30 miles per hour. My buddy says that is too much current because he burned out a negative generator brush with a high charge rate. He also said he had some dandy, larger brushes put in his generator by the dealer, and he has not been troubled since.

Fix me up, Frank, because my machine tosses a wicked tail light and I want it to keep on doing so.—H. C. S.

H. C. S., you're there, and if you follow my instructions your rig will keep on "tossing a wicked tail light."

The standard electrical system used on 1923 models does not require more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 amperes, at any rate of speed, to keep it working and properly balanced. A continuous charge of 5 or 6 amperes will, in time, wear away the generator brushes and of course stop charging. The generator is fitted with a third (upper right hand) brush which is movable to regulate the charge rate. This brush should be moved to the left (away from the right-hand brush) to cut down the current output to the desired rate.

A hexagon head screw located just above the positive brush (left hand brush) fastens the third brush movable plate and should be loosened before shifting the brush and tightened after the brush has been shifted.

Now, about those "larger" brushes. You bet they are dandies! The fellows in the engineering department rigged up big, $5/16$ inch square, brushes on brush holders that will fit all Remy 235 and Harley-Davidson model generators up to 1924. These brush holders give a slightly different angle between the brushes and commutator and with the $5/16$ inch brushes make almost perfect commutation (some word). That is, they cut down sparking and heat until these generator evils can do no harm.

When the new style, $5/16$ inch, brushes are fitted, I suggest that a complete set

(three) be used and, if possible, the commutator turned and cleaned at the time. Take my advice and let your dealer handle this job. Of course, new brush springs must be fitted to give the new brushes a good start.

The parts numbers of the new brushes are as follows: For the positive and negative brush, IR-160A. For the third or regulating brush, IR-163A.

Say, Frank, I'm all fussed over the new battery with terminals extending through to the outside of the box, and I want to know if it can be fitted to my 1921 machine without buying a new box. What does it cost? Is it any bigger than the old type of battery?—A. W. S.

P. S. Frank, why is a speed cop?

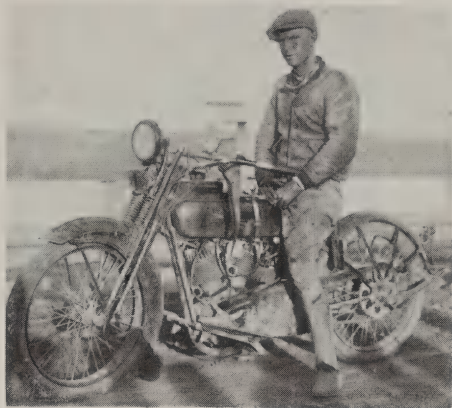
I don't blame you for getting fussed over the new juice box because it is a real job. Maybe a story of this battery will interest you.

First of all it has 4 plates in each cell, giving it 40% more capacity (life) than the 3 plate jobs. The plates are anchored with heavier straps and real long, he man, sealing nuts. The cover is much stronger and made to support the two terminal lugs. The terminal lugs pass through the box so connection can be made on the "outside" of the box and eliminate acid corrosion. Now, what do you think of it?

Fit it to your 1921 "mileage hound;" positively, it can be did. Simply cut notches in each side of the box, large enough to let the terminals pass through. This job can be done with the aid of



"Dud" Perkins congratulating E. Lodge, San Francisco, who won the Novice Class in the recent Sacramento-Reno Endurance Run, with 1000 points to his credit.



W. F. Slayton of San Francisco, riding a Harley-Davidson, won second place in the Novice Class in the Sacramento-Reno Endurance Run held September 2nd and 3rd.

tinner's snips, or with a sharp cold chisel and a block of hard wood.

Use the new style sponge rubber mats to keep the battery tight in the box and also wedge the battery in the box with wood liners treated with parafine. Do not wedge the battery too tight, but just enough to keep it from jumping around.

The new style battery lists at \$13.40 f. o. b. Milwaukee, tax included. Your dealer can fix you up with one of these new batteries.

Why is a speed cop? Oh, boy! Why is a speed cop? Good morning, Judge—how's his Excellency this morning? FINE!!!

I am planning on moving to Chicago for this winter and I want to know what grade of oil to use up there in that climate. Here in Southern California we can use summer oil the year round.—D. E. S.

Regardless of the state or territory you live in I recommend that winter oil be used in the motor and transmission when the temperature is down to 40 degrees. The winter oil can be used between 40 degrees above zero and 5 degrees below zero. When the weather is extremely cold, I would suggest adding a little kerosene (coal oil) to the oil to make it flow more freely. One pint of kerosene to one gallon of oil is about the proper proportion; or say, one part of kerosene to eight parts of oil.



Here are shown the eleven Harley-Davidson riders and sidecar passengers who were the only survivors in the recent Northwest Sectional Endurance Run. From left to right they are: Ed Geil (sidecar passenger), Gus Stone, Bert Pearson, C. F. Bruschi, Art Enarson, Ed Litchfield (Referee in background), Charles Mastolier, William Genero, Charles Miller, S. B. Whitely, Albert Grothoff, and Walt Kennedy.

Harley-Davidson Wins Northwest Sectional Endurance Run

HARLEY-DAVIDSONS scored an overwhelming victory at Spokane, Washington, August 3rd, when eight survivors of the Northwest sectional endurance run checked in with perfect scores after the 928 mile trip to Portland and return. They were all Harley-Davidson mounted.

Competitors on other machines were not in evidence at the finish. Twenty-seven contestants were on the starting line Saturday midnight. Three sidecar outfits of Harley-Davidson make were included in the perfect list. The run was under M. & A. T. A. auspices, Edward Litchfield, a newspaperman, being referee.

Those on the list of winners were: Charles Miller, Bert Pearson, Charles Mastolier, Walt Kennedy, S. B. Whitely, Art Enarson, Gus Stone and William Genero.

The run was 464 miles each way, checking stations being at Central Ferry, Walla Walla, The Dalles and Portland. A secret checking station was also operated, both going and returning.

Few mishaps marred the performances of the Harley-Davidson riders, though one or two punctures had to be attended to and time made up between checking points. Charles Mastolier, who recently captured the hill climbing honors here,

rammed a cow near Dayton, but continued his run without delay. Three cups were handed out for solo, sidecar and team awards in addition to the usual M. & A. T. A. gold medals.

Famous Wakefield Cup Is Won by Stuart, Harley-Davidson Rider

In the famous Wakefield Cup 24-Hour Reliability Trial which was held in Australia recently, W. A. Thomas, F. Howarth, and S. Stuart, all Harley-Davidson riders, tied twice. In the third and final elimination test which was held June 24th, S. Stuart took first place, making a perfect score, while W. A. Thomas and F. Howarth tied for second place, each losing two points. This trial was the severest test ever held by the Motorcycle Club of New South Wales, yet all three machines finished mechanically perfect.

"Our club held a corn roast August 31st," writes Ernest Gray, Vice-President of the Blair County Motorcycle Club, Altoona, Pennsylvania. "Twenty sidecar outfits turned out for the affair. Our president, Earl Young, lead us to our destination. We had a mighty good time, and everybody voted the affair a big success. Next Sunday, September 2nd, we are having a chicken dinner. I will let you know how it comes out."

Branson Breaks 100-Mile Record

(From Page 5)

valve twin with the wind and on a straight-away over the smooth sands of Daytona Beach.

Jim Davis made an average speed of 111.11 miles per hour for a mile and a quarter with and against the wind and around four turns and over an oval board track speedway and with only a pocket valve twin motor. Davis used the same type of motor that you and I and all the rest of us fellows (who are not as fast as Jim) use every day.

Next time one of the boys opens up with a speed argument, tell him about Jim Davis' time of 111.11 (think of the cigarette and you'll remember it) made with a Harley-Davidson pocket valve twin at the Kansas City Speedway.

Davis Shoots 10 Mile Record

Jim Davis with his fast flying Harley-Davidson pocket valve twin set a new world's record for 10 miles, won the 10 mile race and made the fastest time ever made in competition in a motorcycle race. All this happened in 5 minutes and 37 3/5 seconds when Jim won the 10 mile Kansas City Speedway Championship Race, one of the several events that were run off before the 100 mile derby. Jim's average speed for the 10 miles was 106.66 miles per hour. Ralph Hepburn with his Harley-Davidson was second to his pal, Jim, in this race.

Davis tore 8-1/5 seconds off the 10 mile world's record made February 22, 1921, by Otto Walker with an eight valve Harley-Davidson twin, at Fresno, California. Walker's record that has stood for two years was 5 minutes and 45 4/5 seconds.

Setting a new world's record for 10 miles is only half of Jim's glory in this race. Jim and his record grabbing Harley-Davidson made the fastest time in this race ever made in the history of motorcycle race competition.

Jim Davis was second and Ralph Hepburn was third in the 25 mile Australian



They call him the "Sheik of Speed" but you'll find him on the list as Ralph Hepburn, winner of 3rd place, 100 mile race.

Pursuit race, another one of the preliminaries on the big card of speed.

Albert Stuckey, Kansas City, Missouri, on a Harley-Davidson, won the 25 mile Amateur race and was given the 1924 Harley-Davidson aluminum alloy piston 74 job that was set up by the Speedway management as a prize. It looks to us as though Al was pretty well paid for this little job that only took him 16 minutes and 54-1/5 seconds. J. C. Brown, also saddling a Harley-Davidson, took third in this race.

"SOUP" sure was the big dish, Labor Day, at the Kansas City Speedway and Branson. Davis and Hepburn and their Harley-Davidson pocket valve twins were sure there with big bowls of it.

Have a good time on your vacation trip? Take any photos? Tell us about it and send us some photos and we'll print them in the Enthusiast.

Most of the photos in this Enthusiast were sent in by riders. How about sending us a photo of yourself on your Harley-Davidson?



George "Usco" Ellis and his Harley-Davidson made quite a hit with the boys up in Lacolle, Quebec, Canada, where he finished his record-breaking run from New York City recently. He covered the 364 miles between the two places in 9 hours 55 minutes.

On a Motorcycle Duck Hunt

(From Page 9)

next best thing. I began feeling around for him with my hands, and a minute later he was hauled forth by the neck. He was a magnificent big "green head," and when I handed him over to the little lady who had brought him down, she was as proud of that bird as if he had been a bull moose.

Ruth Bags the Prize of the Day

For the next hour or so the flights of the ducks about the marsh began in earnest. Flock after flock came whistling down over the blind, and we banged away at them—every now and then adding another pin-tail, or mallard to the bag of birds in the sidecar. Seven birds went into the bag with the individual honors just about evenly divided. About two o'clock in the afternoon the flights were still on, but we knocked off for a few minutes to get a crack at the lunch box even at the risk of losing a few good shots. Oh, boy! Talk about the joy of living! That lunch certainly tasted good!

As the afternoon wore on the ducks

seemed to settle down out in the inaccessible portions of the marsh—just a little too far away to be within gun range. After a while, we got tired of waiting for something to happen, so my wife and I shouldered our guns, and set out through the marsh. We were pudgling along through the boggy undergrowth with the bullrushes and spider webs sweeping across our faces, moving as silently as possible, when we heard a distinct "Quack! Quack!" down in the bullrushes just ahead of us. We were unmistakably getting close to a water puddle where a flock of ducks were desporting themselves. Whispering our plan of action, we began to sneak and wade toward where the sound had come from. It was slow, tense business, but the "quacking" ahead lured us on with tingling nerves and itching trigger fingers. We had gone but a few feet after hearing the sound when both of us were suddenly startled by a clear "AH-HUNK! AH-HUNK!" almost over our heads. I was standing in slimy black mud, and a jungle of plashy reeds almost up to my boot tops at the moment. My wife was just

(Turn to Page 22)

Harley-Davidson Team Wins High Honors in Six-Days Trial

IN the Six-Days International Trial which was held this year in Sweden from August 6th to the 12th, a Harley-Davidson team of three was the only team to come through the gruelling test with a perfect score, each man winning 900 marks. The team consisted of E. Westerberg, solo, F. E. Larsson, solo, and G. Westerberg, sidecar. They won the Manufacturer's Prize, and first prize in individual competition in both the 1000 c. c. solo and sidecar classes. They also won first and second place in the hill climb competition in the 1000 c. c. solo class, F. E. Larsson winning first prize, and E. Westerberg, second. Two riders from Norway, O. K. Wiger and E. Vau-mund, won third and fourth prizes in the 1000 c. c. solo class, also riding Harley-Davidsons.

The Six-Days International Trial is considered one of the most important and most difficult road or reliability trials of the world. About 315 kilometers (217.4 miles) has to be covered daily at an average speed of 20 miles per hour. Secret checking places, a hill climb, and a high speed test, are special features of the trial. Failure to check in at the secret checking stations, to keep up the average speed or to maintain the speed set during the high speed test, or to climb the hills named, means a penalty each time of five marks or more. Penalties are also made if a motor makes undue noise or if a vital part breaks during the course of the trial. When all these things are taken into consideration, the perfect scores made by the members of the Harley-Davidson team seem all the more remarkable.

Motorcyclists of Angola, Indiana, and vicinity recently held their sixth annual picnic. The affair went off in fine style and was unanimously voted a big success. A hill climb, in which Harley Rathbun, Angola, and his Harley-Davidson starred, was the feature event of the day.



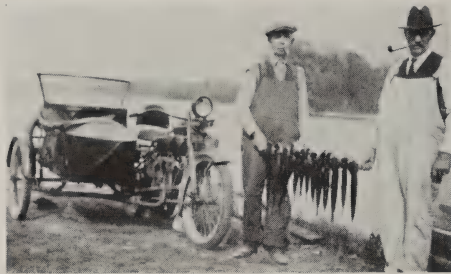
"Here's a photo of a few members of the Deer Lodge Motorcycle Club at a lonely prospector's cabin in the Rocky Mountains, 8,000 feet above sea level," writes E. L. Place, Deer Lodge, Montana.

John Grove Shows the Home Folks Some Real Climbing

THREE out of four events—ten out of eleven possible places—is the score the Harley-Davidson entrants chalked up in the Chambersburg, Pennsylvania Hill Climb. John R. Grove, Chambersburg, was easily the star of the day and showed the 5,000 home folks that turned out for the affair some real riding. He captured first place in the three professional events, the 61, 74, and 80 cubic inch, and in addition made the fastest time ever before made on the hill, when he lowered the previous record of 6 seconds to 5 seconds flat.

Kotmair, Baltimore, another Harley-Davidson rider, backed up Grove by taking second place in all of the three professional events. Third place in both the 61 and 74 cubic inch events, was won by Catanzaro, Pittsburgh, also riding a Harley-Davidson. Bodner, Pittsburgh, Harley-Davidson, was the winner of third place in the 80 Cubic Inch event, and Catanzaro, fourth. Catanzaro was also the winner of the Novice event.

In a hill climb held at Cumberland, Maryland, September 9th, Grove made another winning, when he took first place in the 61 Cubic Inch Expert event.



George Ingersoll and John Stahle, of Branchville, New Jersey, say it's easy work getting a string like this when you have a motorcycle that will take you to a good fishing iake.

On a Motorcycle Duck Hunt

(From Page 20)

a few yards away, but was apparently on more solid ground. As we looked up—there went a fine big Canadian honker not twenty yards up—straight over our heads. A shot, and a Sunday dinner such as that goose offered, was not to be passed up in favor of an uncertain flock of ducks in the marsh ahead, and without any ceremony whatever, both our guns were pointed straight upward, and roared like a single weapon. I had a vision of the goose folding up and heading earthward, but when I started to make a dash for the spot where I thought it would come down, I found myself way down in the mud—nearly to my hips, and well over the tops of my waders. My wife had disappeared in the jungle of marsh vegetation—evidently hunting for the goose. Just as I managed to pull myself out of the marsh and was dumping what seemed to be half the marsh out of my boots, Ruth burst into view a few feet away through the jungle of bullrushes, carrying the goose that seemed half as big as she. She held him up dangling by one leg from her right hand, with a single joyful exclamation, "I got him!" Yes, she had him, all right, even if I did have two wet feet, and two boots full of mud and water. With such a desirable piece of community property in sight as a ten pound wild goose, my wet feet and wetter boots, didn't cut any figure at all. For, at that moment I had a vision of how that goose

(Turn to Page 23)

Bad Weather Keeps Many Riders From Touring to Factory

THE Weatherman hasn't been very kind to tourists this last month. It has been pretty cold and rainy most of the time and not at all the sort of weather that would make even the veteran camper feel like starting out on a camping trip. All of which probably accounts for the fewer number of visitors that visited the factory during the latter part of August and the first of September. Here are the names and addresses of the brave few who defied the weather to spoil their plans:

August 17th—Andy Anderson, and A. Tilberg, Duluth, Minn., Alfred Davidson and John Addy, So. Manchester, Conn.

August 18th—Lew Miller, Spokane, Wash.

August 20th—Richard C. Lansing, New Canaan, Conn., Walter B. Davidson, River Falls, Wis., Laurence Woodman, Janesville, Wis.

August 21st—E. H. Warner, Long Prairie, Minn.

August 22nd—Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Heywood, Springfield, Mass., John Ironside and Harold Hansen, Holyoke, Mass., Joe Carr, Duluth, Minn.

August 24th—Arthur Glaski, Boston, Mass., Fred Watson, Cambridge, Mass., Edward Cooke, Somerville, Mass., James Dooladian, Watertown, Mass., Reinhold A. Zache, Watertown, Wis., J. R. Bruce, Wooster, Ohio, Leo I. Schaffter, Mt. Eaton, Ohio.

August 27th—Arthur Cozzens, Arthur N. Milster, and Wolfert E. Russell, St. Louis, Mo., Herman Wieland, Washington, D. C., Emil W. Schultz, Dundee, Ill., W. H. Seymour, Elgin, Ill., Frank Martin, and A. Wells, Olympia, Wash., Mr. and Mrs. George Etchells, Worcester, Mass.

August 28th—Robert Rolfsen, Spokane, Wash., John Tokarski, Stevens Point, Wis.

August 31st—Oscar Hagstrom, Harold Anderson, and Axel Hagstrom, Ashland, Wis., Paul C. Schneider, Chicago, Ill., H. W. Yamshet, Seattle, Wash.

September 1st—E. E. and Donald Van Pool, Janesville, Wis., Reed Miller, Rhinelander, Wis.

September 4th—Elmer L. Kincaid and Harold Campbell, Battle Creek, Mich., Earl H. Sheeler, and F. H. Warnock, Des Moines, Ia.

September 5th—James R. Babes, Philadelphia, Pa.

September 6th—Louis Patek, Los Angeles, Calif.

September 7th—George J. Plansky and Anton Yakoubek, Two Rivers, Wis., R. E. Franke, Toledo, Ohio, George Snider, and John M. Peek, Washington, Ind., John Smith and Nicholas Michaelson, Hancock, Mich.

September 10th—C. E. Johnson and G. W. De Vore, Pontiac, Ill., Geo. A. and Edward M. Phillips, N. J.

September 11th—Gust Hallberg, Ashland, Wis., Mr. and Mrs. Roy F. Sutman and Fred Schilkowski, Decatur, Ill.

September 12th—W. H. Hay, Forest Grove, Oregon.

Edgar Coers of Indianapolis, Ind., purchased his 1923 Harley-Davidson in November 1922, and since then he has ridden it 17,265 miles. The 1920 machine that he owned before, covered over 48,000 miles while it was in his possession, and it is still running good, he says. He is employed by the Western Union Telegraph Company, and averages about eighty miles a day with his machine.

On a Motorcycle Duck Hunt

(From Page 22)

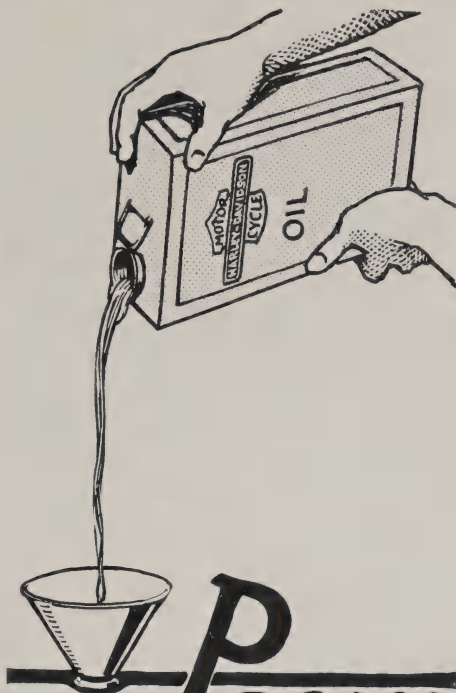
was going to look all roasted brown on a Sunday platter with the sage dressing and the gravy oozing out around him. Oh man! talk about your joys of a motorcycle wildfowl hunt! We could almost taste that goose at that minute.

The End of a Perfect Duck Hunt

We returned to the blind a few minutes later, just in time to meet John Ford coming ashore out of the marsh to hang another pair of pin-tails on the sidecar. The sun was getting low by this time. Sunset would mark the end of legal duck shooting for the day. We didn't have three legal bag limits by quite a bit, but with all the ducks we could hope to eat, and a fine fat goose for Sunday dinner, we felt that that 100 miles of road leading home to supper was worthy of some attention. By this time the boggy ground under the sidecar outfit in the duck blind had headed a bit for Davy Jone's Locker, and it took a deal of coaxing on the part of John Ford and myself behind it, and my wife operating the motor to induce it to remove itself from the marsh. It finally decided to move, however, and when it did, it rambled along like a well-behaved steed, paying little or no attention to marsh or bullrushes, until its wheels rested on solid ground.

The sun was dipping big and red into the indigo waters of the Pacific as we emerged from the marshes and woodland on to the beach—fortunate enough to catch the low tide, for the ride along the seashore to the highway. Once the highway was reached, motorcycle miles meant but little. We reached home, along toward midnight—hungry, spattered with mud, but happy.

In the Scottish Championship events held recently at St. Andrews, George Grinton, riding a 74" Harley-Davidson, won the Heavyweight Speed Championship. His time, 18 minutes, 46 seconds, is the fastest for twenty miles that has ever been made on the sands. There were nine starters in the race.



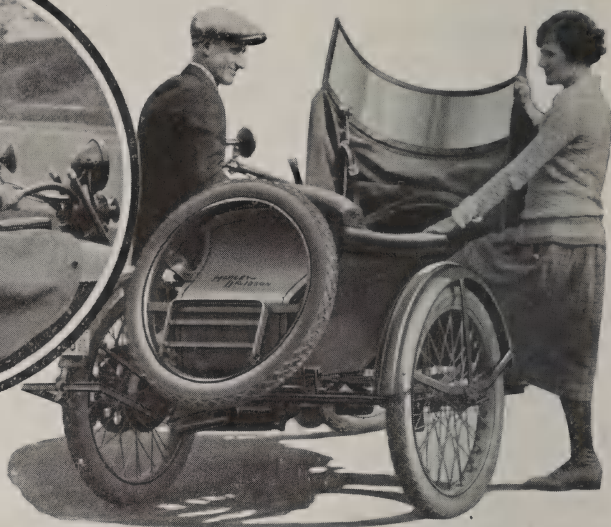
Pour
a can of
that good
Genuine
HARLEY-DAVIDSON OIL
in Your tank

P. S.—Your Harley-Davidson motor will run better these cool fall days if you use Genuine Harley-Davidson Winter Oil. Your local dealer sells it



There's protection against wind and dust with this windshield. (shown above)

There's convenience in easy getting in and out of the sidecar. (shown above)



Your Girl will like this new Harley-Davidson Windshield

Push this new Harley-Davidson Windshield ahead. Open the sidecar door. Step in. Pull back the windshield. That's how easy this new Harley-Davidson Windshield works.

Your girl does not have to be an acrobat to get in or out of your sidecar with this Harley-Davidson Windshield. There are no nuts to loosen, no trick combinations or double adjustments to untangle. You or your girl will not have to detach this windshield when she steps in your sidecar.

The windshield brackets are fastened to the sidecar body, just ahead of the door. These brackets are placed so they will not interfere with the easy opening of the sidecar door. They turn on fibre friction washers, held in place by springs, and cannot work loose or get out of adjustment.

Another big feature of this new Har-

ley-Davidson Windshield is the light weight, rigid, channel steel frame for the windshield. It's rigid and strong enough so it won't wobble and sway with the wind. There's no breakage of the Pyralin celluloid because this windshield is rigid.

Your local dealer can attach this new Harley-Davidson Windshield to your new or old sidecar in an hour or little more. This new windshield for single passenger sidecars, complete and ready to attach, sells for \$15.75, at factory, Milwaukee.

Ride over to your dealer's and give this new Harley-Davidson Windshield your once over.

Your girl is going to say "YES" in a hurry when you call around with a new Harley-Davidson Windshield on your sidecar and say "Let's go for a ride!"

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The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast



November, 1923

The Big Hunting Season is On!



"It takes real work to get a big black bear," say George Barrett and Jim Anderson of Los Angeles, California, "but, man! it's great sport. We got this fellow up in the High Sierras, about 250 miles from Los Angeles."



"Merton Hickox and myself went on a woodchuck hunt recently," writes Richard Damin of Herkimer, New York, "and had the time of our lives. Here's a photo showing the results of our hunt."



"One buck and one bear within ten hours, isn't a bad day's job, is it?" asks D. M. Page of Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Page is the man with the deer and John Woodward, the man with the bear.



The buck that Budelier got; Budelier on the saddle, and Negley sitting on the sidecar. An old-timer is pointing out another likely hunting spot.

Budelier Brings Back His Buck

(With a Harley-Davidson, of course)

By John Edwin Hogg

ASIDE from prize fights offering a ray of hope of bringing out a champion who will knock Jack Dempsey for a row of gasoline stations, or news bearing upon the possible repeal of the Eighteenth amendment and the Volstead Law, it is doubtful if there is any one subject in Southern California of greater seasonal public interest than the opening of the deer hunting season.

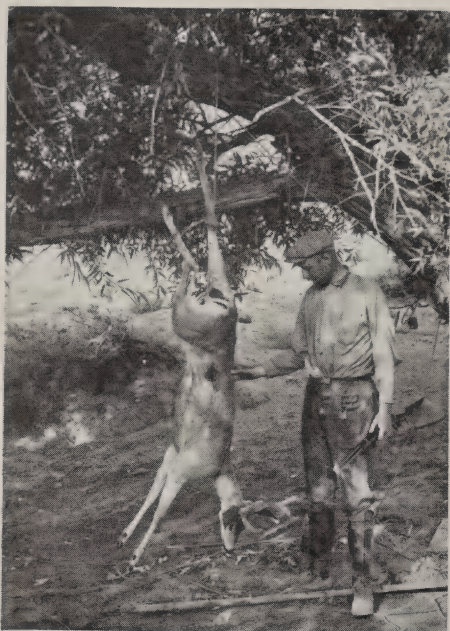
Los Angeles may be the eighth largest city in the United States, and growing as no city has ever been known to grow before, but residents in certain suburban sections of the motion picture village still erect scarecrows—not to scare crows, but to keep the deer from coming down out of the mountains to lunch upon cabbages, carrots, and other garden truck. It sounds like pure fiction, but it isn't! The reason why game is still abundant, almost within the shadow of a thriving civilization, is because of the 39,000,000 acres of national forest land that the state of California maintains to preserve the mountain water supply with

which it is necessary to irrigate the valleys.

When the deer season opens hunters post off into the forest in quest of those same deer, which earlier in the season saunter down into the valleys to nibble the garden crops. When the season is closed the deer seem as tame as domestic live stock, but when the first gun is fired some instinct seems to tell them to "take to the tall timber." There is therefore the keenest of rivalry among Southern California hunters. Everyone wants to be the first one home with a buck after the opening of the season.

Obviously, when the shooting season opens, the hunter who gets farthest away from civilization, and farthest off the beaten trail, has the best chances to bring in meat and horns. An automobile ordinarily can't get very far into national forest hunting grounds, but a motorcycle can be ridden to the end of all existing trails.

Now, in Los Angeles it happens that we have a Harley-Davidson dealer, who



A close-up of Budelier and his buck, one of the first brought into Los Angeles after the opening of the season.

is known to the bulk of the motorcycle fraternity as Rich Budelier. He's a great big good-natured scout, six feet four inches tall, and tipping the Fairbanks at 220 pounds. Furthermore, if there's any one thing that Rich loves other than his wife and kiddies—it's deer hunting. And what is more—Rich not only sells motorcycles. He rides 'em himself, and is usually Johnnie on the spot when there's anything doing in the line of motorcycle sport.

It was just a few days prior to the opening of the deer season that I dropped into Rich's motorcycle emporium. "Rich," I said, "let's break out, and go deer hunting next week." The temptation was great. Rich mused a moment. Then he spoke saying: "I'd figured on going over to Honolulu next week, but if I can borrow a good rifle from somebody, I've got a notion to forget Hawaii and go hunting." "Why, Rich," I replied, "I've got a whole cabinet full of guns out at my place. I'll loan you a good 30-30 Winchester, or about any other kind of a gun you may want." So saying, we

went on to arrange the details, and in a few minutes had all the plans mapped out.

Budelier Arrives on Time

Shortly after sunrise on the day before the opening of the deer season, I rolled up in front of the public square with a Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit in San Fernando, 25 miles north of Los Angeles where I was to meet Budelier. I didn't have to wait long, for Rich is an individual possessing that admirable trait of being on time at appointments. Right to the tick of the clock came the audible "paf-paf-paf" of a Harley-Davidson exhaust, and Rich with J. A. Negley, his "side kick" as a sidecar companion, rolled up in front of the square. Inasmuch as Budelier carried a sidecar passenger, my sidecar carried the camping outfit, guns, ammunition, fishing tackle, and groceries for three for a week's sojourn in the hills.

There were one hundred miles of paved highway from Los Angeles to the little desert town of Mojave. That hundred miles of pavement was just a matter of about three and a half hours for the two sidecar outfits. Beyond Mojave, however, our schedule slowed down a bit, because the good road ended there. Our deer hunting objective was up the Owens Valley—in Nine Mile Canyon, to be exact. Nine Mile Canyon is just one of the innumerable canyons coming down the east slope of the High Sierras, and consequently approachable only from the desert side of the range. We arrived there near sundown to find our guides waiting for us with horses, in accordance with previous arrangements.

Now, when I mention that we used horses on this hunting trip, some of my friends in the motorcycling fraternity will probably pipe up with the hue and cry—"Why didn't they go right into the hunting grounds with their motorcycles?" If anybody voices such an opinion, I can only say to them—"Whoa there, boy! Not so fast!" When we got to the guides' camp in Nine Mile Canyon we were absolutely at the end of things insofar as any form of vehicular travel is concerned. Motorcycles are great for

getting to and from good hunting country, but the motorcycle hasn't been built yet that can be ridden through California buck brush, over rock jumbles, and the jagged trackless mountain peaks of the snow-clad Sierras. When it comes to following deer, a motorcycle will take one to the deer country, but beyond—a good horse, a sturdy pair of legs, a powerful heart, and a sound pair of lungs are highly desirable.

We ate a glorious big camp supper that evening, had a pleasant discussion of hunting possibilities about the camp fire, and retired to our blankets under a bedroom ceiling consisting solely of innumerable stars—stars that seemed to be right over our heads in that clear mountain atmosphere.

We're Off on Our New Steeds

Next morning, with Chester, our guide, three saddle horses, and four pack animals, we hit the trail into the hills. Buderli had some difficulty in getting the stirrups adjusted to fit the length of his running gear. Then we heard a few comments from him regarding the fact that Pete's "tanks" were too wide for comfortable riding, and that he felt somewhat insecure due to the lack of brakes. Otherwise, the horse was all right—at least, a notch or two ahead of making the hike into the hills on foot. My own horse, "Ruby," was a reliable old piece of horseflesh, but she lacked both starter and throttle. She required no brakes, because one needed a hand calloused at the motorcycle handlebars to wield the quirt, and a picturesque vocabulary, just to keep her moving. Every time there was a blade of grass at the side of the trail Ruby would run out of gas, and there was no starting her again until the fuel was eaten.

Traveling in the mountains in the saddle of a "hay motor" is slow business for a motorcyclist. Nevertheless, we arrived in due time on the banks of the South Fork of the Kern River—the actual hunting grounds, and set up our camp. Our camping spot was all that could be desired—a level grassy flat on

the bank of a roaring mountain stream, at the base of a 1500 foot cliff, and with glorious big trees all around.

The Big Hunt is On

Next morning, of course, right after breakfast, we started out on our hunt for deer. The three of us scattered in as many different directions in order to cover as much territory as possible. I hiked all day with a tin of sardines and a square of hardtack for lunch, but failed to find any trace of game more promising than three-day old signs. Negley had arrived in camp a few minutes before I got there. He had brought in no meat, and Rich came in a few minutes later—also empty handed. For three days the hunting was continued in different quarters each day, but still we were eating bacon in camp. The fourth day we tried trout fishing, with the view of changing our camp menu a bit. We did. We tried fishing in Taylor Creek, a small tributary of the Kern River that had not been muddied by the rains in the Kern River watershed. The stream was literally alive with golden trout—10 to 14 inches in length, and apparently not one of them had even seen a fishhook before. They'd leap at anything; flies, salmon eggs, bare

(See Page 21)

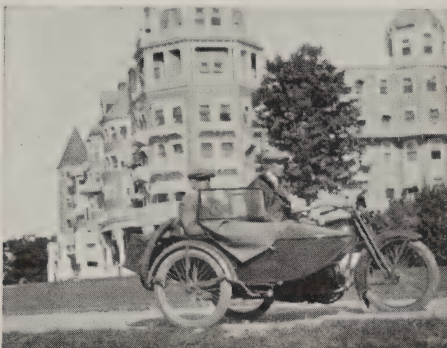


John Hogg also got his picture taken.

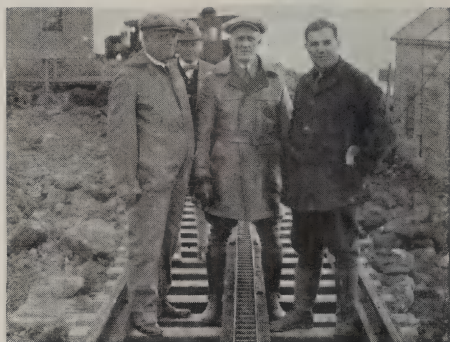
The Two Bills Take a Vacation



William Harley and William Davidson made a trip through New England with a 74" Harley-Davidson on their two weeks' vacation in September. Here Harley is pointing out a bit of interesting landscape to Bill Davidson on the road between Portland and Augusta, Maine.



Poland Springs House at Poland Springs, Maine, made an interesting background for the two Bills and their motorcycle outfit.



Davidson, Harley, and Louis St. Clair, the Gorham, New Hampshire dealer, taken on the summit of Mt. Washington, elevation about 8,000 feet.



Bill Harley, Bill Davidson, and Stanley Malanowski, former dealer at Laconia, New Hampshire, resting for a few minutes on a road near Laconia.



Who wouldn't like to join Paul Delphey on one of his coon hunts? Paul is the fellow standing next the outfit.

A Coon Hunt We'll Always Remember

By Paul Delphey, Frederick, Md., Dealer

THERE'S nothing I enjoy more than a good coon hunt. During the hunting season, I go coon hunting about three or four nights a week. My riders enjoy the sport just as much as I do, so I always take four or five of them along. I make them take turns, so that they all get a chance.

Last year we went out on a number of coon hunting trips and had some wonderful times, but there is one hunt that I remember in particular. The coons were plentiful that night and it sure was a good hunt. We started out fairly early in the evening, and by eleven o'clock we had two opossums in the bag, and the dogs were out hunting for more game. Everything was quiet when suddenly the dog we've named Music opened up along the creek, and if you had been there, you would have thought the mountain fell in because that dog sure has an awful voice. In a few minutes, the other two dogs joined in the chase, and here's where the fun came in.

All three dogs went over the hill, but

in a few minutes they returned and crossed the creek about one-fourth mile ahead of us, carrying the trail into a nearby swamp. Here's where they had hard going. They were making an awful racket up to the time they hit the swamp, but after that they quieted down a little. This was a bad place for the dogs to work, and all of us thought the chase was over. I threw my light over and around the swamp to see what they were doing. I saw Music and Leader trying to find the trail, but Carlo wasn't in sight.

We waited twenty minutes. All at once, Carlo opened up back at the creek, and in a few minutes, the other two dogs were with him. Then we had more noise. Up the creek they went, and we knew by the way they were following the game whatever it was, that they had him hot. I knew he would soon go up a tree. We started up the creek toward the dogs, and it was but a few minutes before we heard them "tree." We all rushed to the spot, and found that the



"This 'little fellow' was caught on the coyote chase at Bakersfield recently," says Lester H. Miles, of Los Angeles, California. "The boys caught six coyotes that day."

game had gone up the biggest tree he could find. I threw my light over the tree, but couldn't see a thing. We looked it over for about fifteen minutes, and as the tree was too large to climb, and we couldn't see anything on it, we decided to go. We started, but the dogs wouldn't leave with us, so we returned to the tree.

Finally, I got tired of standing around and climbed a small tree at the side of the big one, and threw my light over to see if I could find the game. After looking the tree over for about ten minutes, I saw the game near the top, but couldn't tell what it was. One of the fellows came up the tree with the gun. We had only five shells with us. I held the light on the game, and the rider held to the tree with one hand and shot with the other, but the game never moved. He shot again, and the third time, but still the game never moved. When he made the fourth shot, out he went on a limb, and then we saw it was a coon. You could hear the dogs for a mile. We had only one more shell, and it was our last chance. Everybody in the crowd wanted to shoot this last shot, but as the fellow with the gun was in the tree, we decided to let him take the chance. Bang! went the last

shot and down came Mr. Coon. The dogs piled on him and soon killed him. We looked him over and then decided to go home, as we were satisfied with what we had for one night's catch.

We all started back for the machine, but the dogs were not satisfied and went off on another trail. It wasn't much of a trail though, and they soon treed. When we got there we had another opossum. We started back for the machine for the final time with three opossums and one coon.

The picture on page 7 shows how we go hunting. There's nothing that runs on wheels that will fill the bill better than another 74" Harley-Davidson. The picture shows the kind of loads the machine carries. Our average load is one on the machine, one in the sidecar, and four in the trailer with the three dogs. This machine is my old 1921 74" model. It has been run mighty hard, but despite this and the loads we have it pull, we never have to help out by pushing, and we go on every kind of road.

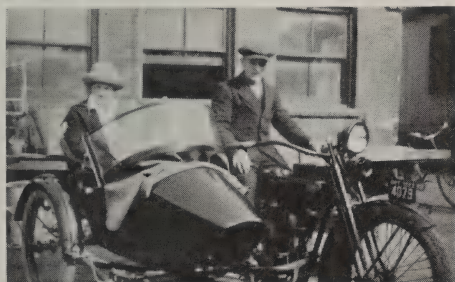
Harley-Davidsons Have the Soup at Minnesota Hill Climb

Dave Lindberg and O. Olafson, both St. Paul, Minnesota riders, showed the natives some real hill climb soup in the climb staged Sunday, September 23, by the St. Paul Motorcycle Club at Stillwater, Minnesota. Lindberg was the winner in the 61 Cubic Inch event with a tape measure of 170 feet and 3 inches. O. Olafson and Charles Ferraro, both Harley-Davidson mounted, were second and third best in this sky shoot.

O. Olafson with a mark of 179 feet was the prize getter in the 80 Cubic Inch event. Clyde Snyder, Harley-Davidson, won second.

Do you know that the Harley-Davidson Enthusiast—your magazine—has the largest circulation of any American motorcycling magazine? More than twice that of all the motorcycling trade papers combined.

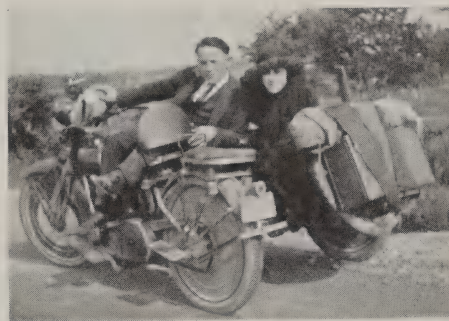
"Here's a snap of the family and myself and our 22J sidecar outfit," writes Walter G. R. Way of Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. Walter adds, "We certainly have good times with our machine. When I have a day off, we go on trips of 150 to 180 miles and take enough lunch along for dinner and supper. With our Harley-Davidson, we get out in the country where very few city folks go with cars, and it is a lot cheaper and we can get around better than with a car."



"We're twins, of course," writes Millie (in the sidecar) and Lucie Straach of Miles, Texas, "and the machine is our brother's Harley-Davidson." Millie and Lucie say further that they are just learning to ride the outfit, and that even though they have several cars, they would rather ride the Harley-Davidson any day than any one of the cars.



"This photo was taken out in the country where I stopped with the family to eat lunch," Irving E. Darling of Providence, Rhode Island, says. "Mrs. Darling and our little girl think there's nothing more enjoyable than eating their lunch in the great outdoors." Irving adds that his 1920 machine has covered over 9,500 miles and given him the best kind of service at all times.



"Mrs. Kadilak and I spent our vacation touring through Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania with our 1923 74" Harley-Davidson," says John Kadilak of York, Pennsylvania. "When we finally reached home our speedometer registered over 1,000 miles. We had only one puncture. The roads were very hilly, but the Harley-Davidson walked right over them"

1400 City, County and State Police Departments Use Harley-Davidsons



This efficient-looking motorcycle squad makes Atlantic City, New Jersey, a safe place for the thousands of visitors who patronize America's popular beach resort each year. Auto thieves find it a hard place to work, and reckless drivers are soon checked up for their misdemeanors.



You're sure out of luck if you get to Santa Clara County, California, and expect to step on the gas and let 'er out, because if you do, one of these six fellows will be on your trail in a jiffy. They're the Santa Clara County Traffic Officers.



The State of Oregon has thousands of miles of highways, among them the famous Columbia River Highway. The problem of maintaining peace and order on them is solved by the Oregon State Highway Patrol, who are shown here lined up on their Harley-Davidsons.

Hepburn Captures Pacific Coast Championship at Fresno Meet

RALPH HEPBURN, who put the sunburnt sands of California on the motorcycle speed map, is the new 1923 Pacific Coast Champion. Hep, with his Harley-Davidson pocket valve twin, captured this big honor in the five day race meet, September 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28, at the Fresno, California one-mile board track. Hep collected a grand total of 36 points in this five-day speed round-up. Jim Davis and his Harley-Davidson board polisher was runner up to Hep with a score of 26 points. Ray Weishaar, also Harley-Davidson mounted, was third high man with a total of 19 points.

Here's a summary of what happened those five eventful days at Fresno:

Monday, September 24—

5-Mile Race

- 1st—Jim Davis, Harley-Davidson
- 2nd—Ralph Hepburn, Harley-Davidson
- 3rd—Ray Weishaar, Harley-Davidson
- Time, 2 minutes and 55 seconds—an average speed of 102.85 miles per hour.

10-Mile Race

- 1st—Ray Weishaar, Harley-Davidson
- 2nd—Jim Davis, Harley-Davidson
- 3rd—Ralph Hepburn, Harley-Davidson
- Time, 5 minutes and 52 seconds—an average speed of 102.27 miles per hour.

Tuesday, September 25—

5-Mile Race

- 1st—Jim Davis, Harley-Davidson
- 2nd—Ralph Hepburn, Harley-Davidson
- 3rd—Ray Weishaar, Harley-Davidson
- Time, 3 minutes and 4/5 seconds—an average speed of 99.55 miles per hour.

10-Mile Race

- 1st—Jim Davis, Harley-Davidson
- 2nd—Ray Weishaar, Harley-Davidson
- 3rd—C. Fredericks, —
- Time, 5 minutes and 49 seconds—an average speed of 103.15 miles per hour.

Wednesday, September 26—

10-Mile Race

- 1st—Jim Davis, Harley-Davidson
- 2nd—Ralph Hepburn, Harley-Davidson
- 3rd—Ray Weishaar, Harley-Davidson
- Time, 5 minutes and 51 2/5 seconds—an average speed of 102.45 miles per hour.

10-Mile Race

- 1st—Ralph Hepburn, Harley-Davidson
- 2nd—Ray Weishaar, Harley-Davidson
- 3rd—Johnny Krieger, —
- Time, 5 minutes and 52 seconds—an average speed of 102.27 miles per hour.

Thursday, September 27—

5-Mile Race

- 1st—Ralph Hepburn, Harley-Davidson
- 2nd—Jim Davis, Harley-Davidson
- 3rd—C. Fredericks, —
- Time, 2 minutes and 58 seconds—an average speed of 101.12 miles per hour.

10-Mile Race

- 1st—Ralph Hepburn, Harley-Davidson
- 2nd—C. Fredericks, —
- 3rd—Ray Weishaar, Harley-Davidson
- Time, 5 minutes and 42 seconds—an average speed of 105.26 miles per hour.



D'you blame him for smiling? He's H. Terry, winner of the 80 inch Expert event at Boulevard Park, Los Angeles, California Hill Climb.

Friday, September 28—

10-Mile Race

- 1st—Ralph Hepburn, Harley-Davidson
- 2nd—C. Fredericks, —
- 3rd—J. Krieger, —
- Time, 5 minutes and 59 seconds—an average speed of 100.28 miles per hour.

20-Mile Race

- 1st—Ralph Hepburn, Harley-Davidson
- 2nd—C. Fredericks, —
- 3rd—J. Krieger, —
- Time, 12 minutes and 49-2/5 seconds—an average speed of 93.56 miles per hour.

Henry Terry of San Francisco won first place in the 61 Cubic Inch Open event and second in the 61 Expert event at the Bakersfield, California, hill climb held recently. Terry's boss is "Dud" Perkins. Bet "Dud" has been giving Henry some inside dope on how to shoot up these sky slants.



"This Harley-Davidson may be overloaded, but we'll get there just the same," writes William May of Willits, California.

Tell Your Pal and Friend

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Frank's Mail Bag

"Is there anything you want to know about your Harley-Davidson? Tell me what it is and I'll try to help you out. I'll answer all questions with a letter. Questions that are of general interest to our other Enthusiast readers will be printed on this page of mine. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."—Frank.



Say fellows, I just can't keep off the thought that I have a brand new 1924 model stenographer, a real sugar mama, so I had to tell you about her. First, lamp the picture and then feel sour grapes toward Frank.

You see, it happened this way—I broke two fingers and a perfectly good typewriter taking care of you birds, so the boss felt sorry for me and fixed me pretty.

Now—let's go, fellows, just write all the letters you want because this new steno of mine craves entertainment. She likes to hear me talk—you get what I mean.

Frank.

You've sure been dishing out the real stuff Frank—straight from the shoulder and your mail bag chatter has helped me gobs. Now, I want some dope on mica spark plugs and man, if you know anything about them—come to papa. I'm not sure, but I think it's those two "gluttons for spark" that keep my old faithful from doing miles in nothing flat.

Help!!!—J. Mac K.

Spark plugs—where did I hear them cruel words before? By the way: Why are spark plugs like women? We can't get along with them and we can't get along without them (poetry). But anyway old fellow, here goes for the why and how come of spark plugs, both in and out of action.

First of all, spark plugs must be made of good stuff to stand up under high speed racket and still shoot. The heat in a motor at high speed is about as hot as where we wish our landlord was, and

the plugs are located right where this heat is the greatest.

After a hard running at high speed the mica cores may show signs of I. W. W. (I won't work) and must be fixed pretty. First, I'll give you some bad plug symptoms:

When your "old faithful" shows signs of slowing up, overheating, or no power on long grades it's a pretty safe bet the "gluttons for spark" are A. W. O. L. Of course, much carbon will do practically the same thing.

Take the plugs apart and look over the mica cores and notice if any "whiskers" or flakes of mica are standing up from the cores. If such is the case, Dr. Frank prescribes fine sandpaper and elbow grease as a remedy. Sand the mica flakes off and remove any oil that may be in the core by holding them over an open flame.

After assembling the plugs, set the points (spark gaps) about 1/32 inch for generator-battery spark and .022 inch for magneto spark. You see the generator and battery give more juice in the spark and a wider spark gap can be used.

Try fixing your mica plugs as I have suggested, then broadcast me a "bedtime story" how they work.

Station F-R-A-N-K signing off.

Just how tight can I keep the chains on my machine without losing power or causing extra wear. I can't stand rattling chains, but I don't want to have them too tight.—T. A. M.

Believe me, I wish more riders would feel as you do about the drive chains, because where they are loose they make

a noise like a family of ball bearings picnicking in a washboiler.

Adjust the front or engine chain so that it will have about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch up and down motion between the two sprocket centers. The chain may possibly be stretched in one or two places and if such is the case with your chain, be sure to have it at the tightest point when allowing the $\frac{1}{2}$ inch freedom.

The rear chain also should be adjusted so as to have not more than $\frac{1}{2}$ inch up and down motion between the sprocket centers.

Don't forget to adjust your gear shifting lever, brake and speedometer gears (if used) after adjusting the chains.

Look over your instruction book for tips on chain lubrication.

Please tell me how I can lubricate the front wheel hub bearings on my 1923 model.

—F. T. S.

After removing the front wheel, remove the hub lock nut, dust washers, lockwasher and cone from one side of the hub. The axle can now be pulled out of the hub. Clean all the bearings and races with gasoline and repack with the best grade of cup grease you can obtain. I recommend Harley-Davidson No. 2 grease because it "stays put" and keeps the bearings in good condition.

When you assemble the hub, allow a trifle side shake at the wheel rim. If the bearings are adjusted too tightly, the wheel will bind and possibly break the balls. The same holds good of the sidecar and rear wheel hubs as well.

Keep your wheel bearings packed (look 'em over every 3,000 miles) and in opening up the old "geography eater", you know they will not hold back on the soup.

"Our motors ran like a top all the way." This is what J. Addy and A. Davidson, two South Manchester, Connecticut, riders had to say about their Harley-Davidson sidecar outfits when they arrived at the factory for a brief visit this summer. They were on their way to the West Coast.



Fred W. Dixon and his record-breaking Harley-Davidson. Read about his latest triumphs, in the story below.

Dixon, Riding a Harley-Davidson, Exceeds Two World's Records

TWO more world's records have been exceeded by the Harley-Davidson. On September 9th, at Paris, Fred W. Dixon of London, riding his Harley-Davidson, put up new world's kilometer records in both the 1000 c. c. solo and sidecar classes. His time riding solo was 171.878 kilometers or 106.8 miles per hour, while in the sidecar class, his time was 143.769 kilometers or 89.3 miles per hour.

Dixon also made the fastest time at the meeting, his speed being 173.326 kilometers (107.7 miles) per hour, beating the existing British one way solo record for a kilometer.

The former solo kilometer record for the 1000 c. c. class was 166.67 kilometers or 103.56 miles per hour, and was held by Gene Walker riding another make machine at Daytona Beach. The former sidecar kilometer record for the 1000 c. c. class was 139.4 kilometer or 86.56 miles per hour, and was held by Levack, riding another make machine at Brooklands.

Since these records were made in competition and no trial runs were considered, Dixon's time is indeed remarkable. The races were promoted by the Motor Club of France.



"I get lots of pleasure out of my machine," says Joseph Buerkly of Oakland, California. "I use it going to and from work, and on Sundays I take long trips into the country. My best girl usually occupies the sidecar, but she's taking my photo now."



"Here is a snapshot of myself, wife and daughter Marie, and our Harley-Davidson," writes H. H. Clarke of the British Columbia Police, Victoria, Canada. Clarke adds, "My daughter is a regular 'motorcycle baby'. She has been out in the sidecar practically every day since she was ten days old, and is getting big and strong."

"I am very well pleased with my new Harley-Davidson outfit," says Eugene Thibault of Berlin, New Hampshire, "and the more I ride, the more I want to ride. Here's a picture of my girl and myself. You can see by the way she smiles that she enjoys motorcycling as much as I do. We certainly think there's no better sport than to take a spin out into the country with a Harley-Davidson."



"When I get tired of the shop," says J. C. Tilney who signs himself the "one-legged motorcyclist" of Crawfordsville, Indiana, "I get out my motorcycle, fishing rod and gun and—Oh boy! do I enjoy myself. Gee whiz! it certainly is fine for getting out into the fresh air. It makes me feel young again."





Nope, it isn't a fleet of aeroplanes that's causing all this neck-stretching and eye-strain. It's the recent eclipse of the sun. Below you can read how Rich Budelier, who is the man on the motorcycle, scored a newspaper scoop for the Los Angeles Examiner.

Rich Budelier Helps Newspaper Score Scoop on Eclipse Story

THREADING his way on a Harley-Davidson for 225 miles through an almost continuous stream of motorists, Rich Budelier scored a big scoop for the Los Angeles Examiner at the time of the recent eclipse of the sun. A few days previous to the eclipse, it was learned that at Esenada, Mexico, about seventy miles south of the American line, the eclipse would be absolutely total. Two temporary observatories were located there. The Los Angeles Examiner wanted the latest news and pictures of the eclipse and wanted them in a hurry. It was necessary that the material arrive by nine o'clock that night, in order to come out in the next morning's paper, and also, that the pictures might reach the Trans-continental News Service.

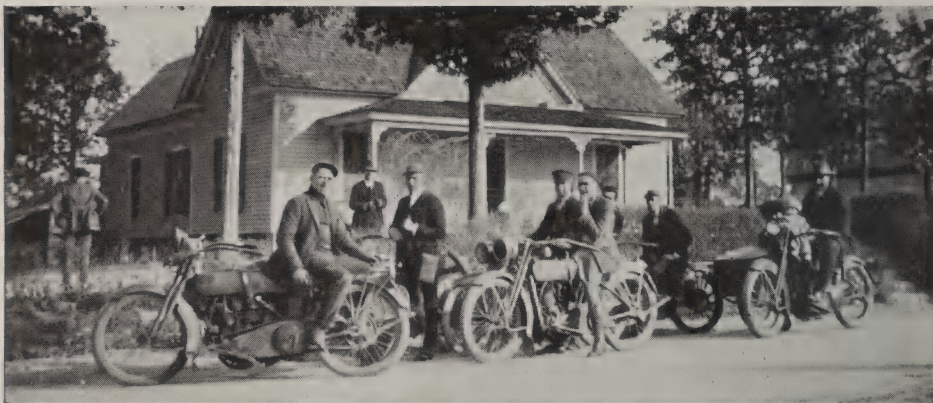
Rich Budelier, who is the Harley-Davidson dealer at Los Angeles, offered to deliver the negatives and story via motorcycle within the time stipulated. Thousands of people had motored to the southern part of California and to Esenada to view the eclipse, and getting through the congested highways at a fairly good rate of speed was a man-

sized job. For 225 miles, Budelier threaded his way in and out of the never-ending stream of automobiles, clipping off an average speed of 34.6 miles an hour. Time and again he found himself in tight places that no automobile could ever have gotten through. The miles passed and the minutes flew by. When he finally arrived at the offices of the Examiner, he had spent just six and one-half hours on the road. The negatives and story were delivered on time.

John Grove Snorts up the Hill at Pittsburgh Hill Climb

John R. Grove, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania dealer, whizzed up and over the hill at the hill climb held Sunday, September 23rd, by the Pittsburgh Motorcycle Club and took first in the 61 Cubic Inch Expert event with a mark of 16-4/10 seconds. Grove was 7/10 of a second faster than Orrie Steele, his nearest competitor, in this climb.

Grove was second to Steele in the 74 Cubic Inch Class. R. White on a Harley-Davidson copped the 80 Inch Novice event. Second and third honors in this grade gallop also went to Harley-Davidson riders.



Each Sunday finds a bunch of Durham, North Carolina, riders out enjoying the Open Road. This bunch was snapped while they were having a few minutes' rest.

Harley-Davidson Cleans Up in Oakland, California, Climb

ELEVEN out of twelve possible places! It surely was a red letter day for the Harley-Davidson at the hill climb held at Oakland, California, September 23rd. Twenty thousand fans witnessed the clean-up and went away voicing their admiration of the fine performance put up by the Harley-Davidson riders.

The drawing card of the day, the 80 Cubic Inch Expert event, was won by Walter Mattson, who swooped up the hill with his Harley-Davidson for 575 feet before he came to a standstill. George Faulders and his Harley-Davidson stopped some twenty feet below him at 553 feet and took second place. L. Elder, with his Harley-Davidson, came in third at 545 feet.

"Dud" Perkins, who never fails to pull a prize plum out of the pudding every time he enters a climb, lived up to his reputation and walked away with the honor of being the only rider to go over the top when he won the 61 Cubic Inch Expert event in 37-4/5 seconds. Walter Mattson, who later won the 80 Inch event, won second place, and G. I. Smith, likewise riding a Harley-Davidson, won third place.

G. I. Smith was also the winner of the 61 Cubic Inch Novice event, climbing 550

feet with his Harley-Davidson. F. Vinassa, Harley-Davidson, and Barney Lucas, a rider of another make of machine, tied for second place in this event at 520 feet.

The 80 Cubic Inch Novice event was captured by W. M. Duncan and his Harley-Davidson, while Fritz Kearney, Harley-Davidson, took second place, and G. I. Smith, third.

Harley-Davidson Riders Clean Up in Italian Races

THE Harley-Davidson captured the first three places in the Championship Race held on the Circuito di Padova, Italy, and the first four places in the race held on the Circuito di Brescia.

Damino Rogai, Harley-Davidson, won first place in the Circuito di Padova race, covering the 306.36 kilometers (190.25 miles) in 2 hours, 51 minutes, and 35-2/5 seconds. Edoardo Winkler came in second, and Umberto Faraglia, third.

Damino Rogai was also the winner of first place in the Circuito di Brescia race. His time for the 313 kilometers was 2 hours 33 minutes and 28 seconds, making an average speed of 122.439 kilometers (76.03 miles) per hour. Domenico Malvisi took second place, Faraglia, third, and Winkler, fourth.

Fort Scott, Kansas, to Milwaukee By W. H. Fullerton

ANY fellow who owns a Harley-Davidson and has never visited the factory, has missed something, because it certainly is well worth the time and expense to see for yourself how your machine is made. We found that out this summer when we made a trip to Milwaukee. My brother and I have always wanted to see how the machines that we have been riding for the last three years are built, so July 16th we packed up and started out for Milwaukee from our home at Fort Scott, Kansas.

Our present machine is a 1923 74" Harley-Davidson with sidecar. We carried a complete camping outfit, including a 7x7 wall tent with poles, extra clothing, a camp axe, skid chains, two tires, two tubes, two thermos bottles, a kodak, a folding bucket, wash pan and several other small articles.

From Fort Scott we went to Kansas City, Missouri, then to St. Louis, and from there to Marshall, Illinois, and north through Chicago to Milwaukee. On the return trip, we went to Elgin, Illinois, then west to Des Moines, Iowa, and South to Kansas City and Fort Scott. Most of the roads we traveled over were pretty good, and some of them were perfect.



W. H. Fullerton (sitting on the machine) of Fort Scott, Kansas, and his brother made a trip to Milwaukee and return this summer. The story opposite gives all the details.

The machine gave us excellent service, and all the repairs we had to make were to put a valve core in the front tire once and to adjust the chains twice. We used 41 gallons of gas, and 12 quarts of oil, and covered 1,758 miles. The oil and gas cost us \$12.92 for the entire trip. We averaged close to 43 miles to a gallon of gas and about 586 miles to a gallon of oil.

Loader, Harley-Davidson, Wins South African Road Race

Down in South Africa, motorcyclists are all talking about the remarkable showing H. B. Loader, a Harley-Davidson rider, made in the recent 200-Mile Road Race held from Port Elizabeth to East London. Despite the fact that the race was held over roads that are ordinarily selected for the most strenuous endurance run or reliability trial, Loader covered the 200 miles in the remarkably short time of 4 hours, 51-½ minutes, or at an average speed of 39.4 miles per hour. This time is 20 minutes and 15 seconds better than that made last year over the same course. Twenty riders, riding all makes of machines, were entered in the race, but only ten finished. Four of the riders who finished were Harley-Davidson-mounted.

More Harley-Davidsons are sold today than any other motorcycle in the world.



Walter Mattson, who captured the 80 inch Expert event in the Oakland, California climb.



"We made a vacation tour through the South this summer, covering 1240 miles," write D. W. Morgan and Wallace Butler of Savannah, Georgia. "This photo was taken at Point Park on top of Lookout Mountain, and is the entrance to the famous Lookout Mountain Battlefield."

September and October Bring Many Visitors to Factory

MANY riders took advantage of the pleasant weather we've had this fall by touring to the factory. Here are the names and addresses of those who came to see us:

September 12th—Yuson Loo, M. B. Wong, S. K. Kwong, students at University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Keith Semmens, Los Angeles, Calif.

September 13th—Roy E. Cottrill, Ames, Iowa, Milton Rabenhorst, Watertown, Wis.

September 14th—C. F. Lincoln, missionary at Tegucigalpa, Honduras, Central America, J. S. Howell, Bad Axe, Mich., traffic officer.

September 15th—C. L. Culver and G. T. Dingleline, Whitewater, Wis.

September 18th—F. Sikes, Miami Beach, Fla., Geo Watts, Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada, Herman Baures and Jay J. Douglas, Waukegan, Ill., Marcelin Palin, Tipton, Kansas.

September 19th—H. E. Camille, Biddleford, Me., Wm. N. Ulveling and J. P. Blandy, Kankakee, Ill.

September 20th—O. P. Becker, Waukesha, Wis., Bernard A. Morrien, Underhill, Wis.

September 21st—R. Mijares, Montenev, Nueva Leon, Mexico, A. H. Hewitt, Norfolk, Nebr.

September 22nd—Charles W. Wehmer, Princeton, Ind.

September 24th—Arthur Beetner, Huntsdale, Pa., Raymond Shauli, Laurel, Pa.

September 25th—J. T. Phillips, Edgarton, W. Va.

September 26th—G. Hafer and J. Schellenberg, Pitts-ville, Wis., Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Newell and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ve Meer, Des Moines, Ia.

September 27th—M. Dempsey and Wm. Schuelein, Akron, Ohio.

October 1st—Harold Zirn, Fremont, Ohio, Harley Gambee, Norwalk, Ohio.

October 6th—Joseph Shagen, Wallington, N. J., Carl Frisco, Passaic, N. J., Cyril Robar, Sublet, Wyo., C. E. Swanson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

October 7th—F. T. Freeman, Sarles, N. D.

The Chinese army uses Harley-Davidsons to get there in a hurry when trouble breaks out.

Harley-Davidson Racers Triumph in Danish Beach Trials

IN THE races held on Loekken Beach, Denmark, July 1st, Emil Jensen, riding a Harley-Davidson, made the fastest time of the day when he won the 1000 c. c. (61 cubic inch) Professional event, at the rate of 145.7 kilometers or 90.5 miles per hour. Anker Jensen also riding a Harley-Davidson, took second place in the same event, with 116 kilometers per hour to his credit.

In the 1000 c. c. Amateur class, Aa. Nielsen, made a very good showing when he whirled his Harley-Davidson down the beach and back at the rate of 110.7 kilometers (68.7 miles) per hour. Primgaard and his Harley-Davidson were the winners of second place in this class.

First place in the Over 1000 c. c. Amateur event was won by Orla Jensen, another Harley-Davidson rider. His time was 32.1 seconds, averaging 112.2 kilometers or 69.7 miles per hour.

The 1000 c. c. Sidecar class was also won by a Harley-Davidson rider, Henry Nielsen, who covered the course in 85.1 kilometers or 52.8 miles per hour.

Another recent victory of the Harley-Davidson in Denmark was the winning of the Championship of Jutland by Oris Jensen in the endurance run held August 5th and 6th.

Win Honors in Australian 24-Hour Reliability Trial

Harley-Davidson riders carried off the honors in the first event of the season in Australia, a 24-Hour Reliability Trial held by the Victorian Motorcycle Club. W. Wynne and his Harley-Davidson took first place and W. Cripps, also riding a Harley-Davidson, second. Another Harley-Davidson rider, H. J. Martyr, secured fifth place. The trial this year was held under exceptionally strenuous conditions. Due to a three weeks' rain previous to the run, 300 out of the 480 miles the competitors had to cover was a mass of sticky mud. In some cases, floods destroyed the roads and bridges.

Budelier Brings Back His Buck

(From Page 5)

hooks, and even pieces of twigs that we broke up and threw in the water after we'd taken as many fish as we needed for the camp fire frying pan.

Next day we resumed our deer hunting. About eleven o'clock that morning, and some ten miles from camp, I picked up a fresh trail, and began following it. The trail kept getting fresher and fresher. I forgot all about lunch, and everything else, and pushed on uphill, downhill, over the rocks, and through the buckthorn. About four o'clock that afternoon I was so close to my quarry that I began moving very cautiously. Finally I scaled up on to the summit of a low ridge, and began combing the surrounding country with my field glasses. I had gazed all about in the distance without seeing any trace of game when I heard some twigs snap almost startlingly near.

The Irony of Fate

I lowered the glasses, clutched my rifle, and slipped the safety catch off. Crouching in the brush I watched and waited. Then five tan colored figures slipped out of the buckthorn. I leveled my rifle, and began looking through the sights—waiting for the pair of horns that would be the signal to press the trigger to send lead and steel crashing at 300 feet per second into the meat that I expected to carry into camp that night. It seemed certain we'd eat venison, for the five animals were scarcely a hundred yards away. Without a serious attack of buck ague, I couldn't have missed my aim at that range. The first deer sauntered out of the brush into full view. It was a big doe! The second deer sauntered out. It was another doe! A third deer skipped out of the brush, and began to browse the leaves. It was another doe! A fourth deer strolled out—it might have been a buck, but it had no horns! The fifth deer—a fine big animal that I had caught a glimpse of as it milled around through the brush unaware of my deadly presence, finally followed the others out in the open. It looked as

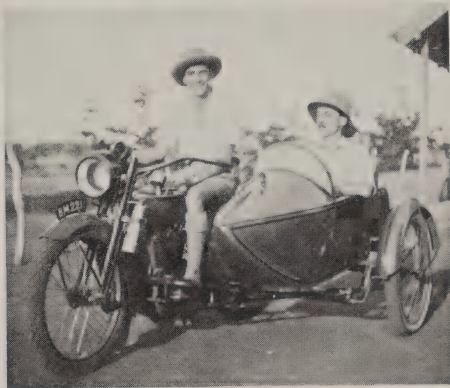
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Harley-Davidson Riders Cop Big Prizes in Michigan Run

HARLEY-DAVIDSON riders certainly pulled down some fine scores in the 24-Hour Sectional Endurance Run held September 8-9 by the Lansing, Michigan, Motorcycle Club. Out of a field of thirty starters, all but eleven finished. Fifteen riders made perfect scores, and ten of these were Harley-Davidson-mounted. Oscar Lenz, Lansing, and his Harley-Davidson copped the highest score, 1000-996, and likewise the Indian trophy in the sidecar class. Another Harley-Davidson rider, A. Woln of Detroit, scored high in the solo class and carried off the trophy put up by the Lansing club. A. Miller, Lansing, also a Harley-Davidson rider, came in second in the solo class.

Other Harley-Davidson riders who captured perfect scores in the sidecar class were, W. Wanderer, Grand Rapids, who came in second; Fred Wagner, Chicago, third; Howard Phillips, Lansing, fourth; Walter Goodrich, Lansing, sixth; Howard Jones, Lansing, ninth; F. Swada, Big Rapids, tenth, and J. Judd, Jackson, eleventh.

There are now more than 160 registered M. & A. T. A. motorcycle clubs in the United States



R. H. Fry of Orchard, Cape Province, South Africa, says, "Here's a photo of myself and a friend on my second Harley-Davidson." Mr. Fry adds that he has made several trips through Northern Rhodesia where the roads are really only paths, and always found his machine equal to the many difficulties encountered.



"We got right down to our duck hunting blind with the Harley-Davidson," say Robert Gebauer and Leo Connors of Milwaukee about their recent duck hunting trip to Winneconne, Wisconsin. "We brought down eight ducks in one-half hour," they add.

Budelier Brings Back His Buck

(From Page 21)

big as an elk—but not a horn on its head! There wasn't a deer in the herd that was legal game! "By the great pink-toed prophet!" I exclaimed aloud, rising majestically out of the brush. "Did any human being ever hear of such luck?" There I stood with my rifle ready, the game within the easiest kind of easy range—nearly half a ton of venison that I was actually hungry for—and not a bite of it that could be legally taken into camp! Disgusted, disgruntled, and disappointed, I waved my hat and shouted—"Shoo! You devils!" At that, five hornless deer heads were thrown back, and all of the five animals stood there and stared at me. I believe I could have floored all five of them had I let my right eye and itching trigger finger have their way. "Shoo! You!" I exclaimed again—that time waving my rifle in one hand, and my hat in the other. Then the five does sauntered off down the mountain-side—not in the least bit of a hurry.

Budelier and His Buck

When I got back to camp several hours later, I found Budelier sitting on a rock, with perspiration oozing out of every pore in his body. His shirt was bloodstained. "Heavens, Rich!" I ex-

claimed, "Are you hurt?" "Hurt, nothing!" he replied. "I'm ready to die! Take a look under that tree back of the camp." I looked where he pointed, and there was a fine buck—hamstrung, bled, and hanging from a limb. "I just got in," said Rich, "and I haven't got my wind back yet from all the hard work, but Oh, Man! It was worth it! Negley's coming back there among the rocks somewhere. He got a shot at another buck, but missed him."

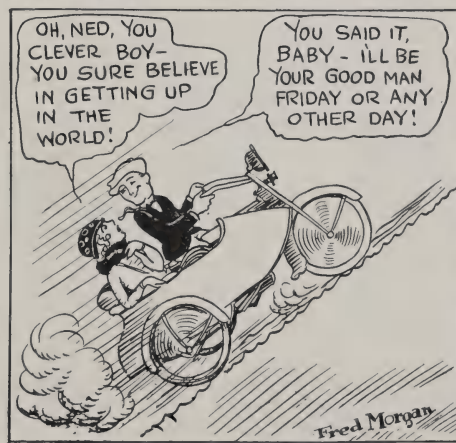
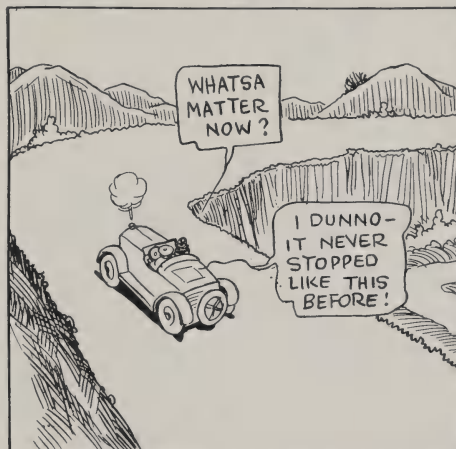
A New Publicity Stunt

Two days later, and down out of the mountains, a Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit paraded the downtown streets of Los Angeles. As it passed, thousands of people stopped in their tracks and exclaimed—"Look! Look! Look at that!" A buck with a pair of horns was draped over the cowl of the sidecar. A hunter in full mountain regalia, and with a carbine slung over his shoulder, drove the outfit. A sign attached to the vehicle read: "I got my buck with a Harley-Davidson Motorcycle." The sign also gave the name and address of the dealer who sells Harley-Davidsons in Los Angeles. With very little effort, and at small expense, said dealer was picking off a thousand dollars worth of advertising.

The following ad appeared in a Munich, Germany daily newspaper in June: "7,000,000 Mark reward for Harley-Davidson 350 lb. No. 19 T. 2814 motorcycle. Stolen January 26, 1923." Seven million marks! Just think of it! Sounds like Big Money, but in reality with the mark gone down so tremendously in value since the war, 7,000,000 marks in June, and on June 13th particularly, was equal to scarcely \$75.00 in our money. Since then, the mark has steadily declined in value so that at the time of this writing, October 10th, the rate of exchange is 14,000,000 for 1 cent, or, in other words, if a German should present you today with 7,000,000 marks, he is really giving you only ½ cent in U. S. money.

Nobby Ned

HIT THE HIGH SPOTS AND GET UP IN THE WORLD!!
RIDE A HARLEY-DAVIDSON!!



You can ride all this winter with these legshields on your Harley-Davidson

Complete and ready to attach now only

\$375

(At Factory)

*See your
Harley-Davidson dealer*



Ride Over

to your local Harley-Davidson dealer and see these four Harley-Davidson accessories that offer you and your sidecar passenger real comfort for winter riding.

1. Lap robe to be used with the legshields, featured on this page. This lap robe (not shown in the photo) is fastened to the legshields and completely covers your lap and legs. Complete, \$4.50.
2. Handlebar muffs (shown in the photo). You can keep your hands warm in these useful handlebar muffs. Complete, per pair, \$1.75.
3. New Harley-Davidson Sidecar Windshield (shown in the photo). Last month's Enthusiast told you about this new Windshield. Now all the riders are talking about it. Complete and ready to attach, \$15.75.
4. Your girl will like the classy color of this Leopard pattern sidecar robe (not shown in the photo.) The muff feature of this robe will also make another hit with her. Complete, \$15.

A PAIR of these Harley-Davidson Legshields on your Harley-Davidson will stop all those cold, wintry breezes. These legshields are made of double thickness of reinforced sheet metal with a layer of felt in between—that's enough to stop any cold wind. Each shield is attached to the motorcycle frame by strong braces. There's no rattling or shaking loose. You can attach these legshields in jig time. They're just as easy to take off.

You can get these Harley-Davidson legshields in either the snappy new Olive Green color to match your 1924 Harley-Davidson or in the Brewster Green.

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The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast

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DEC 7 1923



December, 1923



May your Christmas
be a merry one and ~
may 1924 bring you
a year rich in prosperity
and the best in life ~

Harley-Davidson Motor Co.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin



The Fewings on their way home, taking a last look at beautiful Cameron Lake, Vancouver Island, British Columbia.

Our Motorcycle Vacation Trip

By H. L. Fewings

YOU often ask in the *Enthusiast* for accounts of trips taken by riders, so I am going to give you an account of the holiday trip my wife and I went on this summer round Puget Sound and to Vancouver Island, via a 61" Harley-Davidson and sidecar.

We started out from our home in Vancouver, British Columbia. Luck was with us, for the weather broke fine, after several dull and slightly damp days (Pacific Coast dampness). We reached the border at 11:30 A. M. After waiting for a few minutes, we were passed out by the Canadian Customs and then interviewed the U. S. Immigration Official for his O. K., which was duly given and we passed along with many other tourists, also heading South, to the U. S. Customs. Here we had to wait. One Seattle tourist returning from British Columbia, had forgotten (?) to drink up his "licker" before crossing the line. There wasn't much left, but enough to cost him \$25.00 be-

fore being allowed to proceed. Poor chap! He certainly looked as if all the joy had departed out of his life. Once more, we were on our way, since we had no "contraband" aboard our craft.

At 2:00 P. M., the inner man cried out for food, so we pulled up alongside the highway and ate our first meal of the trip. Later, many stops were made to view the beautiful scenery and to help the kodak people pay a dividend. We reached Seattle at 7:00 P. M. and put the bus in a garage. Here we gave ourselves a wash and brush up, then a feed and finally turned in for a real sleep. We spent two and a half days in Seattle, taking in the parks, the many drives and the beaches, and then we went on to Tacoma, where we passed away the best part of a long day, seeing all we could. At 3:00 P. M. we left for Olympia, passing Camp Lewis, and reaching the State Capitol at 5:30 P. M. We paid a visit to the State Buildings, which are very fine, and then



You've all heard of Camp Lewis, of course. Here's a photo that Fewings snapped, showing the impressive-looking entrance that guards the camp.

headed up the west side of Puget Sound. We arrived at the town of Shelton, which is also at the end of the pavement, at 8:00 P. M.

Next day we were up bright and early and headed up the Hoods Canal, with the

camera working overtime. We had to stop four times for steam shovels working on the road. The scenery was wonderful. It was impossible to travel fast, because there was so much to look at and there were so many campers along the road all the way. We eventually found ourselves nearing Port Angeles. About four miles outside the city we stopped and made supper. Some folks from California were also attacking the grub pile. Afterwards we yarned with them until 10:00 P. M.

Leave Washington for Vancouver

Before heading for the town next day, we ran up the Union Jack alongside the Stars and Stripes, since it was July 1st, our Dominion Day. We met our California friends of the night before, and at 8:00 A. M., headed for the Olympic National Forest, a really magnificent ride. We visited Maple Grove and Lake Sutherland and then that lovely sheet of water, Lake Crescent. We hated to leave, but finally started on our return trip and arrived back in Port Angeles at 1:00 P. M., after a day which we will long remember.

Next morning we said goodbye to the State of Washington and boarded the S.

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Indian totem poles represent the family tree or history and are one of the curiosities to be seen on Vancouver Island, British Columbia. This one is located at Nanaimo.

Harley-Davidson is Hunter's Pal, Say New Mexico Trappers

"OVER the trap line on a Harley-Davidson is real he-man sport," say Glenn E. Gentner and Ernest Lovett of Steins, New Mexico, who are shown opposite with a morning's catch.

Gentner and Lovett are the caretakers of the Volcano Mines property at Steins, and do trapping on the side. "We use the Harley-Davidson to get around from trap to trap," says Gentner, "and you can bet we think a great deal of it. With it, we can go where nothing but man or burrow can go, through rocks, and sand washes, and up and down hill.

"We make our rounds daily, covering about eight miles of some of the roughest mountain country in New Mexico. We usually get a coyote or two or a bobcat on a morning's rounds. Rags, our old Airdale dog, catches all the game that gets away with the traps.

"Of course," Gentner adds modestly, "our hunting trips aren't as interesting as John Hogg's Hunting Big Horn in Old Mexico, for instance, but at that, we went out one morning this season and came back with two black tail bucks at 11:30 A. M. Not so bad, eh?

"The Harley-Davidson certainly is the hunter's pal."



Meet the mighty hunters of Steins, New Mexico, Glenn Gentner and Ernest Lovett. If you haven't read their story, better read it now. It's in the opposite column.

Grove Gets Everything in West Virginia Hill Climb

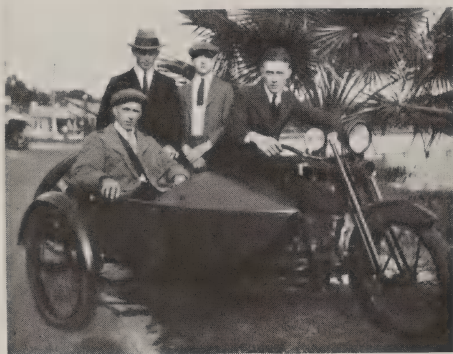
John Grove, who has come to be a big favorite with Eastern hill climb fans, staged a real clean-up at the Fairmont, West Virginia climb held October 28th. He not only captured first place in the 61" and 74" events with the Harley-Davidson, but he also won the two 80" events.



This motor-bob covered 800 miles last winter. It belongs to N. J. De Sanders, the Harley-Davidson dealer at Logan, Utah, who says he has made several long trips through the mountains with the outfit. This photo was snapped in front of the Mormon Temple.



"I hold all the records of the Cape Town Motorcycle Club with my standard stock model Harley-Davidson," says J. W. du Toit of Stellenbosch, South Africa. "One of the most important records that I made was in the road race from Cape Town to Saldanha Bay and return. That time I covered 202 miles over rough country roads in four hours and sixteen minutes."

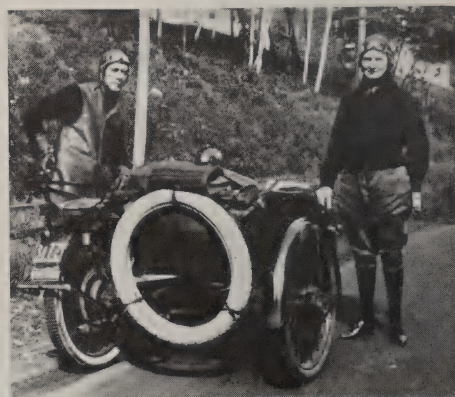


"My buddy and I have just returned from an 11,000 mile trip with my 74" Harley-Davidson," writes Philip B. Neihsel of Cincinnati, Ohio. "We traveled from September to June," he adds, "going through twenty-two states, getting as far north as London, Ontario, Canada, and as far south as Florida, where we spent the winter. The machine gave no trouble whatever enroute, and all we spent for repairs was nine dollars upon our return."

"This photo was taken at the big motorcycle picnic we had in August," writes M. Imsky of the Harley-Davidson Sales Company, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, "and shows Miss Moscovitch, who also works for this company, and myself. You can tell from our smiles that we were having a mighty good time. This was true not only of ourselves, but of everybody else at the picnic."



"We made a trip from Boston to Montreal with my 1919 Harley-Davidson this summer," says George H. Mc Kinley of Chelsea, Massachusetts, "and had the time of our lives. We did our own cooking and camped out every night. The scenery was wonderful. We took in the Berkshire Mountains, the Adirondacks, and the White Mountains, and it cost us only \$9.41 for gas and oil. Next year I hope to have a new 1924 motor with sidecar, and then we're off for California."





Here's the latest venture in Los Angeles, a barber shop on wheels. If you're late in the morning, need a shave, hop into the Taxi Quick Barber Service motorcycle and leave the rest to the barber. You can even read your paper in peace while being shaved. The shop is a regular stock motorcycle with a tandem seat facing the customer. A small electric stove keeps the shaving water warm. Rich Budelier, the Harley-Davidson dealer, is the originator of the idea.

Make 1482 Miles in Less Than Four Days With Sidecar Outfits

FROM San Francisco to Nelson, Canada, a distance of 1482 miles, in less than four days, is the record made recently by Charles Bacon and William Jacques of San Francisco with their Harley-Davidson sidecar outfits.

"I had only two weeks' vacation, and was told not to be foolish and attempt such a trip," wrote Bacon to us on his return, "but I made a trip to the southern border of the U. S. A. on my last year's vacation all right, so I thought that the machine was good for another one, and then some. We made the trip all O. K., and sure surprised the boys who were so pessimistic about it."

Mr. Bacon who was accompanied by his wife and son, said further that the trip was thoroughly enjoyed by all of them. "We made the journey in four jumps," he said, "covering 421 miles alone the first day, which brought us way up to Ashland, Oregon. From Ashland to Arlington, Oregon, was the next run, then to Spokane, and from Spokane to Nelson.

"The first part of the journey, from San Francisco to Siskiyou, was over paved highway, and was excellent. From that point, the road was through the Siskiyou mountains, a distance of 89 miles, which was very bad and required much climbing. The Columbian highway is in excellent shape, and we made some record time there. Some of the roads through Washington were pretty bad."

Both Bacon and Jacques are members of the San Francisco Motorcycle Club.



"It's great stuff, this cooking and eating meals out of doors," say the Bacon family of San Francisco. They ate all their meals this way on their vacation trip this summer, so they ought to know.



Verne Guthrie, our Pacific Coast representative, is always "Johnny-on-the-spot" where there's anything going on. He knew that all of you riders would be interested in seeing a picture of the big Berkeley, California, fire, so he and his wife hopped on to their motorcycle and took a run down to the scene of the late catastrophe. Only a part of the devastated area is shown here. A total of forty blocks of homes were destroyed.

Four Hours' Ride From the Loop Brings Him to Hunting Grounds

"JUST four hours from the loop in Chicago, not by train but with my Harley-Davidson 74", the double sidecar loaded with my wife and two children, and I am at my favorite rabbit hunting grounds," said Blaine J. Barry of Chicago, Illinois, when he sent us the photo shown below.

Barry says further: "In years gone by when I wanted to go hunting it was



This is Blaine J. Barry of Chicago, Illinois, who tells all about his hunting trips in the story appearing on this page.

my hard luck to lose a whole day in order to catch the train at four-thirty in the afternoon and arrive there at eight P. M. Then a long cold six-mile ride in a buggy, but those days are gone forever, now that I have my Harley-Davidson and sidecar."

Five thousand miles were covered by the Barrys this summer with their Harley-Davidson. "We covered this distance on time, too," Barry tells us. "By 'on time', I mean we arrived at our destination within a few minutes of the time arranged before leaving. Wherever we stopped, a crowd gathered around to admire my outfit, and I always enjoyed explaining the different parts as well as I could and answering questions."

The picture shown here, Barry says, was taken on Thanksgiving Day, and shows twenty rabbits he shot that day.

In the Lesmurdie Hill Climb held near Perth, West Australia this last season, C. H. Phillips won first place with a Harley-Davidson and sidecar with a time of 3 minutes and 44-1/5 seconds, while J. Dunkerton, also riding a Harley-Davidson, won third place in 4 minutes and 28-4/5 seconds.

Why I Like Motorcycling

By Doris Jensen

THIS IS just an every day story of motorcycling, but I'm telling this in hopes that the women of the United States will realize that motorcycles were not built entirely for men, but that women can also enjoy that wonderful outdoor sport.

The best and the happiest days I've had in my life have been spent with my Harley-Davidsons. I say "Harley-Davidson's" because I've had three. I drove my first machine, which belonged to my brother, when I was but fourteen. Since then I have driven other makes of motorcycles, but have not found any that could compare with my Harley-Davidson.

When I bought my first Harley-Davidson, all of my friends said I must have gone insane, and told me that they would soon find me in some hospital. It would surely have been lots better for a girl to buy an automobile, they said, but as my brother was interested in Harley-Davidsons, he told me to stick to it, and so I did. I kept my first machine three months, and then I sold it and bought another new Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit.

As I worked in one of the largest stores in town, and I've lived here in Hopkins, Minnesota, about ten years, everybody seemed to know me and they were all more or less interested in my motorcycling. The town has a population of 5,000 and is only ten miles from Minneapolis. In addition, my brother and I were the first two in town to own motorcycles (except for a couple of old singles). However, I was interested in motorcycling and didn't care what anybody else said.

Motorcycling has built my health. As far back as I can remember I have never taken a drop of medicine, and I can truthfully say that you can't find a healthier looking person in town. I can also say I have the rosiest complexion of



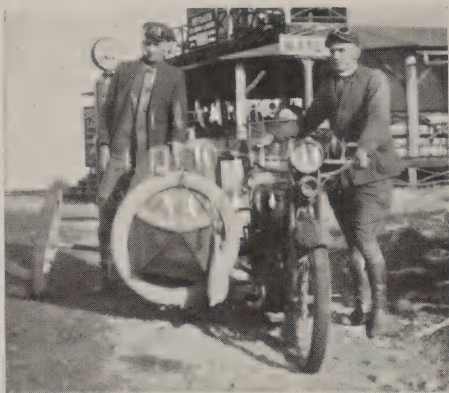
We're willing to bet that this photo of Doris will make some of the girls who think motorcycling is only for men sit up and take notice.

any girl in town, and I have never used any cosmetics or rouge of any kind.

Well, I'll now tell you what was to me my greatest mistake in my life. As you all know very well, the best of people sometimes yield to temptation, and so I did. All my friends would tell me how nice it would be for a girl to have a car of her own. Finally, I got one. I got the nicest little two passenger roadster anyone could wish for. Soon, I sold my roadster and bought a five-passenger car. In the evening, when I would leave for that nice little spin, after a long day's work, I would drive up in front of a gas filling station and say, "Put in five or ten gallons," while when driving my motorcycle, I would usually say, put in a gallon—that will last me today and tomorrow." Of course, I wasn't supposed to be worrying about expense, but my poor pocket book was always empty since I had gotten a car.

When winter came I had to buy alcohol for my radiator, and as a rule, I would usually have to crank the motor, as the starter would never turn it over, even if I did have the battery charged

(Turn to Page 22)



As champion transcontinental riders, Louis and Jerry Patek of Berwyn, Illinois, get the gold medals. A lot of riders can boast of traveling across the continent at least once, but very few can say they've done it twice as Louis and Jerry can. For details, read the story opposite.

The Harley-Davidson won three firsts, and two seconds in the races held at Bombay, India, recently, according to a cable received October 26th from G. McKenzie & Co., Ltd., the Harley-Davidson dealers at Calcutta.

Tell your pal about the new, easy \$2.50 down Club Plan of your Harley-Davidson dealer.



Motorcycle racing is gaining in popularity in Germany. This photo shows Leo Lammertz of Aachen, who, out of a field of 92 starters, won second place in an endurance run held at Cologne recently.

Riders Cross Continent Twice With Harley-Davidsons

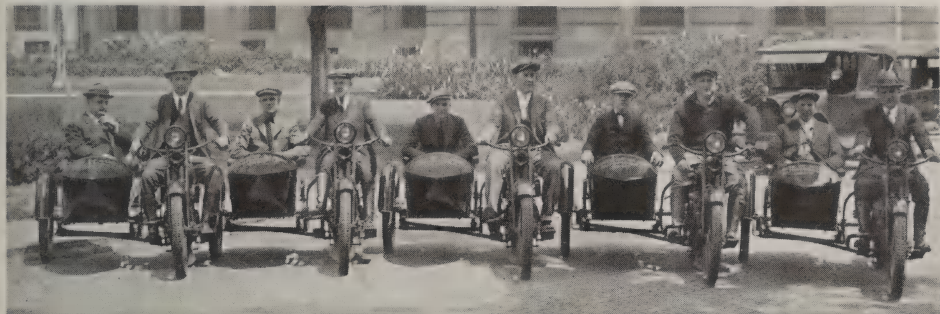
FROM Chicago to Los Angeles, Los Angeles to New York City, and New York City back to Chicago, is the long-distance trip made by Louis and Jerry Patek of Berwyn, Illinois, with their Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit. Their travels extended over a year, from one summer to another, and what they didn't see in that time isn't worth mentioning. At least, that's what they say, and when it is considered that they went via the Yellowstone Trail and Columbia River Highway to Los Angeles, stayed through the winter in the famous movie city, came back over the Lincoln Highway, almost baking enroute over the Mojave Desert, and took in Coney Island at New York City, you have to admit that they did see a whole lot.

"Mojave Desert is sure a hot place," said Louis in his comments on the trip. "It's so hot I think a fellow could fry eggs on the sand. It took us about three days to get through, covering an average of 100 miles a day. There is a gas and oil station about every fifty miles, and you can get water and plenty to eat, so there is no danger in going through the desert. One thing that scared me though was, my motor turned black in color. I asked everybody I met what caused it, but nobody seemed to know. Finally when I got in the State of Colorado and out of the desert, the motor turned back to its natural color."

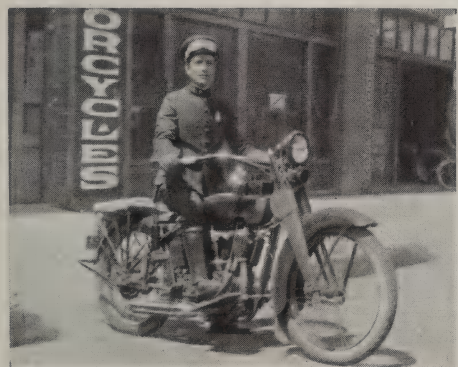
"On Broadway in New York, we were never able to stop without drawing a crowd around us, and then it was all we could do to answer the questions that were fired at us."

Louis adds that they made the entire trip from Los Angeles to New York City and back to Chicago within twenty-eight days. "There was plenty of rain, bad roads, and a lot of mountains to climb," he says, "but our machine sure has a lot of endurance. We finished the trip without experiencing the least bit of engine trouble, and we also enjoyed every mile of the way."

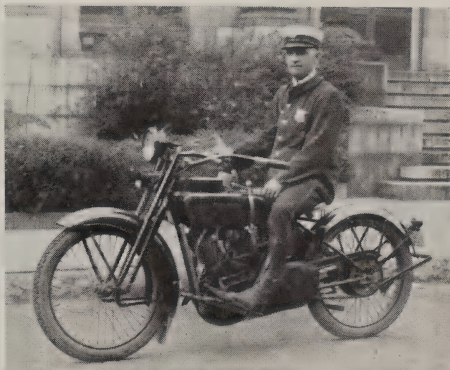
Harley-Davidsons on Duty



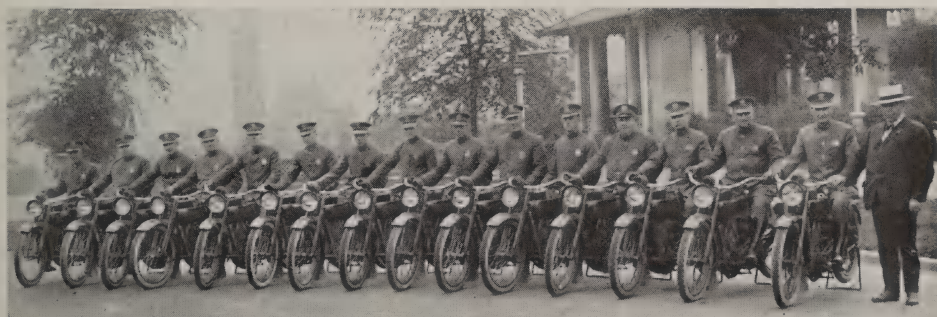
The automobile department of the Illinois Secretary of State's office, Springfield, Illinois, has ten men detailed to the special work of checking state automobile licenses on the highways. This photo shows five officers lined up with five of the Harley-Davidson outfits used and their sidecar passengers.



Mexico, too, is learning the value of motorcycle-mounted police. Here is Traffic Officer Luis Rangel of Ciudad Juarez, Chihuahua, and the Harley-Davidson he uses to help keep peace and order in this border city.



Roy Hutchinson of Zanesville, Ohio, who was recently appointed motorcycle officer for Muskingum County, won his appointment because of the good record he and his Harley-Davidson made while on the police force of the city of Zanesville.



Hudson County, New Jersey, prides itself on its well-ordered boulevard system. The task of guarding the boulevards against reckless and careless drivers and violators of all traffic laws, is handled very efficiently by this line-up of fine looking Harley-Davidson-mounted officers.



You're of these for the Mo

All the Christmas Suggestions, shown on this page, are marked with a star in the list below. The prices quoted on these suggestions in this list are at factory, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Your son, brother, husband or sweetheart rides a Harley-Davidson.

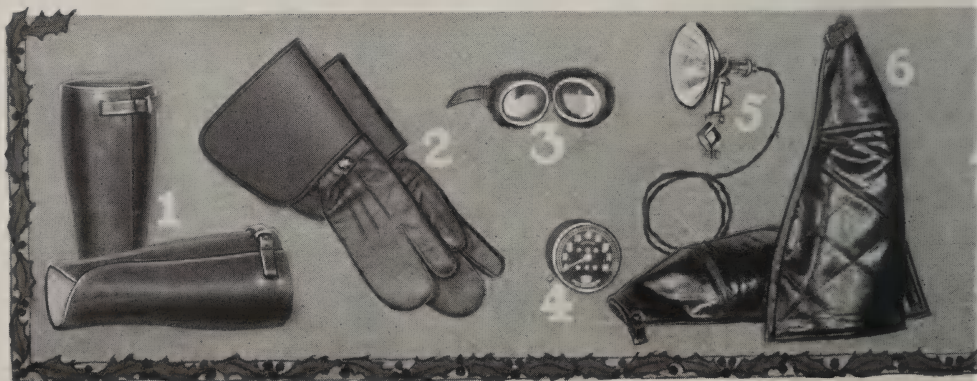
Why not give him something this Christmas that will help him to enjoy his favorite sport of motorcycling?

A well chosen Christmas gift always brings a double pleasure. You have the joy of knowing that you have selected a gift that is sure to be appreciated. Your motorcycling son, brother, husband, or

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**See these Christmas Suggestions at your Harley-Davidson
—it's the best place to select the right**

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| *1. Leather spring front puttees (unlined). \$6. | proved wiring. \$4.35 (switch 65 cents extra) | *10. Weed tire chains. |
| *2. Genuine horsehide one finger mitts. Wool fleece lined. \$4.25 | *6. Improved design handlebar muffs. \$2. | *11. New design Harley-Davidson sidecar windshield. |
| *3. Jumbo Resistal Goggles. \$3. | *7. Button neck worsted jersey with special Harley-Davidson lettering. \$5.75. | *12. Combination Harley-Davidson sidecar tire rack luggage carrier. \$ |
| *4. Corbin Speedometer with 80 mile dial. \$17. | *8. Genuine N. A. K. Resistal Goggles. \$5. | 13. Shaler Five Minute tire vulcanizer. \$1.50 |
| *5. Kay-Bee Spotlight with special Harley-Davidson ap- | *9. Leopard pattern sidecar robe with new muff feature. \$15. | 14. Harley-Davidson complete with mounting wiring. \$4.25 |



re to please with any Christmas Gifts Motorcyclist,

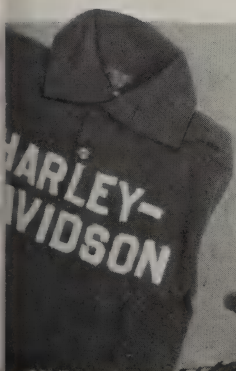
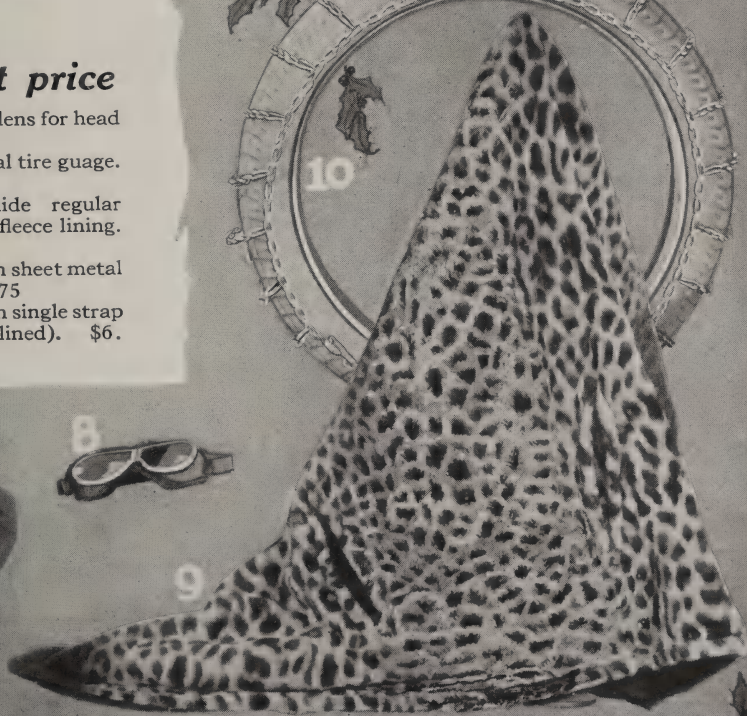
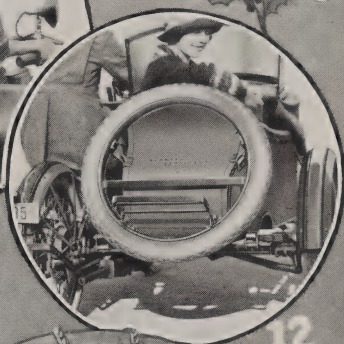
is tickled to get your gift
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the 19 Christmas Gift Sug-
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or HIM.

e to please HIM with any
tions on this page.

*the Merriest Christmas
Santa Claus*

**Dealer
at the right price**

15. Monogram legal lens for head light. \$1.
16. Shrader Universal tire guage. \$1.35
17. Genuine horsehide regular mitts with wool fleece lining. \$4.
18. Harley-Davidson sheet metal legshields. \$3.75
19. Harley-Davidson single strap style puttees (unlined). \$6.



Frank's Mail Bag

"Is there anything you want to know about your Harley-Davidson? Tell me what it is and I'll try to help you out. I'll answer all questions with a letter. Questions that are of general interest to our other Enthusiast readers will be printed on this page of mine. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."—Frank.



Since most of the boys in this neck of Iowa ride all winter, I wish you would pass on some information about battery care in cold weather. We don't want to stop riding, nor do we want to freeze up our batteries. Give us the stuff, Frank, and we will surely appreciate it—B. W.

A storage battery will keep on working for you in cold weather just the same as it does in summer if you will only give it a little more attention.

If your battery is fully charged, gravity reading 1.275, it will never freeze. If, on the other hand, you leave the battery in a discharged condition, gravity reading 1.125, it will freeze at 18° Fahrenheit above zero.

When you add water to the cells in cold weather always do so just before going for a ride. The water will then have a chance to mix with the acid which will keep it from freezing easily.

Remember that you are using your battery more in winter because the days are shorter, thus making your lights more necessary. If your battery does not receive enough juice to keep it charged, either go easy on your lights or have your dealer raise the charging rate of the generator.

Do not expect your generator and battery to carry a "Christmas tree" during the winter months, because they will not do it without overloading the electrical system.

Say, Frank, I can't get gasoline into the cylinders through the priming cocks, and believe me, on these cold mornings the

old power mill is pretty stiff. Do I have to buy new priming cocks, or can I fix the ones now in the cylinders?—H. E. J.

I sure want to help you out, old man, because it would be terrible for you to overdevelop your right leg kicking over a cold motor. Before going into the priming cock subject, I want to say that if you have not already done so, now is high time for you to change your grade of lubricating oil. You should change to Harley-Davidson winter oil after the temperature drops to about 40° above zero.

The priming cocks fill up with carbon and can be cleaned by removing them and using a piece of wire or a small nail to clean out the little holes. Also clean out the hole in the cylinder where the priming cock fits, because it usually fills up with carbon after the priming cock becomes clogged.

My friend and I have agreed to disagree over a question on the electrical system, and have decided you can help us. A says that he can run his machine with the battery out of the circuit without doing any damage to the electrical system. B says this cannot be done without overloading the generator. Which is right, Frank?

—G. McP.

All right boys, old Frank Solomon will fix you up. Whoever B is, he wins the box of used cigars. The motorcycle can be operated with the battery out of the circuit in case of emergency providing the machine is not driven faster than 18 to 20 miles per hour. This must not be

done unless absolutely necessary, because the generator voltage will rise and possibly damage the armature, commutator and brushes.

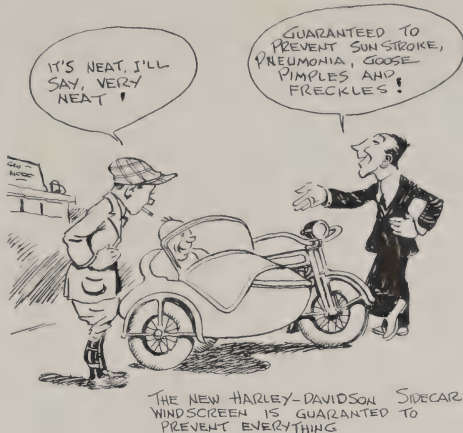
Let Uncle Frank say right here that you had better keep the battery in the circuit at all times except in case of emergency.

I suggest that the battery negative wire be grounded to the battery ground lock washer KK381P. If your machine is not fitted with one of these washers, your dealer can fix you up for about 10c.

What I want to know is why do the rear wheel spokes break out in sidecar service? I have used two or three sets of spokes during the past year, and am wondering if I could do anything to prevent future spoke trouble.—C. K.

Providing the sidecar is attached and aligned up properly to the motorcycle, there should not be enough additional strain on the rear wheel to cause it to break down. By aligning the sidecar, I mean that the motorcycle should lean away from the sidecar about 2° or just enough to make the motorcycle and sidecar wheels vertical when there is a passenger in the car and a driver on the saddle.

Wherever I have investigated spoke trouble I have usually found that the riders did not give the wheel any attention whatever, that is, they simply neglected the spokes and let them become loose to such an extent that the total weight of the machine is being carried on



Here's what Howard Freeman, cartoonist for *Motorcycle & Bicycle Illustrated*, the New York trade paper, thinks about the new Harley-Davidson sidecar windshield. Those who've tried the new shield say he's about right at that.

only a dozen or more spokes. This condition will, of course, break down a few of the spokes that have remained tight.

If you fellows will go over your wheels from time to time and tighten up all of the spokes, you will find you will eliminate breakage except, of course, in extreme cases where the machine is used for extra duty service. Personally, I find that it pays me to go over my wheels once a week.

Your pal will be tickled to hear that now he can get a Harley-Davidson on the new, easy \$2.50 down Club Plan of your Harley-Davidson dealer.

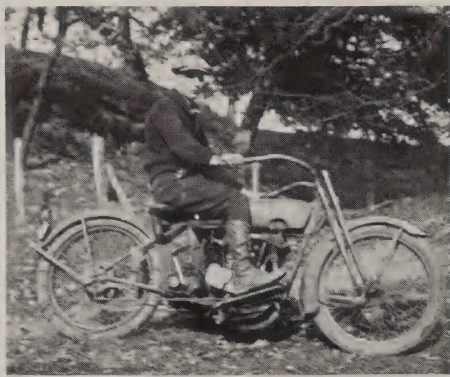


Take along an axe! You'll need one if you want to follow the example of the Lansing, Michigan Motorcycle Club who hold a Christmas Tree Run every year. That way each member gets a Christmas tree for the kiddies at home or somebody else's kiddies and a lot of fun in the bargain.



Harry Null, the star shooter from Akron, Ohio, who won the 74" Open event and was the only rider to go over the top in the recent Wadsworth, Ohio Hill Climb.

We give Gustave T. Amsler of Brooklyn, New York, credit for bringing to our attention an error which appeared on page ten of the August Enthusiast. On this page we mentioned that Ingenieur U. Torricelli of Lugano, Switzerland, climbed 2400 meters or 731½ feet above sea level with his Harley-Davidson. Twenty-four hundred meters is equal to 7,444.8 feet and not only 731½ feet, which would be a very easy task climbing, whereas climbing 7,444 feet over a mountain road is an achievement worth mentioning.



Carl Peake, who hails from Creston, Ohio, was the winner of the 61" Open event in the Wadsworth, Ohio Hill Climb.

Harley-Davidson Riders Win Two Big Events in Ohio Climb

WADSWORTH, OHIO, hill climb fans sat up and took notice when two Harley-Davidson riders, C. Peake and H. Null, carried off first place in the two feature events of the climb that was staged there on October 21st. Peake won the 61" Open and Null the 74" Open event. Null shot up the hill and over the top in the 74" event before the crowd had a chance to count to ten. Other riders tried to get over the top after that, but no one seemed to have the soup that Null had in his Harley-Davidson. Second place in this latter event was won by William Schuelein, and third place by W. Hutchinson, both Harley-Davidson riders. Third place in the 61" Open was taken by L. Peake, also riding a Harley-Davidson.

In three other events that were held, Harley-Davidson-mounted riders took one first, three seconds, and two thirds.

Dixon Exceeds Two More Records With His Harley-Davidson

THE World's Record for Five Miles and the British One Way One-Mile Record were exceeded by Fred W. Dixon, the English speedster, at the Essex Club Meeting held at Brooklands, England, September 29th. Dixon covered the five miles in 3 minutes 25.99 seconds, whirling around the course at an average speed of 87.38 miles per hour. His time for the One Mile Record was 41.2 seconds, or an average of 87.37 miles per hour.

Again, on October 23rd, at the Brooklands Championship meeting, Dixon mounted his Harley-Davidson and won the solo event, making an average speed of 100.1 miles per hour for over fourteen miles.

T. Underhill, Harley-Davidson, carried off the honors of the day in the hill climb held at Dayton, Ohio. He won first place in both the 61" and 80" events, and also made the best time of the day, 8 seconds, in the latter event.

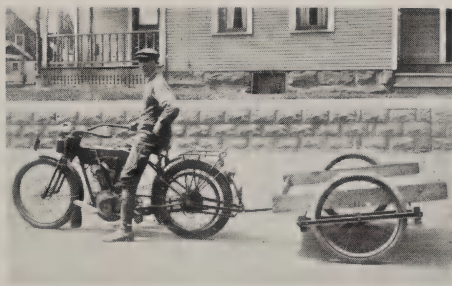
"Motorcycling is a popular sport in Holland," R. W. van der Does, Jr., of Vlaardingen, Holland, who owns the spick and span looking outfit shown in the photo reproduced below, tells us. "Motorcycles are to be seen everywhere," van der Does goes on to say, "but the Harley-Davidson is the favorite. This machine is my second Harley-Davidson."



"The girls sure enjoy riding my motorcycle," says Dan Weisser of Govan, Washington. "Here's two of them I can't seem to keep away. They like the sport so much that they're always hanging around the machine. You can just bet that if I ever get another machine, it will be a Harley-Davidson." Nope, we can't help you out. Dan forgot to give us their names.



"Here's a picture of two owls that I found on one of my motorcycle rides," writes Edson Stocking of Simsbury, Connecticut. "When the picture was taken, I was riding a 1917 Harley-Davidson, and a machine could not have been more dependable. Now I have a new 1923 74", and how she can climb and tear up the dust!"



"My Harley-Davidson with its 1912 motor may be old, but it certainly gives me real service," says Louis P. Stumpp of Akron, Ohio. "In warm weather, I get as high as 70 miles on a gallon of gasoline, and it costs me an average of only 1/6 of a cent a mile to travel. Just got back from a 1,174 mile chase over Indiana. Didn't use the trailer, and experienced no trouble. Used nine gallons of gas."



The Peace Arch, commemorating 100 years of peace between the United States and Canada, attracts a lot of attention at Blaine, Washington.

Our Motorcycle Vacation Trip

(From Page 4)

S. Sol Duc for Victoria, Vancouver Island, British Columbia. Here we had to pass the Canadian Customs and be turned inside out. This is one of the many times you are glad it's a motorcycle you have and not a car.

Victoria, the Capital City of British Columbia, can boast of many beautiful drives and places of interest. We saw most of them in the two full days we put in, for we were turning the wheels from early morn until late in the evening.

On July 4th, we headed North, going over the famous Malahat Drive, where you can look down many hundreds of feet into the sea. We took in two side trips, one to Shawnigan Lake and the other to Cowichan Lake. They are both worth a long visit, but we hadn't the time. Back on the main road, we were soon passing through Duncans and Ladysmith. We arrived in Nanaimo at 7:30 P. M. just as it started to rain. We stayed here all next day, as the B. C. dew was still falling steadily.

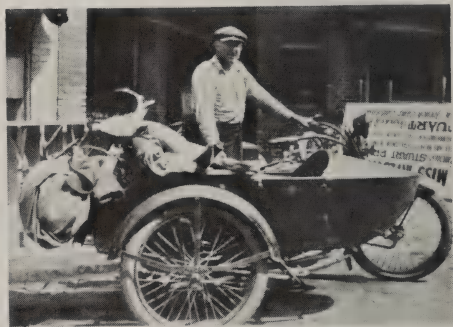
The following morning with the weather fine again and the roads free

from dust and just right for travel, we left Nanaimo at 7:30 A. M. After going about twenty miles, the wife complained of not having had breakfast, so we pulled up alongside a creek, and OH BOY! didn't the coffee smell fine and the bacon and eggs taste good. At the next town, we had to restock the pantry.

Now heading northwest across the Island, we passed through some grand timber near Cameron Lake and then into low gear up the mountain. Some climb, but there was lots of power to spare. Then we went down the other side into the town of Alberni at the head of Barclay Sound on the West Coast of the Island. Here I filled up the gas tank and a spare, and bought more provisions. It's surprising how much you can eat when on a trip!

The next few miles was through a thick forest to Great Central Lake, where we camped for two days and had some fine trout fishing. We pulled out on the ninth, and with many stops to take pictures, we arrived at Qualicum Beach, then back to Nanaimo, where we caught the steamer for Vancouver and home.

897 miles of a "Grand and Glorious" time, with no trouble whatever, and never a miss from the 61". We averaged 41.6 miles per gallon of gas, and gas and oil cost \$9.79 altogether. Our sincere hope is, that all the riders enjoyed their vacation trips as much as we did ours.



Frank Wentworth, who works for the Fire Department at Sacramento, California, got a day off recently and went deer hunting. Here's the load he brought back with him, two bucks weighing 130 pounds each.



The New Jersey Motorcycle Club recently held a run to historical Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. The photo on the left shows a couple of the riders inspecting a field bake oven, while the one on the right shows an officer's hut, also the spick and span Harley-Davidson outfit belonging to Henry Carroll who sent us the photos, and the pretty girl who accompanied him.

Harley-Davidson Cleans Up in Girard, Calif., Climb

FOUR firsts, two seconds, and three thirds, was the way Harley-Davidson riders cleaned up in the hill climb held at Girard, Calif., October 28th. Four events were held, the 61" and 80" Expert and the 61" and 80" Novice events.

"Dud" Perkins got astride a Harley-Davidson in the 61" and 80" Expert events, and made short work of the climbing job. He went over the top in both classes, making it in 18 seconds in the 80" and 17-4/5 seconds in the 61". No one else was even able to get over the hill, so "Dud" holds the honor of being the only man who ever topped this hill. H. Terry, also riding a Harley-Davidson, came in third in the 61" event with 389 feet to his credit, and S. Hamilton, second place in the 80" with 431 feet.

R. Stanyer was the Harley-Davidson rider who climbed to first place in the 61" Novice event. His stopping-off mark was 387 feet, while H. Pelton, Harley-Davidson, who took third place in this same event, climbed 306 feet.

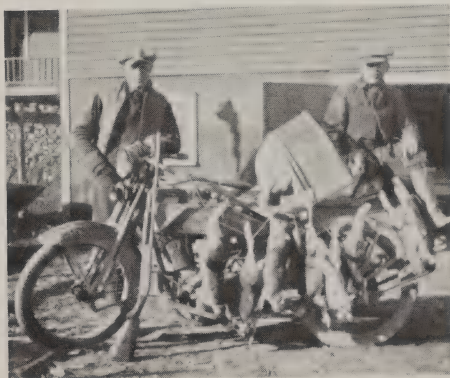
H. Pelton came in for another winning when he steered his Harley-Davidson up 386 feet in the 80" Novice, thereby capturing first place. Second place was won by F. Pelton with 382 feet, and third place by Duane Budelier with 376 feet. Both rode Harley-Davidsons.

Chinese Restaurant Owner Uses Motorcycle for Delivery

MUN HING No. 3, a prominent Chinese restaurant of Minneapolis, makes a specialty of delivering Chinese dishes to any part of the city, hot, ready to serve.

Not satisfied with any old method of delivery and wishing to deliver promptly, a Harley-Davidson with sidevan was purchased and their fast service loudly heralded through advertisements in the daily papers. Business came with a rush.

The one outstanding feature of this satisfactory service is the delivery charge of 1 cent a block.



"It took us only half a day to get this nice bunch of rabbits," Leo Connors (on the right) and Joe Nortman, two of the fellows working here at the factory, say about a recent Saturday afternoon rabbit hunting trip.



Maurice Marcus of New York City, who made a trip across the continent. The story of his trip appears below.

Rider Tours From New York to Los Angeles in 17 Days

“FOR pleasure, recreation, and education there's nothing better than a motorcycle trip across the continent,” says Maurice Marcus of New York City.

Carrying a pup tent, clothing and utensils in the sidecar, Marcus set out several weeks ago with his Harley-Davidson outfit from New York City to Los Angeles. He completed the journey in seventeen days.

“I reached St. Louis, Missouri, all alone without any trouble,” Marcus wrote, “and camped there for a few days. The night before I decided to pull out, a rider arrived from New Jersey on a Harley-Davidson. I found out that he was bound for the same destination I was, so, of course, we started out together the next day. It seemed good to have company. We enjoyed the entire trip and took in all of the parks closest to the route.”

Marcus made his return journey by way of Corpus Christi, Texas, where he stopped to visit friends for a while. He went on to Galveston, where he boarded a ship for New York City.

“I covered 6,618 miles altogether, and spent \$12.00 for repairs,—for adjusting valves and for a bearing in my generator, which I neglected to grease,” Marcus adds, and says further:

“It seems great to be back with the old gang, telling them all about my trip and showing them the medal which I got from the M. & A. T. A. for long distance touring.”

October's “Bright Blue Skies” Bring 'em to the Factory

MASSACHUSETTS, California, Washington, Minnesota, Illinois, and Iowa, are some of the states that were represented in the visitors' register during October. Naturally, with the vacation period just about over, there weren't so many riders who were able to get away during October for a trip to the factory, but those that did come certainly were a peppy bunch. No rider could travel many miles during the ideal motorcycle weather we had at that time without beginning to feel that the world could be his for the asking.

Here are the names and addresses of the October bunch, starting from October 8th, where we left off in last month's Enthusiast:

October 8th—C. H. and H. C. Santon, Newport, Rhode Island.

October 10th—Carl Brandt, Decorah, Ia., Simon Smith and R. S. Maxwell, Beloit, Wis.

October 11th—Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Britt, Hartford, Conn., Roland Speckman, Racine, Wis., Floyd C. Nims, Maquoketa, Ia.

October 12th—Merl Eugene Renner, Elkhart, Ind.

October 15th—Carroll and Norman Dietrich, Freeport, Ill., W. S. Brothers, Fishers, Ind., J. E. Kincaid, Danville, Ill.

October 16th—Walter O. Deneau, Bemidji, Minn., T. M. LeMieux, Fargo, N. D., Albin Janiak, Oshkosh, Wis., Geo. Darbant, Manitowoc, Wis.

October 17th—L. E. Horne, Omaha, Nebr., Ed Rhoades and Roland Dury, Green Bay, Wis., Joel Eckerman, Moline, Ill.

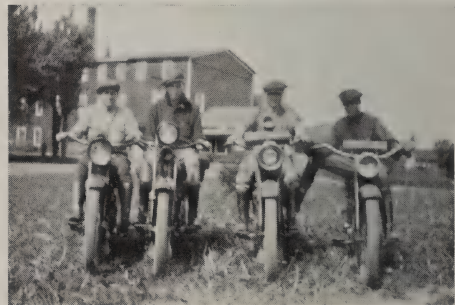
October 18th—Leroy Stoffet, Auburndale, Wis., Wm. Groenhoff, Canby, Minn.

October 22nd—J. L. Gustafson, Boston, Mass., John J. Sheehan, Woburn, Mass., J. B. Stewart, Muskegon, Mich., Gilman and Alfred Haug, Ulen, Minn.

October 26th—L. A. and H. A. Withrow, Omaha, Nebr., Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Anderson, Spokane, Wash.

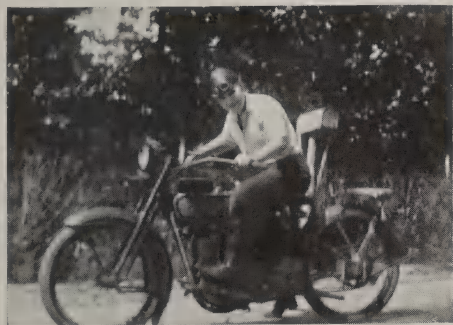
October 29th—Henry Cyr, Carroll, Ia., Fred Dinse, Oconto Falls, Wis., J. L. Doorh, Hancock, Wis., C. O. Hollen, Pittsburgh, Pa., C. R. Clemens, Los Angeles, Calif.

November 1st—Erwin Kubath, Stevensville, Mich.



This quartet of riders from Willard, Ohio, made a trip to the factory this fall. From left to right, they are: C. Shreffler, L. E. Motter, D. H. Reed, and C. D. Sherbundy.

"Happy, of course, I'm happy," says Helen Wood of Carterville, Mo., who is the goodlooking girl shown below, "and this is the way I looked after arriving home from a twenty-five mile spin on the Jefferson Highway State road on my brother's Harley-Davidson." Helen says further that she takes as much pride in fast and fancy driving as her brother does, and that some day she hopes to have a Harley-Davidson of her own.



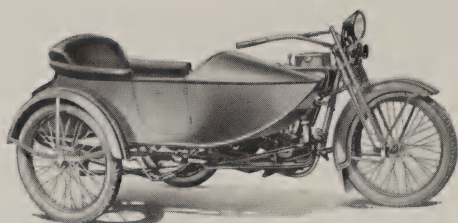
"My father and I made a trip to Miami, Fla., and return with my Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit in our three week's vacation," writes Henry M. Allen of Worcester, Mass. "We covered 4500 miles and we had some load to carry with a camping outfit, extra gas and oil, etc., but our machine 'snaked it' over the country without much effort. Our expenses for gas and oil and a few repairs amounted to only \$35.35. The machine was always running strong."



"The way you see us in this picture is the way you always see us on week-ends going fishing or spending the time with friends in the country" say Mr. and Mrs. George Rankin of Indianapolis, Ind. "Our dog knows the word 'Go,' too, and always rides as you see him." George adds that his present machine is the fourth Harley-Davidson he has owned and that he and the wife have had more good motorcycling times than they could ever begin to count.



"I certainly get a lot of fun out of my machine," says Antony Havelaar of Fairview, So. Dak. "I cover a lot of ground with it and get all over the country around here. My Harley-Davidson is a 1919 model, but you can see from the picture that it is still in fine condition. One of these days I'll be getting a new outfit, but as far as service is concerned I don't need it as yet."



You'll need a sidecar

You bet, solo riding is great sport. But you'll need a sidecar for your Harley-Davidson to get over slippery icy streets and snow and slush covered highways.

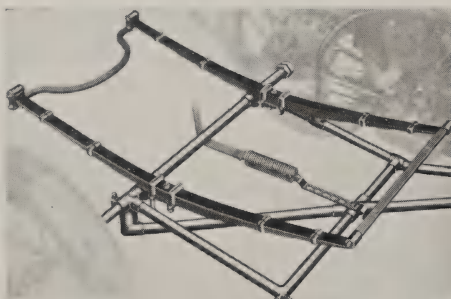
Why put the old bus in storage for the winter months just ahead? Hitch a new Harley-Davidson Ful-Floteing sidecar to your solo job and you can ride all winter.

The new design 49 inch semi-elliptic springs and the new Alemite lubrication system are two of the big features on this new sidecar that will ring the bell with you.

You can get this new Ful-Floteing sidecar in the classy Olive Green with Maroon stripe to match your 1924 solo. Or in the Brewster Green color to go with your 1922 or 1923 model.

Ride over to your dealer and give this new sidecar your once over. It's the best sidecar buy today at the new price, \$105, at factory, Milwaukee.

Here you see the 49 inch semi-elliptic springs. Note how each spring is mounted at only one point on a strong base, just in front of the sidecar axle. Snubber strap checks rebounds.



Why I Like Motorcycling

(From Page 9)

every other day or so. One morning when I was cranking, it kicked back and broke my arm, and I thought, "There now, why didn't I keep my Harley-Davidson. It never would have done this." I knew, because the winter before I had driven my Harley-Davidson right through the entire winter and the weather had been twice as cold as it had been this winter. So I said, "It's better late than never," and that night my brother took me to town and I sold my car.

Now I've gone back to that health-restoring sport again, "Motorcycling with a Harley-Davidson." After all, experience is the best teacher. Is there anything nicer than to take a spin with a Harley-Davidson down one of our beautiful country roads on a warm sunshiny day? You soon find out that you can go anywhere, everywhere at anytime with a Harley-Davidson. I notice, too, that all of my friends are "Johnny-on-the-Spot" when it comes to a motorcycle ride, and now I can at least have my pocketbook filled somewhat to the level.

If I had two million dollars, motorcycling with a Harley-Davidson would be my hobby. If I were to keep on telling you the good times I've had with my Harley-Davidson, I'd be writing here next week so I'll have to stop. One last word—I surely thank our Harley-Davidson dealer in Minneapolis for the many good things he has done for me, and I shall always boost for Harley-Davidson motorcycles.

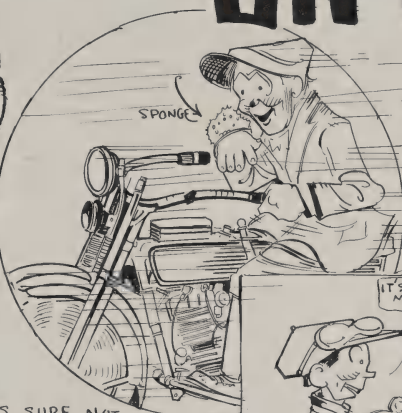
Sam Stokes of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, visited the factory this summer. He was on his way to Los Angeles, making the trip with his Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit.

You'll have more big times next spring if your pal gets a Harley-Davidson, too. Tell him about the new, easy \$2.50 down Club Plan of your Harley-Davidson dealer.

DIPPY TIPS FOR XMAS GIFTS



PIN BACK MY EARS
SWEETIE WE'RE GONNA
CUT THE OZONE



A SPONGE
TO WEAR ON
SLEEVE AS A
NOSE-WIPER.
MAKES A
THOUGHTFUL
GIFT



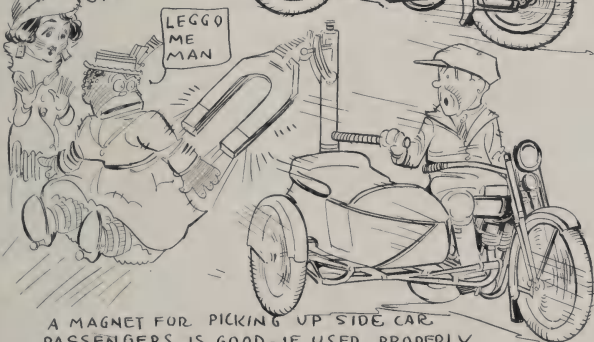
HE'S SURE NOT
TO FEEL THE BUMPS
IF YOU GIVE HIM A CACTUS
SADDLE
PAD



IT'S NEVER FAILED
ME YET

A COMPASS
THAT WILL LOCATE A GAS
STATION WHEN YOUR
TANK RUNS DRY

OH!
OH!
OH!



A MAGNET FOR PICKING UP SIDE CAR
PASSENGERS IS GOOD-IF USED PROPERLY
IT'S EASY TO PICK UP THE WRONG PARTY



A CURTAIN FOR
A LICENSE PLATE
COVER IS THE
BERRIES
WHEN
JOHN LAW
WANTS TO
INTRODUCE
YOU TO THE
JUDGE



*Have you told your pal and
friends this good news—*

**\$2⁵⁰ down buys a
Harley-Davidson
on the new, easy
Club Plan of your
Harley-Davidson
dealer**

38.05

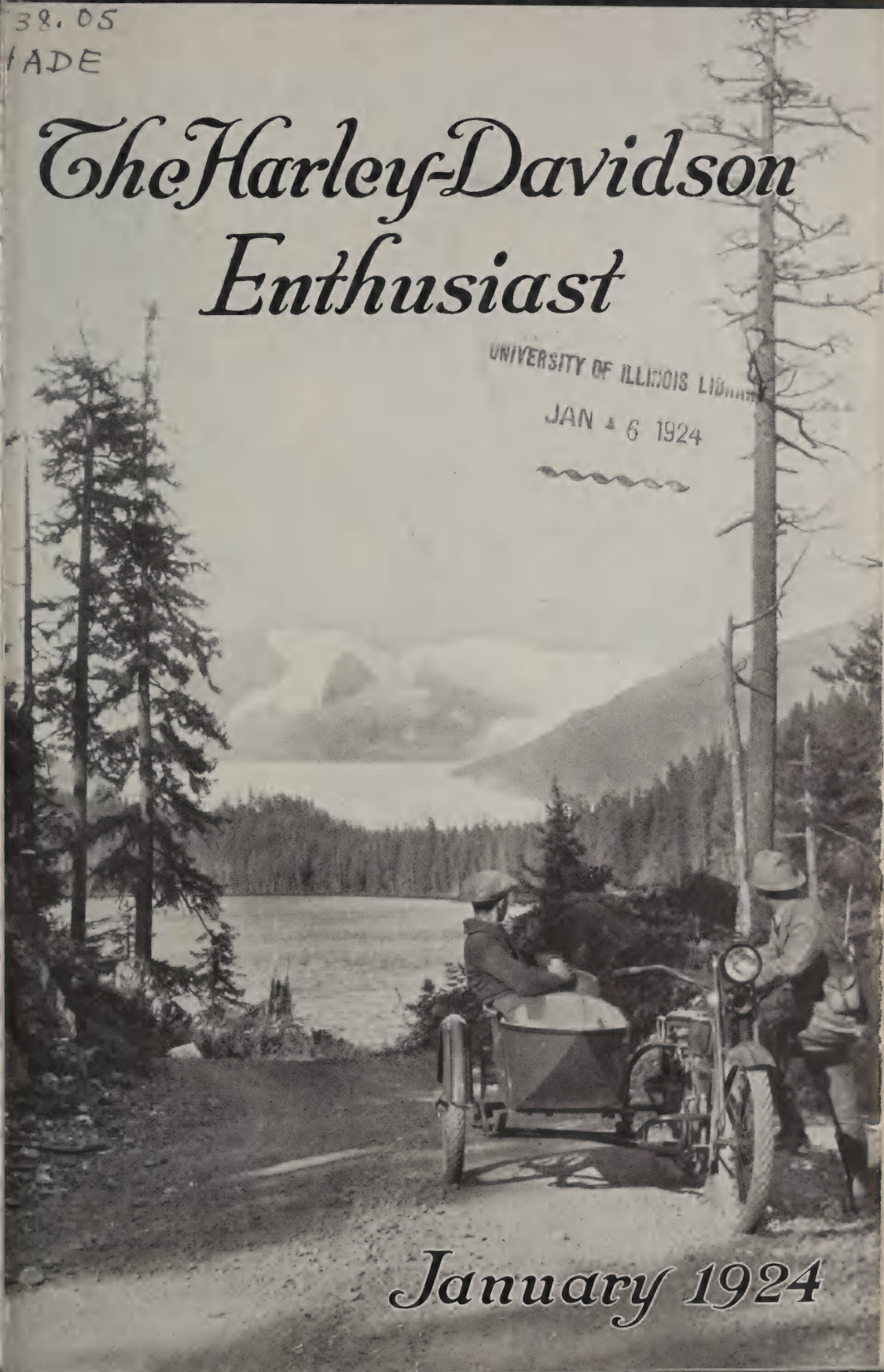
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The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast

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JAN 6 1924

January 1924



Snow-bound? Not These Fellows



"Motorcycle polo is a popular sport with the fellows around here in the winter time," says Walter Andrews, the Harley-Davidson dealer at Toronto, Ontario, Canada. "This photo shows a game in full swing on Grenadier Pond."



What youngster or grown-up for that matter wouldn't enjoy being pushed along over the snow-covered roads on a bob-sled like this? Earl Kanaga of Wenatchee, Washington, is the fellow who's showing this bunch a good time.



Want to earn an extra dollar or two? John Bakke of Barron, Wisconsin, takes in many a dollar during the winter months carrying doctors, salesmen, and others who must get over snow-bound roads. With sleigh runners under the front and sidecar wheel and a good chain on the rear, he is all set to go where other wheels cannot travel.



Here are two of the successful fox hunters who figure in the story on this page. Earl Danks is the man on the left and Bill Rowland, the fellow in the sidecar.

A Fox Hunt in Northeast Iowa

By Earl Danks

"THIS you, Floyd? Say, Floyd, how about going on a fox hunt? This snow we've had today has just made things pretty, so you and Bill better come over to the house tomorrow, and we'll go on a regular old-fashioned fox hunt with the Harley-Davidson. What say?"

That's what I said, or words to that effect when I called up my two old pals, Floyd Harris and Will Rowland, one Saturday and made arrangements for a fox hunt the next day. Did Floyd and Bill jump at the chance? Well, I guess they did. For fun and excitement during the winter, they agree with me that there's nothing like getting out with the Harley-Davidson, going to the woods, and routing out a fox or two to take home with us.

On this particular Sunday, the roads were very icy and consequently slippery because it had been rainy and sleety a few days before, and on top of all this was the coating of snow. It was early in the afternoon before we got started.

Floyd and Bill piled into the sidecar and I got on the saddle, and off we started.

The woods I had in mind were about eight miles from West Union. I had seen foxes in this vicinity several weeks before, and told the boys I was sure we could do some shooting that afternoon. I wasn't a bad prophet at that, because we sure did have a real afternoon's sport, and we didn't have to be ashamed of our half day's work.

After about forty minutes' riding over rough, frozen roads, we reached our destination. The machine performed fine all the way, even though it was carrying an extra heavy load, and the roads were none too good. We left the machine and after picking up our rifles, started off into the woods. Bill carried a .22 Savage Hi-power rifle, while Floyd and I had a .250-3000 Savage rifle, so you see we were all ready for Mr. Fox and it would be pretty dangerous for one of his tribe to come within range of our rifles.

We decided to each walk a different route or direction. Floyd went over on



This photo shows Earl and Bill again, also the fox that Earl shot. Guess Floyd must have taken the pictures.

the south hillside and traveled east; Bill walked down the valley along the creek, and I walked along on top of the north hillside and went east. We were all to meet at a certain bridge that spans the creek about four miles below. In this way, we figured that we would undoubtedly get to see any fox that might be roving around in that vicinity, and one of us at least would get a shot at him if one was jumped.

Things Start Coming Our Way

I had been walking along the north hill side for about two miles when suddenly I heard three loud rifle reports over on the south hillside and in a few minutes a loud report down in the valley. I stopped and looked over the valley. Fortunately there were not many trees around me, and I could see for long distances in all directions.

Soon, Bill came into view with a long, fluffy-looking object over his shoulder. A bushy tail dangling around confirmed my suspicions. It was a fox. "What's that you've got?" I shouted when he got close enough to hear me. "A grey fox," Bill answered, and dangled him in the air for my inspection and incidentally to excite my envy. "I shot him," he ex-

plained, "when he ran past me just after Floyd fired those shots over on the hillside."

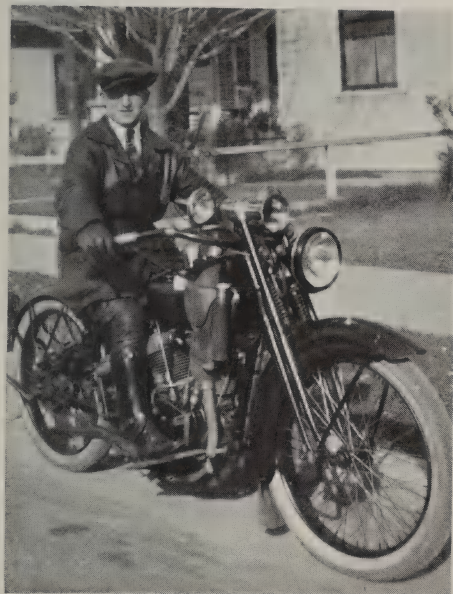
"Well," I thought, "Bill isn't going to be the only fellow who goes home with a fox, not if my name's Earl Danks and I live in West Union," so off I started, more determined than ever that some shrewd member of the fox family was going to fall into my hands that afternoon. I continued walking along the north hillside, and had covered about another mile, when suddenly a large red fox jumped up and ran down the hillside and disappeared in the heavy brush and trees. The fox had been lying down by a stump and I had come into view so quickly and so unexpectedly that we were both surprised. Before I could aim and fire the fox disappeared from sight.

I walked along the hillside some distance, and was starting to go down into the valley when I saw the fox running right toward me at full speed up the same hillside I was on. Mr. Fox had run down into the valley, only to see Bill coming toward him. Panic-stricken, he had turned around, and in his excitement had run back in the opposite direction. I stood perfectly still, and when he ran past me, about sixty or seventy yards away, I fired two shots in quick succession. The fox dropped in his tracks with a bullet through his neck. He was a large one, and afterwards we found that he weighed twelve pounds. I picked him up and started down the valley where I met Bill. We walked over to the bridge and waited for Floyd to reach us.

It was 3:30 P. M. when Floyd reached us, and since it would be dark within two hours, we figured that it was time for us to start for home. We were quite a ways from the machine, too, and it took us all of three-quarters of an hour of fast walking to reach it. Once there, we got busy and skinned the foxes. When we finished this job, the sun was still quite high, so we loafed a while and snapped a few pictures of the result of the hunt.

(Turn to page 22)

Four Guardians of the Law



Here's a guardian of the law in Anaheim, California, where a population of 5,526 depends on him to keep the streets and highways safe for travel. Louis Vokali is his name, and his mount, a 74" Harley-Davidson.



Officer Charles Lee of the West Haven, Connecticut, Police Department, is as alert and efficient as he looks. Running in a bunch of bootleggers or capturing a criminal fleeing from justice as he did recently, is all in his day's work.



Manitowoc, Wisconsin, is one of the many Badger State cities through which the tourist travel is exceedingly heavy, but the Police Department has found Officer George Darbant and his Harley-Davidson well able to handle the extra traffic.



Oregon Trail, one of the principal highways in the State of Oregon, runs through Baker, Oregon, so there's plenty of work to do for Traffic Officer R. E. Turner. "My machine stands up fine under the hard usage though," Turner says.



Did you ever see sugar-cane ground? Johnny Balmer, factory salesman, visited this old mill near Columbus, Georgia, recently and found it so interesting that he took this photo of the place. He says the cane stalks are passed between two revolving rollers pulled by mule power. The juice runs out and is caught and then boiled down to syrup. The rollers in this particular mill are 98 years old.

No Late Mail Deliveries for the Buick Company

“**H**EH! what's the matter with the mail? Is it late again?

These are the kind of kicks that are to be heard about the mail around the offices of a great many large companies, but not so around the different departments of the Buick Motor Company of Flint, Michigan. And “There's a Reason”—The Buick people employ a Harley-Davidson



motorcycle and sidecar outfit to deliver their mail. A. J. Blanchard is the driver of the outfit.

“He delivers the letters that often mean much to the routine of Buick work,” says an article in part that appeared in a recent issue of “The Buick News,” a magazine the company gets out in the interest of its employees. “He is seldom late and is usually a few minutes ahead of time, so that he won't be behind time if delayed by traffic or accident. He drives his motorcycle summer and winter, rain or shine, and has been on this same job for the past five years. He makes five trips daily to and from the different factories to collect and deliver mail.”

While Blanchard is an efficient worker, he believes in the old maxim, “All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,” so in addition to his duties as mail man for the Buick Company, he makes use of his Harley-Davidson for pleasure. He has made a number of long trips with the machine. This summer, for instance, he went to the Rochester Rally and toured around the state of New York. He also goes on long week-end hunting trips to the North. A photo of Blanchard with his mail delivery Harley-Davidson outfit is shown here.

Seattle Motorcyclist is on Way to Visit Scotland

By Ed Litchfield

SPOKANE, WASH. Dec. 4—We've heard of fellows so keen about their motorcycle, that they shine it up twice a week and wrap it up in a blanket for fear of catching cold, but here's a true story of an enthusiast who wouldn't part with his mount at any price. And he's making a little journey of 7000 miles to see the old folks in Bonnie Scotland. So he's taking his machine along, or at least he's having it follow him by boat.

William Mowatt of Seattle is the ardent fan, and in addition to being a first class cabinet maker on Puget Sound, he's secretary-treasurer of the Seattle Motorcycle Association and acts as route master as well, on the trips along the ocean and through the country lanes of the Pacific Northwest.

We used to trail along in his caravan out of Seattle many a time and know Bill's only weakness is—a motorcycle.

Well, Bill showed up here last night on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul train on the first lap of his journey to the highlands. Down at the depot to meet him were the bunch representing Spokane's motorcycledom, plus Verne Guthrie, western Harley-Davidson factory man, who happened to be in town.

Bill popped his head out of the Pullman and gave us the glad hand and greetings from the Coast. "Wish I were doing this little trip on the road," sighs Bill. "what's the good of sitting in a train this fine weather?"

Bill's nice new sidecar outfit, a '24 Harley-Davidson is resting easily in the hold of a transatlantic freighter, now plowing its way toward the Panama Canal, headed for the shores of John Bull's island. Bill figured by shipping the outfit via an ocean route he'd save a little bit and it would arrive in Glasgow in time for him to do a little riding before New Year.

Our friend from Seattle is first going to Milwaukee, by the way. He's going to look up the folks who make the Harley-Davidsons and pay his respects to Arthur



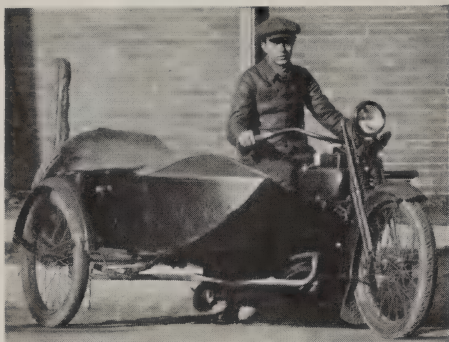
Bill Mowatt, who is going to see the old folks in Scotland, and is taking his motorcycle along. Read what Ed Litchfield of Spokane, Washington, has to say about him on this page.

and Bill and the rest of the notables at the plant. After making his debut at the factory Bill will go on to New York and thence, skip over to England.

He plans to take in the sights of London and proceed to visit his parents in the Northland. He expects to remain in Harry Lauder's country for a year and will tour the high and lowlands in the interim. Bill wants to be present at the Tourist Trophy races, the big annual classic on the Isle of Man, which occurs in the summer.

When he comes back, Bill intends to buy a new '25 Harley at New York City and ride the odd 3500 miles back to Seattle. He has ridden for years and is one of the most popular and respected motorcyclists in the Northwest. We all wish him luck, a safe journey and a speedy return to the U. S. A.

(Editor's Note:) Mowatt arrived at the factory Friday, December 7th, and we sure were glad to see him, and to wish him Godspeed on his journey.



V. Suchy, who came all the way from Czechoslovakia to attend the factory repairmen school.

Repairmen Come Long Distances to Attend Factory School

THE record for coming the longest distance to the Mechanics' School held at the factory in Milwaukee November 26th to December 17th, for dealers and dealers' repairmen, goes to V. Suchy. Suchy came all the way from Prague, Czechoslovakia, where he is chief mechanic for Rudolph Tesarek, the Harley-Davidson dealer in that country.

Suchy is an enthusiastic motorcyclist, and has had considerable experience both as a rider and mechanic. He has been riding motorcycles since 1912, and during 1920 and 1921 served as motorcycle courier in the Czechoslovakia army, when he covered an average of 200 kilometers (124.2 miles) daily with his motorcycle. He has also won quite a reputation in his country as a racer, having won a number of important races riding Harley-Davidsons. He has been in the employ of Mr. Tesarek, the Harley-Davidson dealer, for the past three years. Mr. Tesarek expects to visit the factory some time in January, and Suchy will return to Czechoslovakia with him.

If Suchy gets the record for coming the longest distance, P. J. Tilson of Asheville, North Carolina, deserves mention for his faithfulness in attendance. This year makes the fourth time he has come up to attend the school. "Why, it's my annual vacation," Tilson explains, "and I get the latest factory dope that way."

So much for Suchy and Tilson. There are the three boys from Seattle Washington, too, George R. Lane, George H. Richards, and Charles Byxbee, who should get credit for long distance touring. They came all the way from their home state via motorcycle, even though it was late in the year for traveling over the mountains.

A total of twenty-six dealers, repairmen, and one factory salesman answered to "Professor" H. E. Jameson's roll call every morning while the class was held. They came from all sections of the country. A photo of the fellows lined up and their names and where they come from appears at the bottom of the spread on pages 12 and 13. The next Mechanics' School is scheduled to start January 14th. From the number of applications that are coming in daily, Service Manager J. G. Kilbert, who has charge of the school, says it looks like "Professor" Jameson is going to be mighty busy.

These classes are an annual feature with the factory. Their object is to give dealers and their repairmen the kind of training they need to give Harley-Davidson riders the highest quality repair work in the least possible time, and to acquaint them with any new methods of repairing that factory experts have discovered or devised.



This interesting photo comes from H. D. Anderson of Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, and shows his Harley-Davidson outfit with two fair passengers in the sidecar on Moggie Ferry, fifteen miles outside of Brisbane.



"There's nothing like Sunday trips to get the bunch together for a good time," says Paul Gott of the Mid-West Motorcycle Club of Indianapolis, Indiana. "We had a lot of fun that way this last summer. Here's a line-up photo that was taken on one of our trips." A story of this club's first big endurance run appears on this page.

Harley-Davidson Wins Coveted Australian Championship

In the recent race meet held on the Canterbury Park Racecourse at Christchurch, New Zealand, Percy Coleman riding a Harley-Davidson won the All Powers Championship of twelve miles in 10 minutes and 27 seconds. In addition to obtaining this coveted championship, Coleman and his Harley-Davidson won the Eight-Mile Place Handicap from scratch.

First Run of Mid-West Club is Harley-Davidson Win

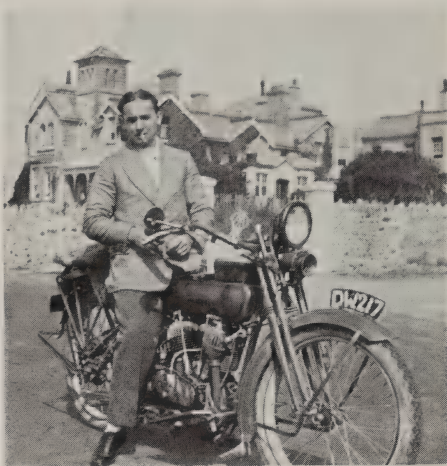
THE Mid-West Motorcycle Club of Indianapolis, Indiana, held their first sanctioned Endurance Run November 24th and 25th, and two Harley-Davidson riders won first and second places. "The run was one of those regular stiff ones," Paul E. Gott says in giving his report. "It extended over 24 hours and the course laid out covered 508 miles and took us to St. Louis, Missouri, and return."

Nine of the best riders in the club faced the starting control, but when it was time to check out at St. Louis, only four riders were present. When all checks were in and final counts made, it was found that these four riders were the only ones to finish. Paul E. Gott, the Harley-Davidson dealer, was the winner with 1000 points to his credit, and Lyman Baker, another Harley-Davidson rider, second. Louis Meyers, president of the club, came in third, and Harry Steward, fourth, both riding other makes of machines.



Nick Mastaler of Greenfield, Massachusetts, sends us this photo taken last winter with the comment that perhaps we will be interested in seeing what real snow is like, considering that it's so long in coming this year.

The club is now planning for a big Merchants Run to be pulled off in the early spring and to be open to all riders.



"Here's a snap of a very proud owner of a Harley-Davidson,—myself," writes W. Noll Jones of Newport, Mon., England. He adds, "It's a 1921 model and it has covered 21,650 miles. I ride the 'bus' all weather, and therefore need a machine that has plenty of power and endurance. My Harley-Davidson's certainly got it, and I am delighted with its performance."



"Hello Frank," writes Orval Phillips of Harrisburg, Illinois, to "Frank" of the Service Department, "get busy and see that my picture with my new Harley-Davidson is squeezed into next month's issue of the Enthusiast." Well, here it is, Orval. How do you like it? Orval says further that his new outfit is the pride of the road, and that he has started out having a lot of good times with it, and hopes to have a lot more next year.

"This snapshot of my husband was taken on our 'Old Faithful' Harley-Davidson right after one of our severe storms of the winter," says Mrs. George Winther of Hudson, New York about the photo appearing below. "Mr. Winther can plow through with his Harley-Davidson," Mrs. Winther adds, "where no other motor can even venture. He uses it all the time to go to and from work, and has never had any difficulty worth mentioning."



"I had a wonderful trip this summer with my Harley-Davidson," Antoine St. Charles of Montreal, Quebec, Canada, informs us. "Washington, D. C. was my destination, and I covered 2500 miles in all. I used only fifty-nine gallons of gasoline and four gallons of oil. Outside of these, my running expenses for the machine were practically nil. My outfit is a 1923 machine and sidecar."





There was a big turn-out for the Greater Milwaukee Club's Turkey Run. This photo shows the line-up before the start.

Milwaukee Club Holds Big Turkey Run With Much Success

"GOSH! some fellows are lucky! Of course, we're referring to the riders who copped the prize birds that were offered to the winners of the first five places in the Greater Milwaukee Motorcycle Club's Annual Turkey Run. "Hi" Hascall and Jimmy Goulding, for instance, were saved the price of the turkey for their Thanksgiving dinners by winning first place with a Harley-Davidson. Bud Johnson, who came in second, with a Harley-Davidson solo, walked off with a nice fat goose, and Jim Clark, who rode another make of machine and came in third, carried home a duck. A chicken went to Percy Zimmerman, who rode in fourth on a Harley-Davidson, while Ray Sood, who also rode a Harley-Davidson and took fifth place, was rewarded with a nice little goose egg that he was told would be cooked any style he wished.

The scores made by the five prize winners were as follows: Goulding and Hascall, 995; Johnson, 994; Clark, 992; Zimmerman, 989, and Sood, 988. The secret checks were the bugaboos for most of the boys.

Local club officials pronounced this year's run the most successful run they have ever held. Starter Ernie Goldman checked out thirty-nine riders altogether. The entire distance was 160 miles, taking them through Menominee Falls, Fond du Lac, Plymouth to Sheboygan, and back from Sheboygan over Highway 17

through Port Washington to Milwaukee. At Sheboygan the local motorcycle club was out in full force to help the Milwaukee crowd as much as they could.

On Saturday night, December 1st, the club held a big stag party to celebrate the event, in the store of the local Harley-Davidson dealers, the Wisconsin Cycle Sales Company.

The Austrian National Championship of 1923 was won by Schmidt, riding a Harley-Davidson, according to a cable received recently from L. L. Katay, the Harley-Davidson dealer in Vienna, Austria. The race was held over a 100-kilometer (62.1 miles) course.

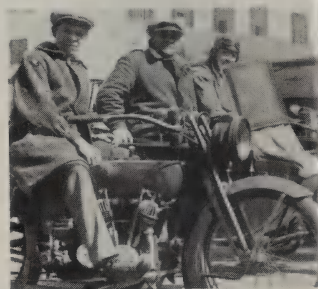


Jean Kwasigroch, one of the fair contestants in the Milwaukee Club's Turkey Run, and Louis Peterik, the local Harley-Davidson dealer.

Harley-Davidson Photos from



John E. Hogg, the well-known Los Angeles, California, motorcyclist, writer, and photographer, made a trip to Alaska in August. Here he is seen near the lower part of the famous Mendenhall Glacier.



How would you like to stop Switzerland, motorcyclists? Bet we'll leave that to your imagination.



Motorcycle taxicabs are very popular in Cape Town. This photo shows eight of the eleven Harley-Davidson motorcycles on the streets of Cape Town. The passengers are very comfortable.



The dealers, dealers' repairmen, and others who attended the Mechanics' School held at the factory Nov. 1-5, 1934. From left to right: N. Y.; B. F. Phebus, Frederick, Md.; H. L. Hanselman, Battle Creek, Mich.; Geo. Richards, Seattle, Wash.; City, Iowa; A. L. Droll, St. Louis, Mo.; Art. Earlenbauch, Rockford, Ill.; Wm. Alben, Westfield, Mass.; Dan L. R. Dresser, Milwaukee, Wis.; G. W. Butcher, Fairmont, W. Va.; H. Y. Lafferty, Findlay, Ohio; J. London, Conn.; Ed. F. Pritts, Nelsonville, Ohio; C. W. Pearce, Frederick, Md.; Ed. Nelson, De Kalb, Ill.

Here, There and Everywhere



this wayside inn with these Basle,
eats are good and as for the drinks,



popular in South Africa. This line-up
of Harley-Davidson outfits that are to be seen daily
specially constructed sidecars seat two



You riders who have taken a vacation trip to Colorado know
there is a lot of wonderful scenery and miles of excellent roads
around Denver. Dealer W. W. Whiting sent us this picture.



ber 26th to December 17th. Top row, left to right: F. Sedgwick, Rochester, N. Y.; W. M. Higgins, New York,
Chas. Byxbee, Seattle, Wash.; L. E. Motter, Willard, Ohio; J. H. Robl, Oshkosh, Wis.; G. H. Lieber, Mason
Mowatt, Seattle, Wash.; J. W. Dixon, Dante, Va.; P. G. Tilson, Asheville, N. C. Bottom row, left to right:
Kegel, Freeport, Ill.; V. Suchy, Prague, Czechoslovakia; Geo. R. Lane, Seattle, Wash.; H. W. Gordon, New
Geib, Frankfort, Ind.; C. Perry, Raleigh, N. C.; H. E. Holmes, H. E. Jameson, Milwaukee, Wis.

Frank's Mail Bag

"Is there anything you want to know about your Harley-Davidson? Tell me what it is and I'll try to help you out. I'll answer all questions with a letter. Questions that are of general interest to our other Enthusiast readers will be printed on this page of mine. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."—Frank.



My battery has run down twice in the last month although I have had it tested and recharged by my dealer. I do not do more than an average amount of night riding and do not think there is anything wrong with my wiring and connections because my dealer has gone over them carefully. Can you tell me what my trouble is? I don't light up my motorcycle like a Christmas tree, either, so don't hold that against me, Frank. My battery is O. K.—R. L. K.

From what you say, I think you will find that the rubber mat on top of your battery is acid eaten and that your battery terminals are touching the battery box cover which will, of course, discharge your battery. Even if they are not touching there may be sufficient overflow from your battery to saturate the rubber, particularly if it has been squeezed between the battery box cover and the terminals. This will also cause the battery to discharge. If you will see your dealer, he will be glad to give you a new cover with the center slightly raised so that it cannot touch the battery terminals even though it is clamped down as tightly as possible. Of course, you should also replace the rubber mat and see that the top of your battery is clean and dry. Don't overfill the battery when you add distilled water.

My motor is a 74JDCA, and since I intend to use it all winter, I would like for you to give me some information. It gets pretty cold up this country, and I prime my motor for starting. Is there any dan-

ger of the gasoline that I use for priming, working into the crank case and thinning the oil so as to interfere with proper lubrication?—J. B. S.

I am glad that you asked this question, J. B. S., old timer, because the answer will apply to any model of motor in winter service. First of all, if you have extremely cold weather, add one or two thin washers under the oiler adjusting screw. Now, in answer to your question. Some of the gasoline will work its way past the piston rings into the crank case and will dilute (make weak) the lubricating oil. Oil that has been cut or weakened by gasoline will not be good for high speed or hard motor service. I therefore suggest that you drain the crank case after every 500 miles of winter service, and re-fill it with two and one-half pumpfuls of fresh oil. This practice will lengthen the life of your motor, and will prevent possible seizure (piston sticking) when running at high speed.

Frank, I am going to overhaul my "old timer" and I crave some information from you. The old bus has run about 15,000 miles, and although it has lost a little of the original pep, it is good for another 15,000. What I want to do is to put in new rings, grind valves and tighten up on badly worn parts by replacing them with new parts. Now, will new rings, valves, springs and a general going-over fix up the old bus so I will have to hang on when I open the throttle next spring. Unloosen, Frank, I am waiting.—F. E. H.

So you crave to hear the tires squeak when you open the throttle next spring. Well, you and me both—we all like to have the front end raise up when we give her the gun. When your motor was made here at the factory, the cylinders were ground taper. That is, the top end of the bore was made smaller than the bottom end so as to allow for expansion when the cylinders are hot. Now, after long service this taper will wear away and the cylinders will be just straight bore cylinders, making the motor lose some of its original pep. If you want the best there is to be had from your motor, have your dealer send your cylinders to the factory to be reground and new pistons and rings fitted. It won't cost you much, considering the kick you will get out of it next season. Man it's just like putting in some new glands. No fooling, cylinder regrinding will be the making of a new motor for you. Try my prescription and I know you will appreciate it.

(Editor's Note): To riders so located that they cannot send their cylinders to the factory for regrinding, we recommend following their dealers' advice as to where to have their cylinders reground.

Frank, I get more kick out of your kolumns than going to a vaudeville show. Now I want you to help me get a "kick" out of my power mill. If you know any "stunts" that will make my motor start easier in cold weather, come across. I have a 1923 electric model.—G. H.

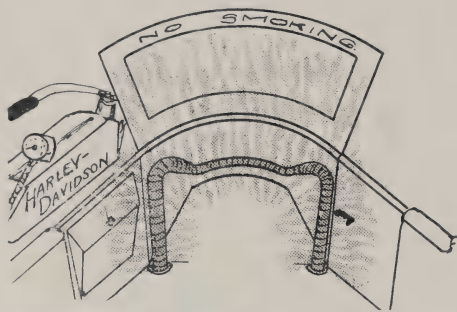
You paid me a high-powered compliment, brother. You must have been looking at the picture of my steno when you got this inspiration. In winter riding you always work your battery more because the days are shorter. With this in mind, never try to start your motor with the lights turned ON. Keep your spark plugs clean and points set 1/32" apart. Keep your priming cocks clean so gas will pass through to the cylinders. If you do not prime the cylinders with gas,

(See next page)



**Genuine Parts
are best. Ask
the man with
the wooden leg.**

***Your Harley-Davidson
Dealer Sells and Uses
only Genuine Harley-
Davidson Parts.***



(From page 15)

pull out the air valve stem to choke the carburetor, and give the motor several kicks with the manual switch off. Then turn on the switch to start. Experiment with the spark control grip until you learn just where to set it to give best starting results. Use a higher grade of gasoline for winter service. Heavy lubricating oil will always make a motor hard starting in winter. Heavy lubricating oil in the transmission will make hard starting. Put light oil in the motor and transmission. Gummy or sticking exhaust valve guides hold the valves open and make hard starting. Clean out the guides. Your dealer has a special reamer for this purpose. Air leaks in the carburetor, inlet valve stem guides, manifold fittings or a badly worn carburetor make hard starting. Try these "stunts," G. H. and if they don't help you, the treat's on me the first time we meet.



It looks as if T. H. Gardner of Lincoln, Nebraska, could show a few of us fellows some real hunting. Look at this line-up of rabbits that he shot the first snowfall and see if you don't agree with us.

That's a Real Idea, Bob. Now Tell Us How You Put Out the Fire

"THE other day I got a letter from one of these down east Sheiks. Bob Bridgman is his name and he gets his mail in Ithaca, New York. Bob not only sends me all the dope on his big idea but he drew the diagram, shown on this page. But, you want to read his letter."—Frank.

Dear Frank, my girl got cold feet, etc. so I fixed her up. First, I bought ten feet of inch and a quarter flexible metal tubing. Next I put two holes in the floor of the sidecar, just ahead of the door and on opposite sides of the floor. Put tubing through holes and secured to inside of cowl. Then I connected all this flexible tubing direct to the exhaust pipe.

Now my girl can roll her stockings all winter without fear of frost bite. This dingus is guaranteed to keep sidecar and "contents" up to desired temperature, regardless of the weather. Thick, fuzzy wool stockings may ignite before the danger is realized, but silk stockings give the girl a quick alarm.

Happy days,

Bob Bridgman.

New Racing Talent Comes to Light in Australian Race

The recent races held at Victoria Park, Sydney, Australia, brought to light new racing talent when L. and C. Reynolds and H. Bird, all riding 1924 Harley-Davidsons, captured two first and two second places. L. Reynolds was the winner of first place and C. Reynolds second place in the Presidents 5 Lap Race for Solo Machines. Third place was won by an old hand at the racing game, F. Howarth, also riding a Harley-Davidson.

H. Bird showed his ability as a racer in the Union Sidecar Handicap—All Powers—event. He captured first place with his Harley-Davidson and L. Reynolds, second.

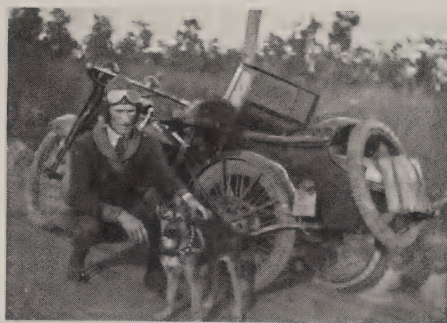
"While this could hardly be called Hunters' Paradise," writes J. N. Mitchell, who is shown below with a bunch of rabbits, about his home locality, Casper, Wyoming, "I will say that hunting and fishing are both pretty good, and a fellow's not troubled a great deal with 'Keep Out' signs and fences." Mitchell adds that the motorcycle club in Casper is doing fine, and that they get together quite often. In the summer they have picnics about twice each month.



"Here's a 'perfect combination' snap," says W. A. Caines of North Sydney, Nova Scotia, Canada about the interesting photo shown below. "It was taken the first of September. The machine is a 61" 1919 model with a 1922 sidecar. It has seen much service, but still has lots of pep and can race anything on wheels. 'The little girl and I,' Caines adds, "have lots of fun with it. We get all over the country hereabouts, and know every interesting spot around here for miles."



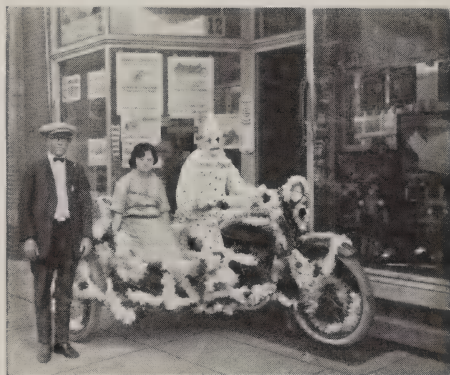
"People say there's no real sport near Chicago," says M. K. Jaspersen of Chicago, Illinois. "Well, all I have to say is that I wish they could see the fun some of us motorcyclists have out on the sand-dunes and ice near Miller's in Indiana. One time we towed a string of four skaters at 57 miles per hour along the ice and that's rolling, which sure proves that the JD has the stuff and that Dealer C. H. Lang knows how to overhaul 'em."



"This is a picture of my police pup, Max of Dunbar," writes Bob Upchurch of Raleigh, North Carolina. "He likes the Harley-Davidson as well as I do. He is only three and one-half months old, but he already guards the machine, even though he's never had any training." Upchurch, who is the Harley-Davidson dealer in Raleigh, has a wife who is also an enthusiastic motorcyclist.



Johnny Balmer and his sidecar passenger, Allis White, who were the only survivors in the Atlanta Sectional Endurance Run. The story of the run appears opposite.



"We entered this float in the recent Rocky Mount Fair Parade," writes J. D. Winstead, Harley-Davidson dealer at Rocky Mount, North Carolina, "and it certainly made a big hit."



William Kelly, the Harley-Davidson dealer at Reno, Nevada, who earns extra money during the winter months by conducting a motorcycle parcel delivery, says there is no reason why Harley-Davidson riders who have the time shouldn't earn some pin money in the same way. He charges twenty-five cents per delivery.

"And They All Had a Merry Time" —You Said it Georgia

WELL, Atlanta, Georgia, has had its Fourth Annual Sectional Endurance Run, and the folks that were clamoring to have it made harder than ever are now satisfied. They're so satisfied, in fact, that they're not apt to ask for another like it until time helps to dim the "sweet" memories they have about the present one. All except Johnny Balmer perhaps. Johnny's the only fellow who finished the run. The others all fell by the wayside. His mount was a 1924 JDCA Harley-Davidson, and according to reports, he certainly made the machine "Hump" some, and then came in six hours late. Nevertheless, the motor was still humming away real pretty when he finally pulled up before the front door of the Atlanta Constitution where the run started.

"I have been on trips and endurance runs before," Johnny wrote us, "but I have never been on anything as trying as this run was."

The course was Atlanta to Columbus, Georgia, to Montgomery, Alabama, returning via Tuskegee and Opelika, Alabama, West Point, Georgia, to La Grange, Georgia, and then repeating the same course that was covered on the first leg of the run, covering a distance of about 400 miles altogether. A nice, steady downpour of rain that started before the run and kept up for some hours afterwards didn't help to make the roads chosen less difficult to negotiate than they usually are. The sticky red clay that has helped to make the South famous, covered the roads in abundance, and generally speaking, there was no getting away from it or through it.

In the hill climb held recently at Newark, Ohio, Raymond Jones, riding a Harley-Davidson, won first place in the 61 Cubic Inch event, and Wilbur Workman, Harley-Davidson rider, second place. The 74 Cubic Inch event was also won by the Harley-Davidson, Stotts riding.

Allan Hascall Wins New Jersey Run With Harley-Davidson

ALLAN HASCALL, riding a Harley-Davidson, won the recent New Jersey Motorcycle Club Non-Stop Contest from a field of twenty-one starters. Hascall's score was 995 points at regular checks and 1,000 at a secret check. The rider who came in second scored 993 points at regular checks and 998 at the secret.

Of the twenty-one starters, only nine sidecar drivers finished the contest without a motor stop. Stalling an engine for any reason at all, meant elimination for the driver.

The day of the run brought perfect December weather, and the course led the riders through a scenic section of North Jersey. While all of the roads selected by the pathfinders were not ideal, the rough stretches were served out in short portions at a time, giving the rider time to ease up for another battle with ruts, rocks and mud.

Harold Kirk, a Harley-Davidson rider, was the winner of first place in the 40-Mile Secret Time Run that was held at Wheeling, West Virginia December 2nd. Other Harley-Davidson riders who figured prominently in the run were D. H. Mickel, Conrad and Henry Neidhardt, Vincent Gorsuch, Fatima Cupp, Stanley Jakoske, and Tom Elliott. The run was promoted by C. L. Cheshire, the local Harley-Davidson dealer. A 28-pound turkey was given as first prize.



No wonder he smiles. He's C. M. Moyse, winner of the hill climb held at Morialta, South Australia, recently.

Harley-Davidson Wins South Australian Hill Climb

First and second places and the fastest time of the day were won by the Harley-Davidson in the hill climb which was held at Morialta, South Australia, recently. C. M. Moyse, who was winner of first place, shot up the steep grade with his Harley-Davidson in 22-1/5 seconds, thus making the fastest time of the day. J. S. Loughhead got second fastest time of the day, when he piloted his Harley-Davidson up the hill in 23 seconds.



A big Harley-Davidson Rally was held at Kingston on Thames, Surrey, England, recently with much success. This photo shows a group of the prize winners in the various contests.



Raymond Dean of Everett, Washington, three of his friends, and his Harley-Davidson delivery outfit all ready to deliver a load of coal.

Delivers Coal With Motorcycle Where Trucks Couldn't Go

LAST year an unexpectedly heavy snowfall in Everett, Washington, caught a lot of people out of fuel. Two feet of snow fell, and practically everything was at a standstill. Trucks hauling coal found it impossible to get to many places, and it looked as if a great many folks were going to have a cold time of it until Raymond Dean, a Harley-Davidson rider, came to their rescue. Raymond conducts a light delivery and messenger service with a Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit, and as soon as the snow had tied up everything, he put a skid chain on the rear wheel and started to hauling short orders of coal. He could put on six

sacks of coal and go to places where the trucks couldn't possibly go. He kept up this service all during the months of January and February.

From the 15th of November to April 1st, he covered a total of 11,000 miles in his delivery work. The machine he used at that time was a 1919 model Harley-Davidson, and altogether he covered 21,000 miles with it before purchasing the 1922 outfit that he now has.

Dean says that to date he has covered 13,000 miles with the 1922 machine, and all he has found necessary in the line of repairs was to have the valves ground once. He adds that he has owned six motorcycles altogether, and that the last three were Harley-Davidsons and that he never intends getting anything else but a Harley-Davidson.

Harley-Davidson Riders Win Big Honors in Holland Run

HARLEY-DAVIDSON riders captured eighty per cent of the honors in the Championship Run which was held from The Hague, Holland, recently. Out of the seventy-nine riders who entered the run, twenty-nine rode Harley-Davidsons. All makes of machines were represented from the smallest to the largest machines. Weather conditions were very unfavorable, the riders having to ride through mud and rain for hours.

G. J. Looyen of Arnhem and his Harley-Davidson, won the Sidecar Championship. In the Amateur Heavy Solo Class, S. A. Appel took first prize with his Harley-Davidson, while in the Amateurs and Trade-Riders Tandem Class, J. de Roode and his Harley-Davidson took first prize. The Amateur Heavy Sidecar Class went to J. R. Letitre and the Amateur Super-powered Sidecar Class to G. J. Looyen, both riding Harley-Davidsons. The winner of the Trade-Rider or Professional Heavy Sidecar Class was G. Hoogeveen, who also rode a Harley-Davidson. The first club prize was taken by the military team who were likewise Harley-Davidson mounted.



These boys made a trip recently from Winston Salem, North Carolina, to Charlotte, a distance of 107.4 miles in 3 hours and 5 minutes, despite bad roads and many detours. From left to right, they are: Jones Burns, L. F. Huneycut, and J. R. Bolling.

Springfield, Mass., Riders Have Good Time on Sunshine Run

A "SUNSHINE RUN" held recently in Springfield, Mass. and boosted by Dyer & Everett, Inc., the Harley-Davidson dealers, was such a success that riders who took part in it voted to make it an annual event. One hundred and four motorcycles lined up for the start. A hill climb was held for entertainment and all events won by Harley-Davidson-mounted riders. Joe Warga and his Harley-Davidson won both the 61 Cubic Inch Solo and Sidecar events, while James Madden captured the 74 Inch Solo event, and "Hank" Rich took the 74 Inch Sidecar event.

A 100-yard Sidecar dash, in which all makes of machines were entered, was won by John Olesuk on a Harley-Davidson. Frank Bogdan, another Harley-Davidson rider, walked off with the prizes in both the 100-yard speed races that were held, while "Al" Lewis, also astride a Harley-Davidson, literally crawled his way to victory in the 100-yard slow race.

Four Brothers Enjoy Trip to Niagara Falls

"IT SURE was a real vacation," is what four brothers, Carl, Ralph, Elmer and Oscar Larson of Melrose, Massachusetts, have to say about their trip last summer to Niagara Falls and other points of interest in New York, as well as in Vermont and New Hampshire.

The boys left their home town on a Sunday, bound for the Falls. Carl rode a 22 JD sidecar outfit with Elmer as passenger, and Ralph rode a 21 JD sidecar outfit with Oscar as his passenger. Both machines were loaded with luggage. Two pup tents were carried, blankets, extra clothing, a cooking outfit, a spare tire, a hatchet and other things necessary on a camping trip.

"We slept out in the open every night and cooked our own meals," Ralph explains, "so that it cost us very little for the trip."

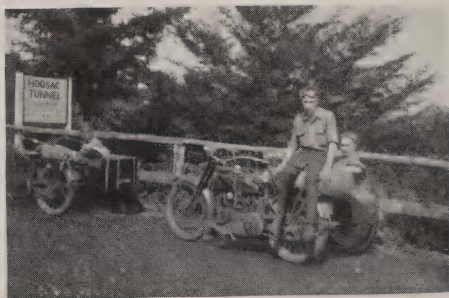
They traveled over the Mohawk Trail, and arrived at the Falls the following



"I can make forty miles or better with my Harley-Davidson motor-equipped snow-sled," says Edward E. Krebsbach of Vida, Montana. "Note the ski runners I am using," he adds. "The outfit complete weighs about 300 pounds. The pipe work in front is the propeller guard."

Thursday. The day was spent there, viewing the wonders of the great Falls and taking pictures. They also crossed to the Canadian side.

On their return trip, they took in The Thousand Isles, Lake Champlain, Fort Ticonderoga, crossed the Green Mountains, and passed through Concord and Manchester, New Hampshire, and Lowell, Massachusetts. Altogether they covered 1,625 miles, and aside from a little tire trouble, had good luck all the way.



"This photo was taken on the Mohawk Trail, Massachusetts, above the Hoosac Tunnel," says Ralph Larson of Melrose, Massachusetts. The Hoosac Tunnel, by the way, is the longest tunnel in the United States. It is $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, and 1,060 feet below the point shown here.

Here's another winter fooler



Snap this new Harley-Davidson Legshield and Cover on your bus and you're all set warm and pretty for these winter days.

This new Legshield and Cover is made of heavy khaki fabric. It's water proof and it's warm. Four snap buttons—two on each side—fasten this legshield to a steel bracket, just in front of the footboards. All the edges of this Legshield and Cover are turned over and sewed. There's a special reinforcement strip where this Legshield and Cover snaps on the bracket.

This new Harley-Davidson Legshield and Cover is just what you want for city riding and short trips this winter. *These covers are not recommended for long trips.*

Be good to yourself. Get yours today.

Harley-Davidson Legshield and Cover, complete and ready to attach, only \$4.50, at factory, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. War tax paid.

Your dealer has 'em

A Fox Hunt in Northeast Iowa

(From page 4)

It was five o'clock when we started homeward, and the sun was just setting in the West. We decided to go through Eldorado, a different way than we came, as the road through this town was somewhat closer home. Just south of Eldorado is a very long steep hill that is the trial and tribulation of motorists who come that way. In fact, few automobiles can negotiate the hill in high even in the summer, much less in winter. Ordinarily, I knew the Harley-Davidson would be able to make the hill fine, because I've done it several times, but I was a little bit afraid that the coating of ice would keep the rear wheel from gripping. However, I said to the boys, "Here we go!" and with the throttle wide open, we roared toward the hill at forty miles per hour. Up the hill we went for about thirty rods, and then I shifted into second gear, and we roared right along at twenty-five miles per hour over the steepest part of the hill. About half way up, an automobile coming from the opposite direction caused us to turn out to the side of the road out of the wheel tracks, making it necessary to shift into low gear. But anyway we roared right along up the balance of the hill in low gear at fifteen miles per hour without any difficulty, with all three of us on the machine. Out on the level road between Eldorado and West Union, we clipped along at a steady speed of thirty-five miles per hour with all three passengers. Whenever a steep hill loomed up in front of us, I opened the throttle more and shifted into second gear when necessary and the hills disappeared under the wheels at a rapid rate.

My machine has the 61" size motor. I rode solo for three years before purchasing my sidecar, but now I wouldn't do without the sidecar because it has just doubled the usefulness of the motor-cycle.

We all arrived home in time to enjoy a good supper with healthy appetites and to talk over the day's fun and excitement.

What? Oh yes, we've gone on other fox hunting trips with the Harley-Davidson since then, and always came home with a fox or two.

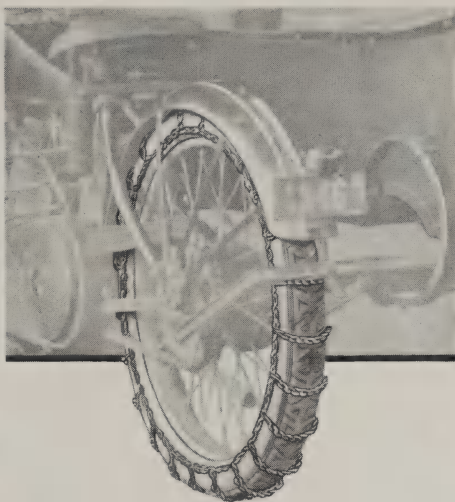
Texas Club Stages Novel Contest and Harley-Davidson Riders Win

MAYBE the nifty prizes had something to do with it, but whether they did or not, the four Harley-Davidson riders who captured first, second, third, and fourth prizes in the hill climbing and sand riding contest put on recently by the Amarillo, Texas, Motorcycle Club, deserve a lot of credit for their riding ability. They climbed, in remarkable time, the five steep hills, plowed through the two sand beds, and rode along the deep ravine that were all included in the 1.2 mile course laid out.

George Polley, who came through first, took only 3 minutes and 25 seconds to cover the course. His reward was a tire casing. Elmer Herrington, who won the second prize, a pair of gauntlet lamb-lined gloves, came in in 3 minutes and 47 seconds, while 4 minutes and 30 seconds was the time taken by Hiram Thompson, winner of the third prize, a pair of puttees. Fourth place was won by Lloyd Parkinson in exactly five minutes, and a cap was given him for the prize.

Eighth prize was also won by a Harley-Davidson rider, Leo Abbott, who is now sporting a new pair of goggles as the result.

Now comes a rider from Australia claiming a mileage record of 50,000 miles made on one Harley-Davidson. He has owned four. The man is Stanley Bairstow of Warranambool, Victoria, Australia. Mr. Bairstow has just purchased a 1923 model, and it is the machine which he traded in that piled up the 50,000 miles. Bairstow uses his machine in his work as inspector for the Mutual Life & Citizens' Assurance Co., Ltd., of Melbourne. He is very enthusiastic about the Harley-Davidson, and says that he can bear testimony to its wonderful durability.



Is this a photo of your wheel?

If it is, it shows you have had experience in winter riding over snow, slush and ice.

No old rider would think of riding over snow and ice covered streets and roads without Weed Chains on his rear wheel.

They're sure footed protection against skids when the streets are slippery like the skins of the bananas they sang about all last summer.

Your rear wheel digs in the snow and slush and goes ahead when you use Weed Chains. No 40 miles per hour—and your motorcycle stands still on the same spot.

These Weed Chains come packed in a bag, all ready to attach.

Complete only **\$2⁵⁰**

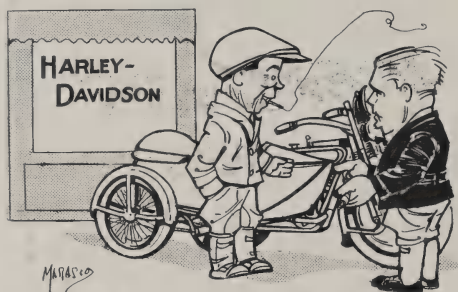
at factory, Milwaukee, Wis.

Your dealer has 'em

Here's a Tip for You

How many miles did you cover last year with your Harley-Davidson?

If you have rolled up some big numbers on your speedometer, the chances are your bus needs a little once over.



"Look it over, Joe. You know how I want my old bus to run. Now go ahead and do your stuff!"

This year, you'll want to beat your mileage record of last year. You'll want your Harley-Davidson to hit as pretty and step as fast as she did last year.

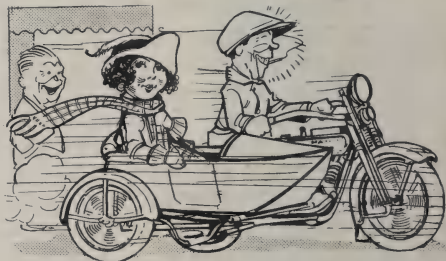
You can take a tip from me, it's a good idea to have your local dealer give your Harley-Davidson his once over.

It will pay you in two ways. First, your motorcycle will run better. Second, you'll get more money for your outfit when you trade it in or sell it.

You can have your local dealer give your machine the once over. If it needs attention, why not have him

do the job now, at this time of the year when the riding isn't so good?

He can do a better job now because there's no rush in his shop. The Genuine Harley-Davidson Parts he uses means you'll get parts that are the same as those that came with your Harley-Davidson. Special factory time-saving tools help your dealer give you a better job and save you money, too. He and his mechanics know how to do the kind of a job you want.



"Sweet mama, but this old boat of mine steps along like a world's champion. I'll tell the world Joe has the right dope. Watch us go honey!"

If you take my tip now, you're going to be the happiest rider in town when you ride out next spring and the old bus steps away like a derby winner.

***Yours for a Big Year
of Motorcycling***

Frank

**Harley-Davidson
Mechanic**

38.05
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The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast

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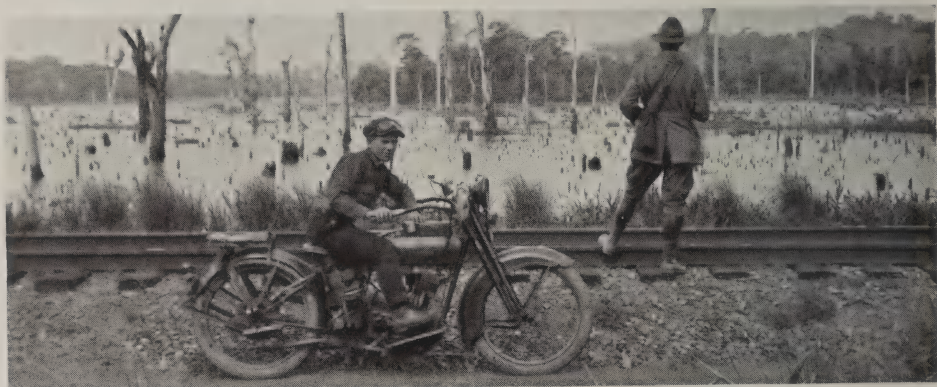
FEB 25 1924

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



February, 1924

With John Hogg in Panama



Gatun Lake, the largest artificial body of water on the earth, is one of the interesting sights in Panama. Hogg, who is here looking at only a small portion of the lake, tells all about it in his story on the opposite page.



No tour of Panama is complete, Hogg says, without taking a look at the ruins of Old Panama. The city dates back to Balboa's time on the Isthmus, and was eventually abandoned because the Spaniards were unable to stand the unhealthy conditions of the place.



Balboa Bridge, with the dust of 400 years upon it, tempted Hogg and Reese to test its strength. The bridge was built by the Spaniards during the early history of Panama, and has been in disuse for centuries.



A view of the Panama Canal that steamship travelers never get! By climbing to the top of the famous Culebra Cut with their motorcycle, Hogg and Reese were rewarded with a magnificent view of this world's great engineering feat.

Motorcycle Touring in Panama

By John Hogg

IF you're the kind of fellow who likes to see all he can of the world, you are fortunate to be a motorcyclist, because there certainly is no other vehicle that can get you around into all the byways of a strange country like a motorcycle. I've been a motorcyclist almost since the manufacture of motorcycles began, and since "globe trotting" is a hobby of mine, I ought to know if anybody does, just how convenient a motorcycle can be on such trips.

Take my trip to Panama and the Panama Canal Zone, for instance. Most everybody has a longing to visit the Panama Canal at some time or another in their lives, and lots of people do go there and see it, but unless they have a motorcycle they could never see the thousand and one other interesting things that are to be seen in Panama and around the Canal Zone, as I saw them. My trip to Panama was made possible by an invitation from the Secretary of Navy to join the United States Naval Transport "Argonne" when it was ordered to Cen-

tral and South American waters last year. Naturally, the invitation was jumped at, preparations for the journey were hurriedly made, and after a 12 day voyage from Los Angeles Harbor, I stepped ashore at Balboa, the Pacific terminal of the Panama Canal.

I was unable to bring my own motorcycle from California in the navy ship, but upon presenting a letter of introduction to the Panazone Garage, Harley-Davidson dealers in Panama City, I was soon fixed up. They very courteously further helped things along by turning me over to one of their most enthusiastic boosters,—John Reese of Balboa, a most congenial young man who has lived in Panama most of his life, who speaks Spanish like a native, and who has been riding motorcycles so long that he has acquired the nickname of "Bugs." There is nothing "buggy" about Reese, however, aside from his unbounded enthusiasm for motorcycle sport.

"Where would you like to go first?" asked Reese. "If it is possible to do it,"



Johnny Reese, about to show Hogg how to use the guard gates of the Mira Flores Locks as a drawbridge across the Panama Canal. It's handy for the motorcyclist, but big vehicles are out of luck, and are not permitted to cross the gates.

I told him, "I'd like to take a swim in the Pacific Ocean first, then ride across the isthmus, and see how it feels to take another swim in the Atlantic Ocean—all in the same day." "Fine," replied Reese. "There isn't a road across the isthmus, but we can do it riding solo. There's a good road out as far as Gamboa on the

canal. That's 25 miles. The road ends there, but from there, a little footpath runs alongside the Panama Railroad for 25 miles to the Gatun Locks. From Gatun there is an excellent paved highway leading into Cristobal and Colon on the Atlantic side of the isthmus. I know the railroad officials, and will get a permit from them to ride the right of way."

We're Off Through the Canal Zone

Two hours later we had our swim in the Pacific, a most refreshing relief from the stifling tropical heat, and with the necessary permit from the railroad company, were on our way. Our start was made from Panama City, a typical Latin-American metropolis in the Republic of Panama, where one may wander about hearing scarcely a word of English spoken. A spin of only a few minutes, however, over polished asphalt pavements took us into the Canal Zone, the narrow strip of territory extending across the Isthmus of Panama for a distance of five miles on either side of the great canal. Once into the Canal Zone, the language becomes mostly English, or a picturesque jargon of "American" blended with Span-



Taking a look at the Pacific Ocean from the point where Balboa is believed to have first viewed it. This was after having taken a swim in the Atlantic Ocean on the same day.

ish, French, and West Indian negro dialects. In other respects, aside from its tropical surroundings, the Canal Zone is about as thoroughly Americanized as any piece of territory to be found within "the states." The laws of the Canal Zone are also American down to the mere detail of Prohibition. Here by a stroke of the pen our legislators have attempted to create a non-alcoholic oasis ten miles wide, and extending approximately 50 miles across a nation which is as "wet" as the Panama Canal itself. Furthermore, the Canal Zone boundaries at Balboa and Cristobal, the two American cities at the Pacific and Atlantic entrances of the canal respectively, by no means extend five miles back from the shipway at these points. "Dry" Balboa rubs elbows with "wet" Panama City, and "dry" Cristobal brushes garments with "wet" Colon.

The Locks are Immense

From Balboa the road parallels the canal for a few miles, but some little distance back from it. It then sweeps off to the east quite away from the canal to wind over the hills of the continental divide, the great heavenward protuberance of land which came so near blocking the realization of a trans-isthmian ship canal. It was in these very hills that the great steam shovels labored for years,



Just a glimpse of Cristobal on the Atlantic side. Motorcycles are popular in Panama, Hogg says, and are always to be seen here and there on the streets of the cities.

virtually tearing down the continent to take the shipway through the tremendous Culebra Cut. (Culebra is the Spanish word for—big snake). The country along this portion of the road is beautiful beyond description. The highway is a motorist's delight, which winds about through the hills that are shrouded with an impenetrable jungle of tropical vege-

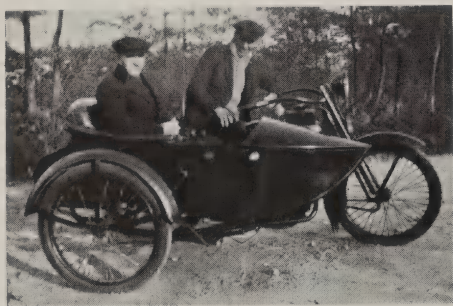
(Turn to page 16)



A native thatched hut. After much coaxing, Hogg got the two little Panamanians to pose for this photo in front of their home—but they had to dress first.



"Winter riding's real sport when you're dressed for the part," says Robert W. Smith of Ossining, New York. "My sidecar passenger, Harry Kay, agrees with me, and he's as much a Harley-Davidson booster as I am. This photo was taken two years ago right after the Crotona Motorcycle Club held its annual New Year's Eve Midnight Run. We came through with a perfect score of 1000 and a consistency score of 995." Harry, we noticed, took part in the Midnight Run this year and came through with one of the highest scores.



"This photo shows my brother Arthur driving and my Dad in the sidecar," says Harold Hilton, of Fall River, Massachusetts, and adds: "Dad is sure a Harley-Davidson booster. He says automobiles do not begin to compare with the Harley-Davidson." Harold and Arthur made a trip to Washington, D. C. with their Harley-Davidson on their vacation last summer, and also made a trip through New Hampshire and Vermont.

"This photo shows my wife and myself and my Harley-Davidson all fixed up for the winter," Dr. Hans Faerden of Jevnaker, Norway, tells us. "With runners on the machine, I find it possible to drive during the entire winter. This helps a great deal because in my work as a doctor, I use the outfit every day all the year around. This is the second Harley-Davidson I have owned and I never will have any other motorcycle."



"Here's a photo of the best bike that I think is made," writes "Pudd" Vos of Grand Rapids, Michigan, about the photo shown below. "I use my machine for delivery or commercial work. It is 'on the go' day and night and has never stopped on me, rain, snow or storm. Now that the temperature hovers around zero in the morning, I prime it, give it three kicks and she starts 'put-putting.' It is capable of making 40 miles an hour or more."





It was a hard pull to Soquel Meadows, but once there, the boys said, the scenery with Fresno Dome in the background was worth it. The altitude is 5,600 feet.

How Three Newspaper Men Became Motorcycle Enthusiasts

THREE newspaper men of Fresno, California, who doubted the efficiency of motorcycles less than two months ago, are now convinced that the motorcycle is as far advanced in efficiency and rider comfort as the automobile. The three men are the advertising manager, the special advertising manager, and the editor of the automotive section of the Fresno Bee. Claude Salmon of Salmon & Wilson, the Harley-Davidson dealers in Fresno, is the man who proved to them that they were all wrong. Claude is a man of action rather than words, so when he found that his newspaper friends had no faith in motorcycles, he got busy and planned a trip that for a test of endurance would knock the ordinary endurance run off the map. When everything was all set, he invited the three newspaper men for a Sunday trip that he explained would convince them forever that a motorcycle was just as dependable, and the sidecar just as comfortable riding, as the automobile.

When the appointed Sunday rolled around, three sidecar outfits pulled away from the Salmon & Wilson store, each sidecar carrying one of the newspaper men as a passenger. So successful was the

demonstration that the automotive editor featured it in a full-page story on the first page of the Auto and Outing section of the newspaper with a picture layout. Here's a description of the trip, in part, as the editor gave it:

"That the efficiency of the motorcycle together with rider comfort has advanced to the same extent as in the case of the automobile, was incontestably demonstrated last Sunday when a party of Fresno motorcycle enthusiasts succeeded in reaching the site of the old California Mill in Kelty Meadows at the foot of Fresno Dome, 73½ miles from Fresno.

"This feat, one that few automobile owners would dare, was accomplished by three motorcycles with sidecars attached. The last seven miles were over an abandoned logging road to Soquel, north of Bass Lake. This road, covered with small boulders and recently fallen snow, ascends several thousand feet above Bass Lake on steep grades over patches of bare granite. Between the drifts of snow the ground is heavily carpeted with pine needles and wheel tracks are almost obliterated.

"The trip to Soquel is an endurance run from the time New Auberry is



Resting for a few minutes on the site of the old California Mill which flourished 42 years ago. These three motorcycles, it is believed, were the first that ever reached the place.

reached, if the route is by way of power house No. 1 of the San Joaquin Light and Power Corporation. Power house No. 1 is picturesquely situated at the head of Kerchhoff Lake at the bottom of a rough and exceedingly steep hill. Going down this hill is where the sidecar passenger, if he is a novice, discovers the easy riding qualities of his 'traveling chair' and the facility with which gears are shifted on the modern motorcycle.

"The power house is 44.2 miles from Fresno and the speedometer shows 52.6 at North Fork a little further on. Snow was encountered soon after passing North Fork and at the upper end of Bass

Lake there were extensive drifts, puddles were frozen over and crunched as the motorcycle tires broke through. Where the road descended toward Soquel the snow covered wider areas and glittered on the branches of small groves of cedars in the more secluded spots.

"It was bitterly cold Sunday morning. The temperature here was 20 degrees. Sidecar passengers didn't feel the cold at all, any more than in the front seat of a touring car. Adjustable windshields afforded protection to the passenger while rigid ones screened the rider alongside.

"Fresno Dome, 7,535 feet high, appeared almost overhead when the motorcyclists halted at the old mill site.

"Lunch time demonstrated the improvement in motorcycling over the old days when only solo machines were in use. Behind the seat cushions of those three sidecars the owners proceeded to extract a large coffee pot, a couple of frying pans, tin mugs, dishes, and boxes of food containing buns and wieners sufficient for a dozen hungry men instead of six.

"Riding a motorcycle is nearly as exhilarating as going up in an airplane. Perfected springs give the maximum of comfort. The sport has something in common with yachting, too, for a sidecar passenger must learn to trim the balance whenever the sidecar is on the upper side if the road slopes. There is no gear



Detouring around fallen trees that blocked the road, was all in the day's work.

clashing and gear changes are only noticeable by the increased speed of the engine as it turns over more rapidly.

"The motorcycle is the modern counterpart of the 'magic carpet' of Arabian Nights fame."

Mt. Washington is Now Target for Record Climbers

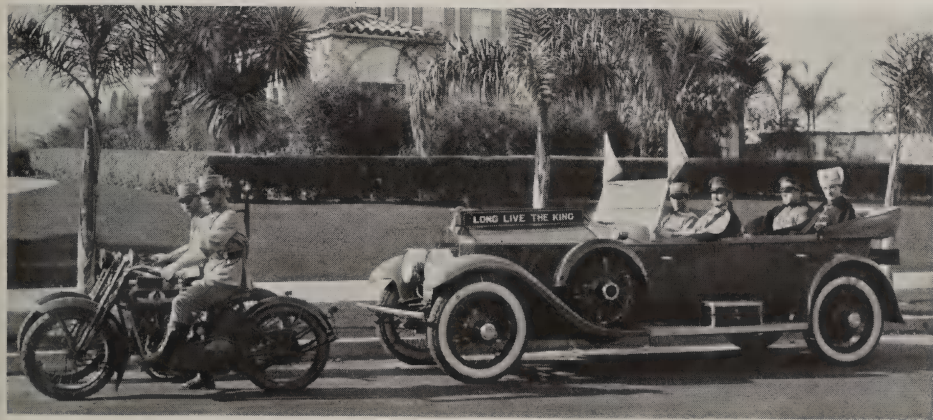
SPEAKING of record climbs, Mt. Washington, New Hampshire, seems to be coming in for its share of attention this past year. During this time the record for climbing this mountain was set and slashed twice. Louis St. Clair, the Harley-Davidson dealer at Gorham, New Hampshire, established the record for automotive vehicles about a year ago when he piloted his Harley-Davidson up and over the steep roads to the top in 19 minutes. Then this past summer, a motorist driving an automobile of a well-known make, hearing of St. Clair's record, decided to have a try at it himself, and succeeded in cutting off two minutes. St. Clair wasn't content to let this record out of the Harley-Davidson camp very long, so he grabbed the first spare moment he had and went to it again. This time he knocked off another minute, and thus the record of 16 minutes stands today. He is confident, however, that he can cut three more minutes off this record if he finds time to get another try at it.



"Here's a photo showing my backyard in Samoa, myself and my Harley-Davidson," writes Reverend Joseph R. Deihs, of the Catholic Mission at Apia, Samoa, and adds: "Here is a wish of success to all owners from the only one down here betwixt the palm, mountains and the coral reefs."

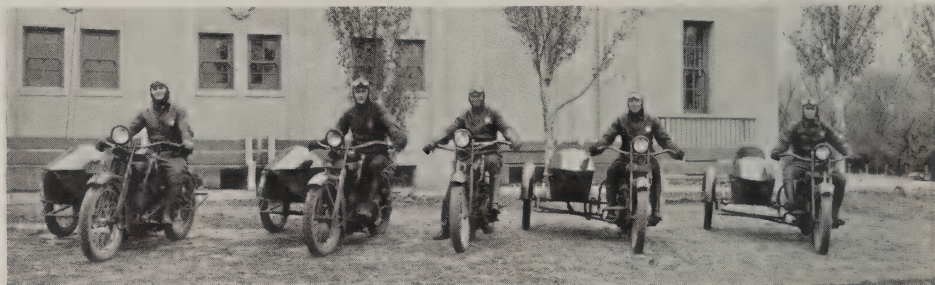
The climb starts at the Glenn House at the foot of Mt. Washington and ends at the Tip-Top House on the summit, a distance of eight miles, and a steady climb.

"There's no Hot Stove League around here, during the winter-time," says Fred Russell of Welland, Ontario, Canada. "We have parties at one of the riders' homes every week, and the boys have to ride there or stay home, and we haven't had one absentee yet."



How's this for a royal trio? A Rolls-Royce automobile and two Harley-Davidson motorcycles, the "Two-Wheeled Rolls-Royce," were used in a recent street parade in Los Angeles, California, to advertise the film, "Long Live the King."

3 of the 1500 Police Departments That Use Harley-Davidsons



At Lincoln, Nebraska, these five Harley-Davidson motorcycle officers make it snappy for the speeders. From left to right, they are: Leon Towle, George Shively, Major Gross, G. Gannon, and Clyde Waite.



These Chattanooga, Tennessee, motorcycle officers of the law took just enough time off duty to have this picture snapped with their Harley-Davidsons. "This department put in Harley-Davidson motorcycles four years ago," says Commissioner E. W. Herron, "and has found them entirely satisfactory."



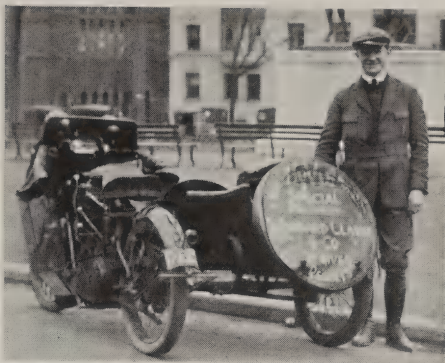
The citizens of Bridgeport, Connecticut, feel safe under the protection of this efficient squad of Harley-Davidson-mounted motorcycle officers. Superintendent of Police Patrick Flanagan says: "We have used Harley-Davidsons for years, and to show our feeling toward them, purchased 18 new ones this past year."

Solves Quick Delivery Problem for Portland Drug Store

WOODARD, CLARKE & CO., a large retail drug firm of Portland, Oregon, use a Harley-Davidson motorcycle for their special delivery work because they have found that it gets there quicker than any other type of conveyance. The outfit is owned and driven by Arthur E. Gibbs. It has been found especially convenient in filling rush orders for hospitals. All of the hospitals in Portland are so located that there is some hill work for the motor in reaching them, and all of them are quite a distance from the store, with the first half mile or more through the heaviest traffic in the city. The Harley-Davidson's ability to dodge through this traffic, get up the grades without effort and reach the hospitals, was the deciding point in its favor. In cases of emergency, one little package of medicine, a surgeon's tool, or some bandage may mean a life. In such cases, speed is the factor of prime importance, but at the same time the firm feels that it has also obtained the cheapest form of delivery.

A 1923 Harley-Davidson was used at first. This machine, Gibbs says, was bought new in September, 1922, and turned in on a new 1924 last July, having covered 13,490 miles and still in perfect running condition. During that time, Gibbs says, 375 gallons of gasoline were used, costing \$85.21; 16 gallons of oil, \$16.15; repairs to motorcycle and sidecar amounting to \$6.55 and tires and tubes, \$14.60, making a total of \$123.12 or \$.0091 per mile. The maximum load carried in packages is 200 pounds, with a daily average of 112 stops.

By November when Gibbs wrote us, the new 1924 motor had run past the 5000 mile mark and had averaged 50 miles per gallon of gasoline and 600 miles per gallon of oil with only 15 cents spent for repairs. "I feel that anyone can get the same satisfaction and results from his machine that I do with mine," Gibbs says. "The main thing is to be careful with the machine, giving it all the oil and grease it needs and using a high grade of oil, also



Arthur E. Gibbs of Portland, Oregon, is successfully running a special delivery service for a local retail drug firm with his Harley-Davidson. His facts and figures in the story opposite are interesting.

to see that all nuts and bolts are kept tight. By keeping it clean and in good shape, one saves money on repairs and lessens the depreciation.

"I have owned seven motorcycles, the last five being Harley-Davidsons, three with sidecars," writes Edgar Coers of Indianapolis, Indiana, "so you can just bet I'm a Harley-Davidson booster. I purchased my 1923 model on November 28, 1922, and by November 28, 1923, I had piled up 26,602 miles. Last summer after it had covered 18,000 miles I made a trip to 'Little Old New York,' and toured exactly 1,966 miles without a bit of trouble. I had a 1920 model that went over 48,000 miles while it was in my possession."



Look again, boys! No wonder, Miss Ida Smith was chosen to represent the Harley-Davidson in the recent Popularity and Beauty Contest put on by the Elks in Montreal, Canada.

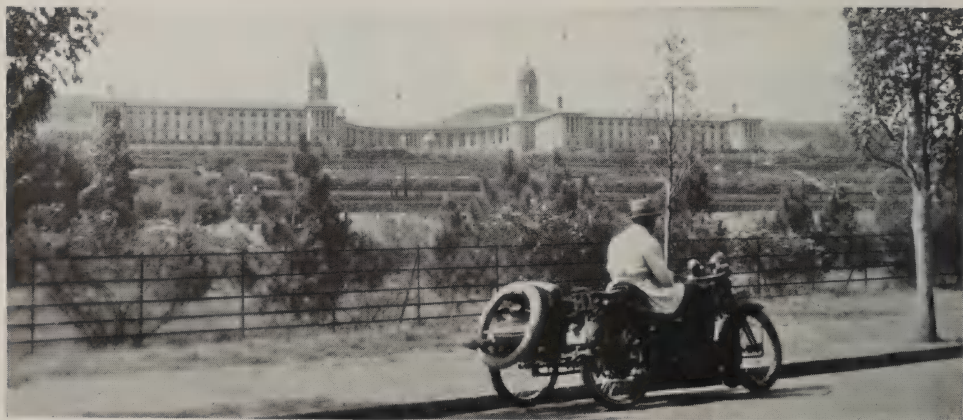
Down in South Africa W



One wife is enough for the average man but this Zulu Chief has three. "This photo was taken in their native village and it took real silver money to get them to pose," says Mr. Child.

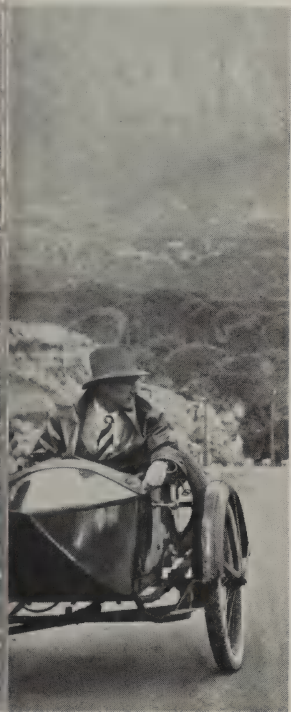


"South African hills and mountains gave me a chance to demonstrate the hill climbing ability of my son." Mr. Child is seated on the motorcycle.



The imposing buildings in the background of this picture are the Union of South Africa Parliament buildings at Pretoria, Transvaal. At one time this was the seat of the old Boer government.

With Our Mr. A. R. Child



," says Mr. Child, "offer a fine
ing ability of the Harley-David-
motorcycle.



You have often read of J. W. du Toit, the famous South African road racer. Well, here's a photo of himself and bride in front of the Cecil Rhodes Memorial at Kirstenbosch, Cape Province, on their honeymoon trip.



Harley-Davidson motorcycles are well represented in South Africa. This substantial building is the establishment of the Younger Motor Co., Ltd., who sell Harley-Davidsons in Bloemfontein.

Frank's Mail Bag

"Is there anything you want to know about your Harley-Davidson? Tell me what it is and I'll try to help you out. I'll answer all questions with a letter. Questions that are of general interest to our other Enthusiast readers will be printed on this page of mine. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."—Frank.



Say, fellers—you want to get along with Frank, so please sign your name (in full) and address to your letters. I am holding about a dozen letters with initials only, and I cannot answer them until I have the names in full.

Atta boy—help me keep this mail bag running properly.

Frank.

I take care of my machine according to the Rider's Hand Book, especially lubrication, but there is one Alemite oiler fitting I don't understand.

The oiler that lubricates the right clutch crank bearing, you know the one on the right side of the transmission case, never seems to get enough grease. I can put a whole gun of grease through that oiler and none of it "squeezes out" any place that I can see. How come, Frank—where goes the grease through this oiler?—F. K.

Boy, if you keep on piling grease in the right clutch crank oiler, your transmission case will soon be full of grease. The oiler for the clutch crank also lubricates the starter gear mechanism in the starter case. The oiler hole passes through to the starter gear. Do not put too much grease in this place, just one half turn of the grease gun every 500 miles is sufficient.

Please tell me how I can treat my clutch discs to make the clutch hold. I have the clutch apart and the lined discs appear glazed or hardened. Are they supposed to be this way? If not, tell me

how to repair them. They do not seem to be worn, only glazed.—E. T.

If oil, in excessive quantities, works its way into the clutch, the discs may become glazed or hardened to such extent that the clutch slips. Discs in this condition should be removed from the clutch and burned with the open flame of a torch, to remove the oil and grease. Do not heat the discs "red hot," but hot enough to loosen the oil. After heating the discs, scrape or file the friction linings to roughen them slightly. The linings can then be chalked with common black board chalk.

Assemble the clutch and adjust the pull rod and six tension spring screws according to instructions in the Hand Book.

My 1923 motor runs fine but has developed a slight knock that I do not understand. When the motor runs idle, I cannot hear the knock but when it is pulling I can hear the clicking sound. I know it is not carbon because I scraped it out and ground in the valves at the time. I have covered about 13,000 miles so far, and the old boat is good for many more.

—H. P.

So your motor has developed "clinkles?" Well, I expect it would be a little more noisy after passing 13,000 mile posts than when new. Usually the slight knocks that develop after considerable service, are caused by slightly worn bearings, piston rings, pistons and cylinders. Such knocks can of course be eliminated by fitting new parts and if necessary having the cylinders reground.

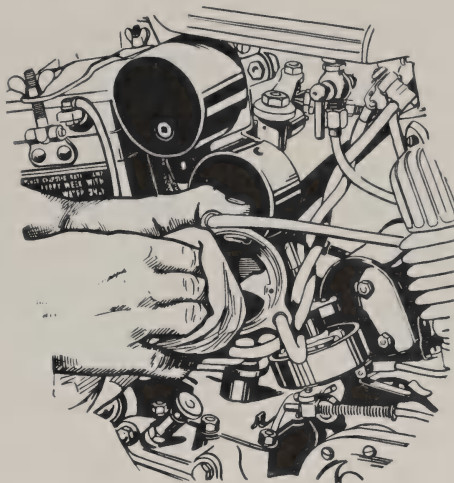
Sometimes the valve mechanism develops a clicking noise that sounds like it was in the cylinders. Sometimes it's a pretty difficult matter to locate just what is causing some of the little clicks or knocks that develop from worn parts. A general going over is the best stunt to iron out the whole job.

By the way, now is the best time to have your machine repaired or put in "keen edge" shape for spring because the dealers want to keep their repair shops busy all winter and are willing to make special prices on repair work in order to do so.

Sometimes I can leave my machine stand in rain or snow and it will start easily while at other times it is difficult to start under practically the same conditions. Can you tell me what causes this? My machine is an electric model.

—F. N.

The spark plugs usually absorb moisture when exposed to rain, snow or dampness and are therefore not in very good condition for starting a cold motor. Clean the plugs from time to time and keep the points set about 1/32 inch for battery-generator spark. If a motor is primed with "too much" gasoline the plugs (mica plugs) may become satur-



ated and need cleaning before they will shoot. It is a good policy to remove the distributor cap from time to time and with a clean, dry cloth wipe out all dust and foreign matter. The illustration shows what I mean. If moisture collects in the cap, it should be dried out with a cloth to make for easy starting.

Indiana Rider in Florida Has Alligators for Neighbors

W. B. Gray, who left Logansport, Indiana, recently for Florida is now working and staying near Hialeah, six miles west of Miami. His trip cost him less than forty dollars altogether.

"Things are interesting around here," he writes. "I am camping near a canal that is full of alligators, and to the west of me are the Everglades. There are also quite a few rattlers around here. I've been expecting to run across one, and if I do I sure will travel some. There are a lot of Harley-Davidsons down here, more than all the rest put together. The roads are fine."



Out on the Pacific Coast, they are all talking about Henry Terry of San Francisco. Pitted against a special four cylinder machine, he won a match race on a seven-tenths mile course at a speed of 110 miles per hour.

In the 195 kilometer (121.1 miles) race held recently in the mountains of Eifel near Aachen, Germany, Harley-Davidson riders won first, third, and fourth places. Rathes of Cologne was the winner of first place.



Is motorcycling popular in Belgium? Take a look at this recent turn-out of the Motor Club of Verriers, one of the smaller Belgium cities, and judge for yourself. Most of the machines lined up are Harley-Davidsons, too, you will notice. Deschryver & Blanchart, the Harley-Davidson dealers at Brussels, sent us the photo.

Motorcycle Touring in Panama

(From page 5)

tation. Flocks of wild parrots, and gaudily-colored tropical birds, squawk, chatter, and whistle overhead; while from the fringes of the jungle hordes of monkeys peer inquisitively, shrieking at the passer-by, and then retreating through the tree tops.

A few miles out on the Gamboa Road, Reese and I diverted our tour from the main road to have a look at the great Mira Flores and Pedro Miguel Locks of the Panama Canal. When one looks at these locks all verbal and photographic descriptions of canal locks pale into insignificance, and all popular conceptions of canals must be dumped in the discard; for it is there that one begins to get a genuine conception of the colossal task that was accomplished when the Panama Canal was put into operation. The locks are massive structures of concrete and steel, so enormous that they look like a part of the earth itself. The locks are 1000 feet in length, and 150 feet wide between the walls. The greatest ship ever contemplated may pass through them with plenty of elbow and keel room. Through the three chambers of the Mira Flores and Pedro Miguel Locks ships are lifted or lowered 85 feet perpendicularly between the level of the Pacific and that of Gatun Lake, which forms the central portion of the great shipway. About the

locks, everything moves with the precision of clockwork. All orders are given from a central station by telephone. There is no shouting, tolling of bells, or whistling. With absolute silence a ship is taken into a lock chamber, the gates are closed behind it, and the water is raised or lowered. Exactly seven minutes are consumed in sending a great vessel through a chamber, or 21 minutes for the negotiation of each of three locks on both the Atlantic and Pacific sides of the isthmus. Vessels may thus pass through the canal with the loss of but 42 minutes over what the time would be had it been an engineering possibility to have dug the canal through at sea level.

To the Top of Culebra Cut

"Do you want to get a view of the Culebra Cut such as very few travellers to Panama ever obtain?" asked Reese as we were leaving the Pedro Miguel Lock. "Then come with me!" he said. Forthwith, we rode across the narrow guard gates of the lock, and began following an obscure little trail that wound away through the hills on the west side of the canal. It seemed that we were about to lose ourselves in the jungle, and as if we had reached the end of the course where it would be possible for a motorcycle to turn a wheel, when we "popped out" on top of a great hill to find ourselves right at the top of the Culebra Cut—looking down into it. As we stood

there gazing off into the shipway, it took a long stretch of imagination to picture that we were looking upon a chasm dug by the efforts of men. It would have more readily passed for some tremendous river gorge that could easily be visualized as a work of nature. For nearly a hundred years men whacked away at that hill with spades, steam shovels, and dynamite, cutting down the continental divide for nearly eight miles, and from the highest point digging down a perpendicular distance of 827 feet. (See photo, page 3).

Following the Railway No Easy Job

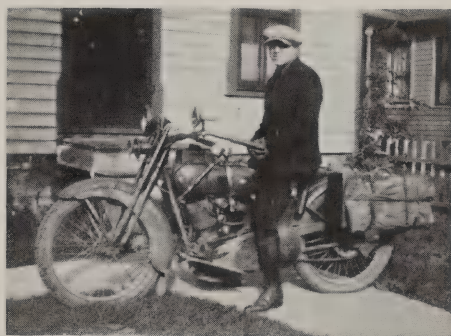
Returning to the Gamboa Road we sped through the hills for the few remaining miles to the little village on the canal, and there came to the end of the road. We had to lift the motorcycles over a tiny plank that served as a footbridge from the end of the road to the railway station, and thence over several lines of railway shunting to reach the footpath beside the railway mainline. It was perspiration-shedding back-breaking labor in that sizzling tropical heat, but just one of the many things to prove the advantages of the motorcycle as a speedy mobile type of vehicle. Once on the footpath beside the railway, the going was fairly easy, except for the extreme narrowness of the "road," which at the widest point was seldom more than two and a half or three feet, and quite often along the margin of swamps, streams, or ditches that teemed with aquatic bird life, and hundreds of huge hungry-looking alligators. A spill into any of these water puddles bore no pleasant prospect, even though a wetting would have been desirable relief from the heat.

Several miles down the railway line from Gamboa we stopped to take a few photographs, and then went on to the great radio station at Darien, the tall towers of which were by this time visible in the distance. There is nothing at Darien but the radio station, and the homes of the operators. The place is alongside the canal, and in the midst of the jungle—yet it is in constant commu-

(See next page)



"This snapshot shows us as we were ready to start on our vacation this summer," writes J. Irl Clayton of Golden, Colorado. "Mrs. Clayton and Wendel (only three years old but a real motorcycle fiend) are in the picture. We covered 2000 miles without experiencing any engine trouble." Clayton says further: "I live in Golden and work in Denver, Colorado, and drive practically every day a distance of 26 miles round trip. I covered 8,000 miles in nine months. It will always be a Harley-Davidson for mine."



"In the last half year," says Roland Speckman of Racine, Wisconsin, "I covered over 5,000 miles with my Harley-Davidson and never found it necessary to use a wrench on it. The photo (shown above) shows the Harley-Davidson and myself taken just before we left for a two weeks' visit in Iowa this summer."



Percy Coleman, snapped right after winning the New Zealand Heavyweight Championship in record time.

Coleman Captures New Zealand Heavyweight Championship

THE New Zealand Heavyweight Championship for 12 miles was recently won by Percy Coleman, a Harley-Davidson rider, in the record time of 10 minutes and 27 seconds. The race was held on the Canterbury Park Grass track at Christchurch, New Zealand. Coleman also won first place in the 8-mile Handicap from Scratch event, and third in the Lightweight Championship.

Another Harley-Davidson rider, L. C. Monkman, made a splendid showing at these races, winning first place in the 10-Mile Handicap event, while H. L. Piper, also riding a Harley-Davidson, won the 5-mile Novice Handicap. Since neither one of these men had ever raced before, their performances were particularly noteworthy.

At the New Brighton Beach races held in November, the Harley-Davidsons were again successful, Percy Coleman winning the 12-mile race in record time from scratch and H. L. Piper, also on a Harley-Davidson, securing second place.

Out of 441 motorcycles that were shipped to Australia from the United States during January 1923, 355 were Harley-Davidsons.

Motorcycle Touring in Panama

(From page 17)

nication with every other radio station on earth, and with most of the ships of the seven seas.

Beyond Darien we began getting into the Gatun Lake section, the small fresh water sea which was created when the canal was built by damming up the Chagres Rivers, flooding a tremendous area of the jungle, creating some 25 miles of navigable shipway without digging, and at the same time producing an ever ready supply of water for operating the locks and creating hydro-electric power to supply the demands of the entire Canal Zone, and much of the Republic of Panama. The railway goes right through part of the lake, over a series of trestles and high embankments. In some places our little motorcycle path became uncomfortably narrow, and riding the trestles with no floor boards over the railway sleepers gave us somewhat the vibratory effect that I imagine one would get from a motorcycle with square wheels.

I Have My Swim in the Atlantic

Looking at Gatun Lake (Gatun is the Spanish word for—big calf), one might think it to be as old as the world itself. With its numerous islands, its jungle-fringed shores, and in places bare trees protruding out of the water to give it an air of swamp desolation, it appears to have been there from the beginning of time. Yet, it is as artificial as a gold fish pond, and is only about eight years old. The only air of the present-day about it, is when one looks out, and sees some great ocean liner plowing along its surface, on the way, perhaps from Southampton to New Zealand, or from China to England.

Reese and I rolled off the railway path into Gatun for a somewhat belated luncheon, and only when we ran our tires on

(Turn to page 21)



These neat-looking riders are members of the Harley-Davidson Motorcycle Club of Perth, West Australia. Here, they are lined up in front of the establishment of the Harley-Davidson dealers, Mortlock Brothers, Ltd., all ready to start on one of their many club runs.

Battles Deep Snow for 210 Miles To Keep Business Engagement

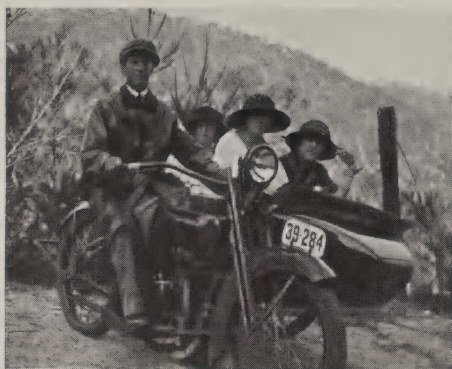
DID you ever travel any distance with the thermometer hovering around 20 to 32 degrees below zero over snow-covered mountain roads? Well, perhaps you have for, say, five or ten or even twenty miles, but not 210 miles. It sounds unbelievable, doesn't it, but that's exactly the length and sort of trip Erik Wikner of Orsa, Sweden, was called upon to make recently with his Harley-Davidson. Two business men who had an important engagement in a city 210 miles distant from Orsa hurriedly called upon Erik one afternoon in January to help them out, as there was no other means of transportation to be had. Wikner had no sidecar, so an old horse sleigh was borrowed and a drawbar fixed up to attach the motorcycle to the sleigh. His passengers weighed about 400 pounds, and furs, gas, boxes and oil added 110 pounds to his load.

Once started and meeting with fine roads and fine weather, they laughed at the people who predicted that they would never get through, but the cold soon increased to about 20 degrees below, and the road started winding through a hilly country, where the deep snow was so loosely packed that the rear wheel started slipping. Every mile the going became harder, but the motor kept on working with unfailing precision uphill and down until their destination for the night was reached.

The second day out, the temperature dropped to 30 degrees below and then 32, and the roads became next to impassable. In spite of all this, Wikner managed to cover 130 miles that day with his heavy load, without an adjustment having to be made to the Harley-Davidson. The third day out, proved to be even worse than the other two. A blinding snowstorm came up, and the weather grew colder and colder, and the roads harder to distinguish. Still the Harley-Davidson kept on and never failed them once. The fourth day turned out more pleasantly, the last lap of the journey was covered, and Wikner got his passengers to their engagement on time.



As a long distance cold weather rider, Erik Wikner of Orsa, Sweden, who figures as the hero in the story appearing on this page, should get the prize.



"I guess this photo proves that the girls around here like motorcycling just as much as they do in America," says Harold F. Brown of Goulburn, Australia. "I never have any trouble getting sidecar passengers. I carried this load over one of the stiffest roads around Sydney." Harold adds that while he just recently purchased his 24 JD Harley-Davidson, he has had it long enough to know that he is entirely satisfied with it.



"I use my Harley-Davidson to go to and from work winter and summer," says Ray McClure of Buffalo, New York. "One winter three of us rode Harley-Davidson sidecar outfits to work during every working day, and we always punched the clock on time, although for cold it was a record winter. Dress warm enough, and you'll be all right." Ray also tells us that he has a lot of fun with his machine and goes on a trip whenever he gets the chance.

Harley-Davidson Wins Big Honors in Australian Trials

THE Harley-Davidson carried off the highest honors in the Sydney Motorcycle Club's 24-Hour Reliability Trial held recently at Sydney, Australia, over a 441-mile course. Out of the twenty-three sidecar outfits that started, eleven finished without loss of points, and six of these were Harley-Davidson outfits. Eight teams were entered in the trial, but only two came through with perfect scores, and these were Harley-Davidson-mounted, thus winning the coveted Kerr and Sydney Cups. This is the second year a Harley-Davidson team has won the Kerr Cup. The members of the winning team this year were: W. Thomas, E. Thomas, and F. Howarth. The two teams of Harley-Davidson riders tied for the Sydney Cup, F. Howarth, W. and E. Thomas representing the first group, and T. Benstead, C. Napier, and V. Dumbarton, the second. The winning machines were all standard 1924 stock models.

Another Australian 24-Hour Reliability Trial that resulted in a victory for the Harley-Davidson was held by the Goulburn Motorcycle Club of Goulburn, Australia. Out of twelve starters, only three came through with perfect scores. Two of these were Harley-Davidson riders, M. Hurley and E. Wicks. The route covered 320 miles.

Chas. W. Rupp, publicity manager of the South Hills Motorcycle Club, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, announces the election of the following officers for the coming year at the regular weekly meeting December 20th: President C. Baldwin, Vice President, A. Blocher; Secretary, G. Wentz; Assistant Secretary, S. E. Keller; Treasurer, A. Senn; Publicity Manager, Chas. W. Rupp; House Committee, C. Baldwin, J. Kauper, W. and A. Froelich, E. B. Fiser; Road Captain, A. Froelich; Referee, A. Senn; Chairman, W. Froelich.

Motorcycle clubs multiply motorcycling pleasures.

Motorcycle Touring in Panama

(From page 18)

to the concrete pavements leading on from there to Cristobal to Colon, did we realize how rough and bumpy the path and the railway trestles had been. We stopped in Gatun only long enough to lunch, gather some information about the wonderful fishing and hunting down the old Chagres River below the Gatun Lake Spillway, and then pushed on. The eight mile ribbon of concrete through the jungle, however, was all too short, for we rolled into Colon with the blue Atlantic stretching out in front of it, almost before we realized we were there. We were somewhat tired, hot, and dusty, so "parked" the motorcycles, and dropped into a Colon public house for a cool and refreshing glass of ale—and a few minutes later, a swim in the Atlantic Ocean within eight hours of our swim in the Pacific. Just 4½ hours of this time had been spent in crossing the isthmus, the rest being consumed by stops for photographs, etc.

It was too late to start back across the isthmus that evening, and we were not in any hurry anyway. Next day we went back to Gatun, where we fished in the Chagres River, and hunted alligators. The 'gators were there all right, as were also the fish—tarpons and snooks (the latter a splendid tropical food fish with the gaminess of a trout). We took home a couple of alligator skins and a fine collection of ivory tusks from the great



This is Felix Lawson, head mechanic for the Columbus, Georgia, Police Department. Felix took the repairmen's course at the factory last winter.

beasts that went down before our attack which was launched against them with a couple of Navy Springfield rifles. In the hunting line there were also plenty of small deer, tapirs, and literally no end to the small animals and feathered game.

Due to my connections with the navy I had unrestricted use of both the army and navy aeroplanes. Since a one-way trip across the isthmus by motorcycle was all I could expect to make, what with the necessity of railway permits, etc., I made use of the aeroplanes instead and during my week's stay in Panama, I lost all track of the number of times I crossed

(See next page)



Here's a photo showing the type of motorcycle sleigh that is being used with much success by the mail carriers in the mountain districts of Norway. The Harley-Davidson is the only machine, they claim, that can stand the hard going.



Here's a picture of the old elm under which George Washington first took command of the Continental Army on July 3, 1775. This photo was taken by Floyd Coolidge, nephew of President Coolidge. Mrs. Floyd Coolidge is in the sidecar.

Marion Club Members are Treated to Dinner by Muncie Club

TWENTY-five members of the Entronuse Motorcycle Club of Marion, Indiana, recently made a trip to Muncie, Indiana. Here they were served an old-fashioned country dinner and later treated to a theatre party by the Muncie Motorcycle Club. The two clubs staged a ball game some weeks ago with the understanding that the losers would serve a dinner to the winners. The Muncie Motorcycle Club lost; hence, the dinner. Entronuse club members who were fortunate enough to get in on the dinner are now wishing the Muncie fellows would lose out in the next event they hold together, because, according to the Marion boys, "that Muncie bunch sure knows how to serve a good feed."

There are approximately 45,000 motorcycles in use in Australasia today.

Motorcycle Touring in Panama (From page 21)

the isthmus. Through the co-operation of our dealers, I had the use of motorcycles at both ends of the canal, and "hopped" back and forth across the isthmus by aeroplane—the trip in the air taking about twenty-five minutes each way. Reese and I toured practically every mile of traversible motor trail along the Atlantic side of the Republic of Panama, and then sent his motorcycle across the isthmus by rail, for a tour of the Pacific Coast country.

Our Motorcycles Take Us All Over

In all we covered some 500 miles of roads, getting almost into the heart of the Republic on both sides of the canal, and taking in such points of interest as Old Panama, the ruins of the first colony established by white men in the Western Hemisphere, and later reduced to ruins by the joint agencies of tropical disease, and the heartless pirate Morgan; Juan Diaz, Pecorra, and other native communities far back in the interior of the country—and accessible to most travelers only on horse back. We lived among the natives, seldom hearing a word of English spoken, slept in grass huts, and took our chances on tropical fevers with nothing save a ration of 15 grains of quinine per day that kept our heads buzzing and our ears ringing, as a precaution against the loss of our health. We saw as much of Panama in a week as most travelers would see in six months, and infinitely more than the average traveler ever sees at all.

We ate bananas, breadfruits, papias, and other tropical fruits to our hearts' content, and actually gained strength and weight in spite of the intense heat to which I had quickly become acclimated. Brown as a native, and actually reluctant to leave Panama, the day eventually came when we rolled back to Balboa, and I went aboard my ship to sail away for a few more weeks of globe trotting in the various republics of South and Central America.

Nobby Ned

IF HER HEART YOU WOULD WIN,
RIDE A HARLEY-DAVIDSON!





This is the New Stewart

You'll like the New Stewart Speedometer that has been approved by our Engineering Department and built according to Harley-Davidson specifications.

The registering mechanism is exceedingly accurate and responsive. Give your bus the throttle and almost instantly the pointer tells you how fast you are burning up the road. Nothing sluggish and slow about this speedometer. When you speed up or slow down the pointer tells you at once just how fast you are going.

The 100 mile dial on this speedometer is also going to make a hit with you. There is no extra charge for this feature. The figures on the dial are big and plain and are easily read.

This New Stewart Speedometer, just like the 1924 Harley-Davidson motor-

cycles and sidecars, is Alemite equipped. There's a handy Alemite fitting to lubricate the angle drive section—formerly a hard place to oil properly. The same Alemite gun you use for your motorcycle does the lubricating job.

Notice how snugly the cable hugs the tank. No unsightly bulging. A sturdy one piece tank head bracket with slotted screw holes strongly supports the head and makes it possible to keep a smooth, straight cable regardless of your rear wheel position.

There are season and trip mileage indicators and a separate handy trip reset. The glass over the dial is protected by a heavy beaded rim. Ride over to your dealer and give this New Stewart your once over. It'll make a hit with you. The price is \$17.50 at factory, tax included

38.03
TRADE

The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast



March, 1924

Come on, Let's Have a Tour!



In Paris, France, there's a Harley-Davidson tour almost every Sunday. Mr. Becker of Becker & Durand, our dealers, is shown fourth from the left with Mrs. Becker right next to him.



They have organized a new club at Parramatta, Australia, and this is the turnout for their first tour. With lots of runs, tours and trials, this club is bound to be a big success.



There is always something doing among the Harley-Davidson riders at Madras, India. Here they are at the finish of a stiff Reliability Trial. The winner, Mr. G. W. Wilson, is in the center, mounted on machine No. 11.



All ready to pull out from New York,—bag, baggage and family. W. H. Parsons, editor of *Motor-cycle & Bicycle Illustrated*, is getting "all the dope" for his trade paper.

Touring Across the Continent In Midwinter

By George Faitzer

ALTHOUGH my wife and I were born and raised in Vladivostok, Siberia, we're like a lot of other people from cold countries—none too fond of winter weather. That is why, after becoming American citizens in New York City, we decided to move to California. Of course, we could have boarded a Pullman in New York, and stepped out in Los Angeles, but being Harley-Davidson sidecar enthusiasts we preferred to "see America first" by making the trip over the road.

Because we were taking our three year old daughter with us, and on account of the season of the year, we decided to forego the pleasures and financial saving that might have been effected by camping out along the way. Thus, on the 6th of October, with enough money to stop at hotels and eat restaurant meals, we rolled out of New York. We had quite a load of luggage as it was, for in traveling

with one's wife and baby, and across the continent at the most unfavorable time of year, it is almost impossible to go light.

The trip from New York to St. Louis was one of the most pleasant experiences of our lives. We had fine roads and fine weather, and rolled right through in a leisurely five and a half days' touring. At St. Louis, however, it began to rain. It rained pitchforks for a couple of days. Then it cleared up, and we started out. Further east, some of our friends had told us something about what Missouri gumbo roads are like when it rains, but we really didn't know what motor traffic over those roads is up against in rainy weather until we actually experienced it. There is 25 miles of paved road out of St. Louis. The pavement ends there—at the Missouri River, and as soon as we got off the pavement we were in about the same fix as a trio of flies on sticky fly paper. The



An unusual bit of road scene that attracted our attention between Albuquerque, New Mexico, and Santa Fe.

mud was bottomless, and just about as sticky as chewing gum. Why on earth the people of such a prosperous farming country will continue to tolerate the kind of roads they've got is something I can't understand. However, bottomless, sticky mud is the condition in wet weather, and tourists passing through, as well as the people who live in that region, have to put up with it for the time being at least. It took us three days to get from St.

Charles to Columbia, Missouri—a distance of about a hundred miles. At Columbia we decided to wait for the mud to dry up, so we stayed there three days, and then started out again. Thanks to a little dry weather, the roads were better, but awfully bumpy, and with plenty of mud holes.

We Run Into More Rain

We got to Kansas City, and there the rain began again. Three days of it, but in spite of rain, we got to Hutchinson, Kansas. When they get wet, the Kansas roads are not much different from those of Missouri. We stopped off for a week in Hutchinson. Now, all these delays were eating holes in our finances. The writer is a professional photographer, and fortunately I had my equipment along. So, when we got rained in at Hutchinson, I said to the wife: "Alexandria, I'm going out and hunt a job." I did. It didn't take me long to land several flash-light jobs, and when we were ready to leave Hutchinson, the family purse was about \$25 better off than when we came—after paying all expenses.

At Dodge City, we dropped in on the Harley-Davidson dealers and got our outfit looked over. There was nothing much wrong with it, but we gave it a general looking over, new grease, plenty of oil and careful adjustments. On to La Junta, and Trinidad, Colorado. In the



Down in New Mexico. It took two bits to induce old Chief Hole-in-His-Pocket and his squaw to pose for this photograph.

latter town we stopped two weeks. During that time, I picked up a few odd photographic jobs, that did a little better than pay expenses. From Trinidad we had a pretty tough time getting over Raton Pass into New Mexico, and encountered the first heavy snow we'd run into on the trip. We finally rolled into Albuquerque, and there were advised to take the Borderland Trail. The auto club there told us we would not be able to get through over the Santa Fe Trail because the route was blocked with snow in the vicinity of Flagstaff, Arizona. The country in that vicinity is all at a very high altitude, which accounts for the abundance of snow.

And Now It's a Blizzard

We accordingly swung south from Albuquerque, to go on to Los Angeles by way of Socorro, Lake Valley, Deming, Lordsburg, and Bisbee. It's a good thing we took the southern route, for even there we came very nearly not being able to get through. We encountered snow at Socorro, and it took us one whole day to plough through 34 miles of it in low gear. I say "to plough



It was hard pulling in the sand dune region of the Colorado River desert, between Yuma, Arizona, and Holtville, California.

through", but I really don't mean that; for much of the time it was a case of getting out ahead of the machine and shoveling a path. At Hillsboro it began to snow again—and it was *SOME* blizzard, too! We never turned a wheel for nine days. When the storm was over there were three feet of snow on the level, and the drifts were six and eight feet deep. Mean-

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In the Promised Land. We asked a farmer if we could get a few oranges to eat, and he said: "Go in and help yourselves." We did.



The dealers, dealers' repairmen, and others who attended this season's second Mechanics' School held at the factory. Rear row, left to right: Sgt. Sam Taylor, Barbourville, W. Va.; Sgt. Ed. O. Dudorics, Weston, W. Va.; D. V. Majeski, Youngstown, O.; D. MacCracken, Bennington, Vt.; W. Montgomery, Madison, Wis.; H. Harshman, New Salem, Ill.; W. Ford, Dover, Del.; R. Rusk, Lansing, Mich.; R. Tursky, Fond du Lac, Wis.; Geo. Richards and H. Hirthe, assistant instructors.

Second row: Joe Ryan, instructor; C. Wilson, Columbus, O.; L. Ebert, Wadsworth, O.; J. Dantis, St. Paul, Minn.; G. A. Wesner, St. Joseph, Mich.; R. P. Lippold, Cumberland, Md.; J. Schoenwetter, Kingston, Pa.; J. Coach, Kingston, Pa.; J. Nortman, assistant instructor; A. J. Trembly, New Bedford, Mass.

Bottom row: A. La Rock, Saranac Lake, N. Y.; C. Koblitz, La Crosse, Wis.; C. B. Meisky, York, Pa.; J. Evans, Miles City, Mont.; J. Pay, Malone, N. Y.; V. Winston, Little Rock, Ark.; A. Rehbein, Jr., Miles City, Mont.; L. Gomez, Biddeford, Me.; A. Proper, Beloit, Wis.; P. Higgins, Cumberland, Md.



The famous California highway, El Camino Real, or "The King's Highway" is marked with these unusual posts, on each of which is mounted a large copper bell. In the early days, the priests covered this 600-mile route on foot, walking from mission to mission.

Triumphs in Big South American International 12-Hour Race

News just recently reached us through Dartiguelongue & Toulouse, the Harley-Davidson dealers at Buenos Aires, South America, that the recent International Twelve Hour Race held there January 20th on the Moron Circuit was a big Harley-Davidson Triumph. In the Solo Class, first and second places were captured by the Harley-Davidson, with a distance of 910 kilometers (565.11 miles) to the winner's credit. In the Sidecar Class, first and second places were also taken by the Harley-Davidson, with a distance of 805 kilometers or 499.98 miles.

"Harley-Davidsons are very popular in Hongkong," writes Cyril V. Curtis, a Harley-Davidson rider living at Kowloon, Hongkong, China. Mr. Curtis adds that in the recent motor trials held at Hongkong, the Harley-Davidson carried off many honors, taking first place for sidecar combinations in the fuel consumption test, first place in the acceleration test for sidecars, and first place in the hill climb.

Motorcycling in Argentina

By Rev. F. H. Hammon

HAVING been brought up on gasoline, it was pretty hard when I got stationed down here in South America, to be satisfied with street-cars and railroad trains. Being on a missionary's salary, though, curbs a fellow's appetite for twin-sixes or even Humble-Henries.

In the early spring of 1921, however, or as you of the north would call it, the early fall, at any rate in September, I found the means of transportation I wanted and could afford. It was a second-hand motorcycle, somewhat battered and the worse for hard usage, and badly in need of paint which it came to need a lot more 'ere long. Soon the Harley-Davidson, motor number 17J9806, was mine. I christened her with a mud bath, but she didn't mind, apparently being used to that brand.

I had heard much said about the roads of the Argentine, and the purchase of a vehicle to cover a rather extensive parish was something of a gamble. But it so turned out that I won. I found that in spite of a blissful ignorance on the part of the Argentine rural public as to what



This is the way Argentine wheat is brought to market.

was a good road or how to maintain one, that Milwaukee had learned how to build a motor vehicle operating economically, even on Argentine roads, such as they are.

The motorcyclists of the country know it, too, for an easy three-quarters of the machines in use in the Republic today bear the good old Harley-Davidson label. As to the racing game, it is practically left to the riders of Harley-Davidsons. From two copies of a motorcycle magazine published in Buenos Aires, which I have just picked up at random, I read that of the machines to place in three races chronicled therein all were Harley-Davidsons,—with sixteen machines, solo and sidecar entries. Occasionally, some rider chooses a machine of another make, but only once, to my recollection, have I noted a winner among such entries.

At the time I bought the machine, I was living in the city of Rosario, the Chicago of Argentina, situated on the Parana River. (Pah-rah-nah), about 180 miles northwest of Buenos Aires. All the while we lived there, the machine was continually in use, and Mrs. Hammon, who from the first rode all over with me, established the motor-sidecar as a conveyance for ladies all about Rosario. The reserved Latins, it seems, had to have the pace



Reverend Hammon, who wrote this story, and the "Parson" who accompanied him on the trip he tells about.



Sunny California's her home, boys. She's Miss Lucy Westlake of Lamanda Park, who represented the Harley-Davidson this year in the big Rose Parade that is held annually in Pasadena.

(From Page 7)

set and the custom established for them by an American girl before they would think of adopting it. Now the appearance of a slim senorita or a buxom senora in a sidecar is one of everyday occurrence in and around this locality. Here in Santa Fe, however, where we are located now, the wife is one of two American women, and she never goes out but that



"I've equipped this handcar with a Harley-Davidson motor," writes J. Del Cozzo of Scotia, California, "and it works perfectly in every way. I crank the car the same as an auto, and it starts right off with a load weighing all the way from three to seven tons."

we are met with gales of laughter by the school-boy population and sometimes even their elders. We are waiting to see the change take place. Another thing, when I came to Santa Fe, six months ago, mine was the only locally-owned machine to be seen on the street. Now there are three or four others in common use, and two of these are Harley-Davidsons.

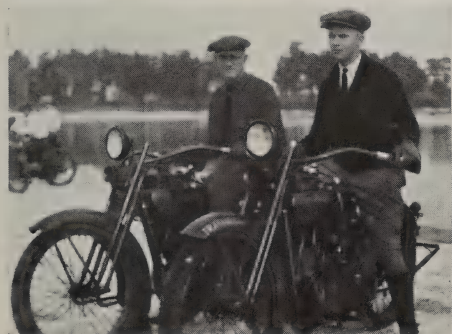
Many and varied have been our experiences with the Harley-Davidson in these South American parts. The summer vacation trip that we took the first year shortly after purchasing the machine was about the most difficult we ever attempted, though. In fact, the trip has been made by only one other party of motorcyclists. Our destination was what the English-speaking residents here call "The Hills," a triple chain of mountains running north and south for 200 miles to the east of the Andes. I was accompanied by the "Parson" (our wives had gone on ahead of us by rail). We crossed range after range of ragged hills; went up grades that seemed impossible and which at times even taxed the ability of our powerful mount, loaded with the weight of the "Parson" and camping equipment; forded streams, crossing one on parallel channel-irons laid like rails on ties held up out of the rushing waters of a mountain torrent by piles of rock, and rushed around hairpin bends cut out of rock where the roar of the exhaust filled our ears. When we finally arrived at our destination, we felt as if we had well earned a rest, but the Harley-Davidson certainly put up a wonderful performance while enroute.

I'm still driving the old '17 model and she is doing fine, but a recent addition to the family has put me on the lookout for a two-passenger sidecar and 74" motor. Watch us, then!

Harley-Davidson motorcycles are now used by over 1,200 police and sheriff departments in the United States.

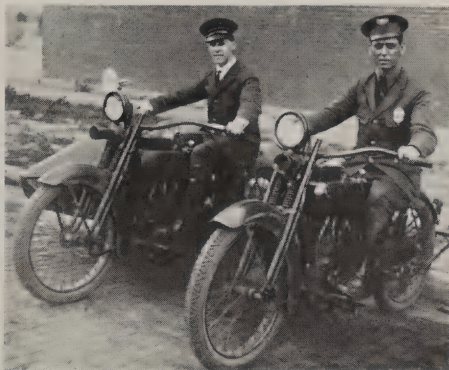
They Had to Do Some Speeding, But They Got Their Man

DRIVING for miles at a breakneck speed after a speeder in a high-powered car who stopped at nothing in his attempt to get away, and finally landing him, was the feat Motorcycle Officers M. E. Hancock and G. F. Brazell of the Orange County (Florida) Traffic Squad performed recently. Hancock stopped the speeder, ordering him to drive on to the next town, Orlando, because he wouldn't put up bond. Shortly before he reached Orlando, the man put on extra speed, speeding right through the city, past the city limits, and into the country.



Meanwhile, he threw liquor out of the car so Hancock would run over the broken bottles and puncture his tires, which, fortunately, didn't happen.

When they passed Officer Brazell, he immediately took in the situation, and joined in the chase. From then on, it was a race for life, Barnett, the speeder, stopping at nothing. If they rode close in behind him, he would throw out his clutch and put on brakes to slow up, so they would crash into him if they kept on. Finally, at a curve, Barnett jammed on his brakes, turned his car half sideways, and crowded Brazell off the road, wrecking his machine, but not injuring him. An auto came along and he pressed it into service. Hancock kept on and finally brought his man to a stop, after riddling his gas tank with bullets, and just as Brazell reappeared on the scene. The photograph above shows Brazell on the left and Hancock on the right.



Net City \$1,570 in Two Months

With a record of 157 arrests within two months for speeding, netting the city \$1,570 besides costs, to their credit, Harley-Davidson-mounted motorcycle officers Alford and Watkins of Hutchinson, Kansas, have convinced taxpayers of that city that they are more than paying their way. The photo shows Officer Alford on the left and Officer Watkins on the right.

"We have used Harley-Davidsons for the past eight years," Chief of Police W. E. Long explains, "and during that time we have tried other makes of motorcycles, but have found none to equal the Harley-Davidson for our work."



This is Officer P. L. Anderson, one of the 14 Harley-Davidson-mounted motorcycle officers who maintain law and order in Chatham County, Georgia. Officer Anderson covered 14,000 miles last year.



"Here's a photo of myself and my friend Colin Charleston with my Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit," writes Frank V. Holden, Jr., Deniliquin, New South Wales, Australia. "It was taken down amongst the timber on the Gulpa Creek 15 miles from Deniliquin. The going was pretty hard, but the Harley-Davidson did it."



"I have driven 1911, '14, '19, '22 and '23 model Harley-Davidsons and they can't be beat," says Harry T. Nordstrom of Chicago, Illinois. "The 1923 I have now is a world beater for power. Look at the picture of the gang. I think it speaks for itself. By the way, this car of mine has four seats—one on the rear of the motorcycle and one behind the sidecar."

"I've covered 12,000 miles to date with my Harley-Davidson outfit," Leon Ashton of Lincoln, Nebraska, tells us, "and have spent only \$6.20 for repairs. The fellow in the sidecar is my pal, Pete Wittstruck." Leon has the reputation around Lincoln of having one of the neatest motorcycle outfits in the country, despite the fact that he always seems to be out on the road having a good time with it.



"Here's a photo of yours truly registering joy with the first 1924 CA74" on the road at Waterbury, Connecticut," says M. J. Killela, Springfield, Massachusetts. "I've covered about 2,000 miles with the machine to date, and I sure have had some wonderful times."





"There sure are some dandies in the streams around Yellowstone Park," says Mrs. M. R. Sarvis of Boise, Idaho, and holds up these two specimens caught in Moose Creek near the west entrance to prove it.

Spend Vacation on Motorcycle Trip to Yellowstone Park

"WITH a motor under me that seemed to say 'Bring on your roads,' nothing could interfere with our fourteen days of riding pleasure," says M. R. Sarvis of Boise, Idaho, about the vacation trip he and Mrs. Sarvis enjoyed last summer through Yellowstone National Park with their 1917 Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit.

"I couldn't begin to tell half of the fun we had right from the morning we left home," he goes on to say. "We sailed along over the wonderful state highways, through the sagebrush deserts, coming every now and then to a green valley where irrigation has worked its wonder, until at the end of the first day, we stopped at Twin Falls, near which city we visited the next morning the great Shoshone Falls in Snake river and the Hansen bridge over the lava canyon of the same river, said to be next to the highest suspension bridge in the world.

"We were in the park itself for about nine days, and the perfect roads we found there were one of the most enjoyable parts of it. But all of the strange and beautiful things of Nature congregated together in this one place—geysers, waterfalls, canyons, lakes and rivers, make it a spot that everyone should see if at all

possible. And seeing it, is the only way to enjoy it.

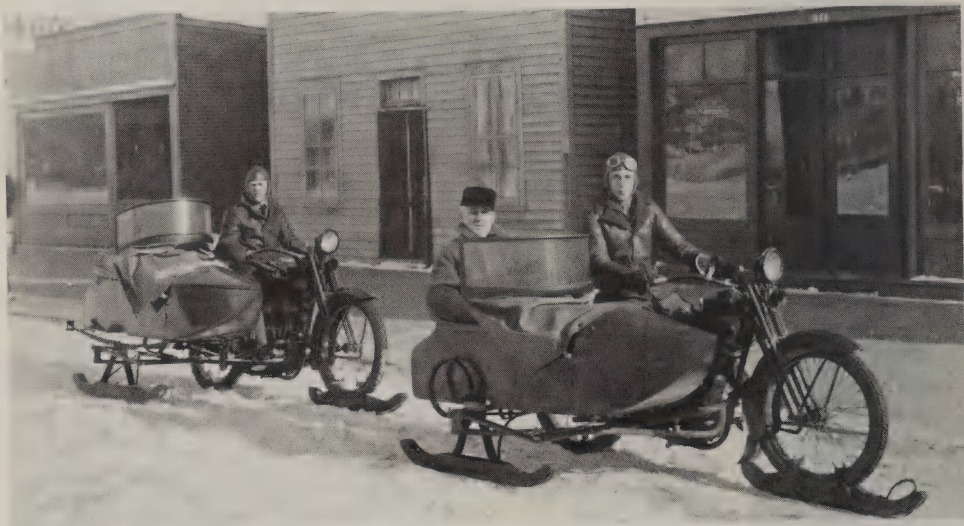
"Of course, we carried with us our entire equipment for camping out and cooking. There was nothing elaborate about it, no springs or mattresses, nor camp chairs or tables, but I think we had as much of a kick out of it as the occupants of some of the big cars we saw, who couldn't even carry enough without towing big trailers packed full.

"We covered 1,275 miles altogether and made an average of 42½ miles per gallon of gasoline. You bet we're planning to make the trip again next year, for there are lots of things we missed, but we expect to have a new 1924 machine to do it with."



Mr. and Mrs. Sarvis "hit the trail" for Yellowstone Park with their Harley-Davidson well loaded down.

You Tell 'em—We Were at t

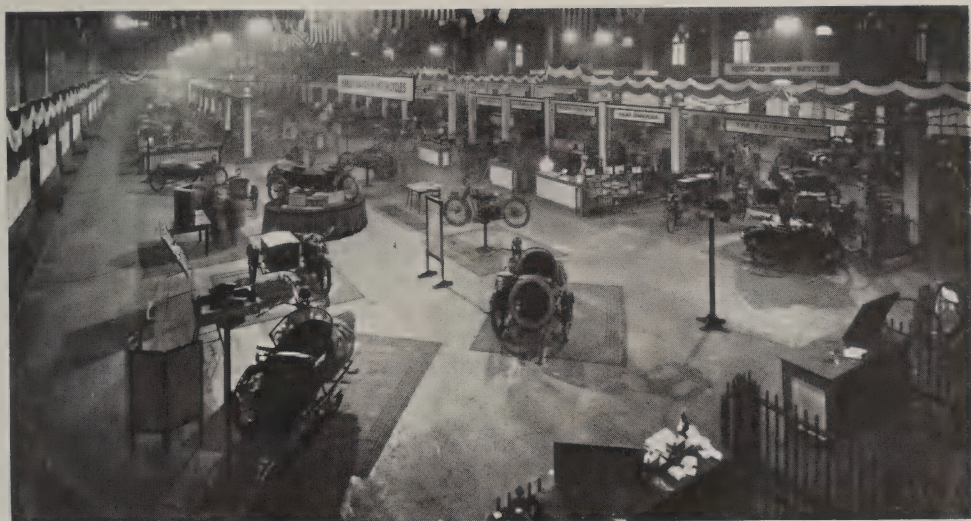


One of the features of the Harley-Davidson Exhibit at the Chicago Show was a Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit equipped with sleigh runners manufactured by Bakke Brothers of Rice Lake, Wisconsin. This photo shows two outfits beating it over the road.



It isn't often a photographer gets a chance to snap such a goodlooking bunch. Here we have Harley-Davidson

the National Motorcycle Show



Harley-Davidson occupied the big space shown in the foreground. During show week Harley-Davidson dealers placed spring delivery orders for nearly half a million dollars worth of motorcycles and sidecars.



dealers and factory men at the 1924 Reunion and Get-together Dinner held in connection with the Show.

Frank's Mail Bag

"Is there anything you want to know about your Harley-Davidson? Tell me what it is and I'll try to help you out. I'll answer all questions with a letter. Questions that are of general interest to our other Enthusiast readers will be printed on this page of mine. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."—Frank.



Say, Frank, I am interested in the Harley-Davidson windshield for sidecars and want to know whether or not it can be fitted to a 1921 body. I hope so, 'cause the better half thinks it's keen.

—F. A. R.

Yes sir, the new windshield can be fitted to all Harley-Davidson sidecar bodies back to 1915. Just drill some holes in the body side uprights and fasten the brace straps according to instructions going with each shield and you have a sidecar equal to a Packard for comfort. Get one by all means because you owe it to the Mrs., since she holds down the sidecar.

Frankie old dear, if you'll answer me these few questions, I'll vote for you, instead of Andy Gump, to go to Congress. Here goes.

1. I can time in on 58 m.p.h. with my 74" motor and sidecar. She is a 1923 and has a 1/8" plate under each cylinder. Now, if I take the plates out what will she do?

2. How should my clutch hand lever be set when everything is hunky dory?

3. I have not repacked my wheel bearings for at least 4000 miles—what is the penalty?

4. How much gasoline and oil will the regular tanks hold?

5. When should the valve tappets be adjusted—when the motor is hot or cold?

6. How can I adjust or focus my head light?—G. C. H.

Gee, that "Frankie" almost drove me to having my hair bobbed. Now, when it comes to "making" Congress—vote for

Andy 'cause none of my ancestors were related to Jessie James.

1. If you take out the compression plates, the old girl will probably step up a mile or two but you will lose out on power at the lower speeds. Better not to take the plates out, is my advice. Another thing, if you do take a plate out, the top piston rings will strike a slight shoulder at the top end of the cylinder and cause a knock which may damage the rings.

2. The clutch hand lever must have 1/2" to 3/4" free movement when forward or the clutch engaged. This adjustment is made by turning the pull rod (rod that goes through transmission shaft) nuts as may be necessary.

3. Better pack wheel bearings (not fitted with Alemite) every 2500 or 3000 miles or the penalty may be a new hub. Ouch!

4. The regular tanks hold about 25 pints of gasoline and one gallon of lubricating oil.

5. Always adjust valve tappets when the motor is "cold" because when hot, the various parts are expanded (due to heat) and the valves may be held open if adjusted when in this condition.

6. A screw located on the upper rear side of the head lamp is used to focus the lamp. Adjust this screw and change the lamp brackets (if necessary) to throw the "bright spot" 100 feet from the machine and 18 inches above the ground at that point.

Dear Frank:—I'm having my bus dolled up for more miles this spring and summer. My dealer suggests replacing my carburetor. Now, I know that my carburetor needs some repairing because it hasn't been looked at for two and one-half years but the question is, should I have it replaced or exchanged?—R. L. A.

That's a sensible question to ask at this time of the year when a lot of the old timers are having their busses looked over. If I were you I'd have my dealer exchange my carburetor. In that way you'll get one that's as good as new, at a reasonable price. In a factory rebuilding job, all wearing parts are replaced, so you'll start out again with a carburetor that's the equal of a new one.

Friend Frank:—My friends and I enjoy reading your column and have gotten some good dope. The trouble is though, that they don't get the Enthusiast, and my copy is generally shot by the time everybody has had a look through it.

How can they get on the mailing list? They're all Harley-Davidson enthusiasts themselves.—P. L. K.

That's an easy one. I've mailed you a half dozen blank registration cards. Have each of your fellow enthusiasts fill in one of them and mail them to the office here. Then we'll send them the Enthusiast regularly. The boss wants every Harley-Davidson rider to get the Enthusiast. It doesn't make any difference whether he rides a new or an old model, or from whom he bought it.

This is your magazine. Blank cards can be gotten from dealers or from the factory.

In a reliability trial held in Brazil, South America recently, between Sao Paulo and Ribeirao Petro, the Harley-Davidson rider, Antonio Lage, took first place. The only other riders who completed the run also rode Harley-Davidsons. The run was held over an 800-kilometer (496.8 miles) course, and was limited to sidecar outfits.



If we were one of the judges, we would award Mrs. George "Usco" Ellis a leading prize in the neat rider contest. Husband George admits the Mrs. can handle a motorcycle like an expert.

In the motorcycle races held on the opening date at the New Ascot track, January 20th, Ray Weishaar, riding a Harley-Davidson, captured the feature event of the day, the Fifteen-lap Los Angeles Sweepstakes, with a time of 9 minutes and 36 seconds. This was 7 seconds less than the time made by the winner of the Fifteen-lap Auto Race. Second place in this race was won by Bob Sarkegian, another Harley-Davidson rider. Thirty-five thousand spectators were present.



"Here's a few of our bunch who hang around together, out on one of our first snow runs of the season," writes Fred Russell of Welland, Ontario, Canada.



"Aint we got fun!" Maybe that's old, but it's just what we thought when we saw this happy looking bunch of Portsmouth, Virginia, riders out on their midwinter barbecue.

Virginia Riders Have Good Time on Midwinter Barbecue

WHEN everybody in the more northern states was battling with one of the worst snowfalls of the winter, Portsmouth, Virginia, riders were able to hold a barbecue outdoors and had such a good time that they are still talking about it. But let T. M. Rowe, who sells Harley-Davidsons in that locality, tell about it.

"It was wonderful weather—just the kind that appeals to the motorcycle rider," says Rowe, "and when I got to the store that morning, I found most of the riders already there and anxious to go. With a barrel of selected oysters, several cases of soft drinks, coffee pots and frying pans, we started out, about thirty strong, with a flapper on the tandem of almost every machine.

"Our course extended over a ten-mile stretch of concrete road, then about two miles down a wooded path that only a motorcycle could travel, to a site on the banks of the Elizabeth River just at the mouth of the Lake Drummond Canal. A more beautiful spot for such an outing would be hard to find. Once there, it did not take long to get a good fire started and things to cooking.

"Meanwhile, we had some fun. We are fortunate in having several riders who play string instruments and who are always ready to furnish music that can take you to the balmy shores of Hawaii and

then bring you right back here in Dixie with their melodies. We do not have hills in this part of the country, so cannot have the hill climbs that we read so much about, but we do have plenty of sandy roads and get plenty of thrills trying to navigate them. There are also lots of thrills in trying to see who can make the best time down a winding path without getting out of it. Eugene Laughon takes the prize for this.

"Dinner was served at one o'clock and—oh, boy! such appetities. I sure would hate to have to feed that bunch every day.

"Altogether, we had a wonderful day, a day that will be long remembered. A few minutes' ride on our Harley-Davidsons took us home again. We are not organized here in Portsmouth, just a bunch of good fellows always sticking together, ready for a good time any time and always glad to have the new riders join us. Motorcycles are becoming more numerous here. The Harley-Davidson is by far the most popular. We have lots of new roadway under construction and when this is completed, we expect to visit more and to have riders from other states visit us."

In the races held by the Otahuhu Motorcycle Club near Auckland, New Zealand, recently, P. Nash, riding a Harley-Davidson, won first place in the 5-Mile Novice event, and P. Coleman, also on a Harley-Davidson, took the 5-Mile Open Handicap.

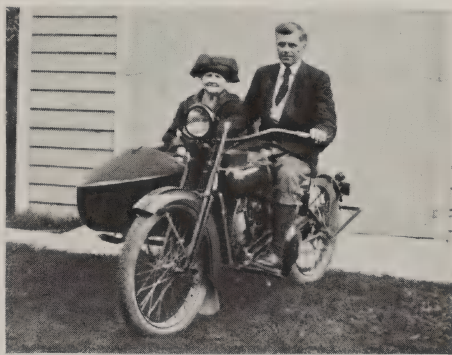
"I had hoped to have a better photo of myself and Harley-Davidson to send you—one showing the sidecar attached and a passenger," wrote Lawrence Robinson of Redford, New York about the photo shown below, "but it is the best I have at present. It was taken upon my arrival home on the farm in the Adirondacks. I made the trip from Redford with the machine and enjoyed it very much. The motor worked fine all the way."



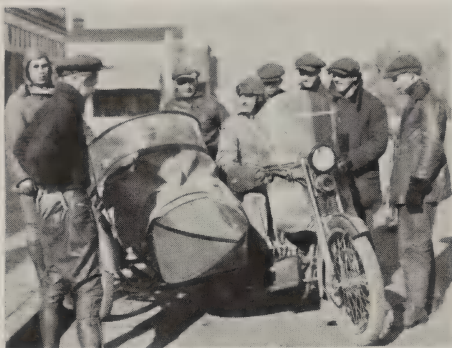
"This is a photo of Miss Catherine Herr of West Grove and myself with my Harley-Davidson," says John H. Tregt of Downingtown, Pennsylvania, and adds: "West Grove is twenty miles away, but it doesn't take long to get there on a Harley-Davidson. This is my sixth Harley-Davidson, and I've piled up 38,658 miles with it in less than thirteen months, and all it cost me was for gas, oil and tires."



"I'm astonished at the wonderful performance of my Harley-Davidson motor on the very worst roads and the steepest hills," writes Paul Bagaini of Sion, Canton Valais, a district in Switzerland that is well known for its extremely bad roads and steep hills. Mr. Bagaini's machine is a 1923 model, and he says he is well satisfied with it.



"My Aunt Ada, who is shown in this photo, is just as much a Harley-Davidson booster as I am," C. Ruland of Cobleskill, New York, informs us. "We're all set and rarin' to go now on a little trip over the country roads." Ruland says further that every spare minute he has he's out getting all the enjoyment he can out of his machine, but just the same manages to find time to keep his outfit looking spic and span.



Claude Salmon, one of the two sidecar riders who finished with perfect scores in the recent Fresno 24-Hour Endurance Run, pulling in at the end of the 10th lap of the 50-mile course.

Roads are Good Through Siskiyou Mountains, Says Seattle Rider

Bert Haley of Seattle, Washington, who recently made a trip from Seattle to San Francisco, California, says that Charles Bacon and William Jacques about whom a story appeared in a recent issue of the *Enthusiast* were all wrong when they said the roads through the Siskiyou Mountains were in bad condition. "They must have gotten mixed up in their geography or else were lured off the 'beaten track';" says Bert, "because the entire stretch of road from Seattle to the California state line is paved and in excellent condition, and the stretch through the Siskiyoues especially good with easy grades."

First Fresno Club 24-Hour Run is Harley-Davidson Success

OUT of the ten perfect scores made in the First Annual 24-Hour Endurance Run of the Fresno, California Motorcycle Club on January 11-12, eight were turned in by Harley-Davidson-mounted riders. Five of these were in the Expert Class, and three in the Novice. The two riders of other makes who finished with perfect scores were in the Expert Class. The only sidecar riders who attempted the course and finished with perfect scores rode Harley-Davidsons.

In the Expert Class, the five Harley-Davidson riders who made perfect scores were: Claude Salmon, Fresno, who rode a sidecar outfit with W. R. Robinson as his passenger; C. C. Lodge, San Francisco, Ed Tice, Bakersfield; Harry Wilson, Fresno, who also rode a sidecar outfit with L. Elder as his passenger, and Ray Salmon of Fresno.

In the Novice Class, the three Harley-Davidson perfect scorers and the only riders who finished with 1000 points each in this class, were: LeRoy Olson, Fresno; Henry Contreras, Redondo Beach; and Jim Chrisman, Fresno.

The course covered 550 miles and was held on a 50-mile circuit over roads which gave the riders a taste of all kinds of going. The entire run went off in 100% form, and was a credit to those in charge.



Every tourist in California heads for Tia Juana, Mexico, sooner or later. "There's a reason"—says Factory Salesman Verne Guthrie. Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie are here viewing the famous Monte Carlo and the Tia Juana Race Track, with Otto Walker, the well-known racer, and Mrs. Walker to their left. Tia Juana is at the southern end of the Pacific or "Three Flag" Highway.

Uses Harley-Davidson to Locate Truant School Children

TRAVELING 5,000 miles a year over country roads and macadamized suburban highways, John C. Dunn, school attendance officer for St. Joseph County, Indiana, has ridden motorcycles in his work for a period of twelve years. During his period of service Mr. Dunn has owned and operated four different motorcycles, all of them Harley-Davidsons.

In locating truant children in rural school districts, Mr. Dunn has found the operation of his motorcycles unusually economical. He has never purchased more than one new tire a year and has often driven two years with one pair of tires. The average gasoline consumption of his mount is one gallon for 55 miles, varying with road and weather conditions.

"I have never been inconvenienced by a 'break-down' with any of my motorcycles, something which cannot be said by the average automobile driver," asserted Mr. Dunn in discussing his experiences. "St. Joseph County has some extremely sandy roads and in the spring there has been mud to which there seemed to be no end, but my Harley-Davidsons have pulled through it all without complaint."

Mr Dunn's first machine was a 1910 belt drive model. It had but one cylinder, but according to him it seemed to have unlimited power and was pleasantly quiet. The next machine was a one cylinder chain drive model. This seemed too noisy after the silent running belt drive motorcycle and after keeping it two years Mr. Dunn sold it and purchased his first twin-cylinder machine with modern three-speed equipment. Its operation was satisfactory and it was still going strong when he secured a new 1917 three-speed twin. This is giving excellent service and may soon be exchanged for a current model.

Harley-Davidson motorcycles and sidecars are built in a factory that has 12 acres of floor space and employs 1,800 people.



John C. Dunn, school attendance officer for St. Joseph County, Indiana, has used Harley-Davidson machines in his work for twelve years. Read the story of his experiences in the column opposite.

Harley-Davidson Sidecar Outfits Used to Guard Jap Prince

Recent attempts on the life of the Imperial Prince Regent of Japan, convinced the police that more and better protection was necessary. Now, when the Prince leaves the Imperial Palace at Tokyo, two Harley-Davidson sidecar outfits manned by special police are called upon to act as his bodyguard. The machines are 1924 electric models.

Fred Deeley, the fellow who sells Harley-Davidsons in and around Vancouver, British Columbia, has just sold a Harley-Davidson solo motorcycle to Miss Gertrude Mowatt, daughter of Captain Harry Mowatt. Miss Mowatt is an enthusiastic rider, he says, and the first girl, as far as he knows, who has ever ridden solo in British Columbia.



"I'll say we're happy,—a nice day, a good machine and the winter squad from Old Broadway," says Factory Salesman Walter M. Higgins, and adds: "This trip gave us about 150 miles of Long Island scenery."



Cheer Up! "Spring has come"—that's what we'll be saying in just a few weeks when the landscape looks like this. Sorry we don't know the names of these happy motorcyclists, but the picture came in without this important information.

Du Toit Wins First South African Tourist Trophy Race

IN South Africa, the Harley-Davidson recently made a splendid showing in the First South African Tourist Trophy Race (Unlimited Class) held on the Kragga Kama Circuit at Port Elizabeth, taking both first and second places. J. W. du Toit, of Capetown, who has already won much fame as a road racer, was the winner of first place. He covered the 240 miles of the race in 3 hours, 54 minutes and 38 seconds, or at an average speed of just over 60 miles an hour. (Note: A photo of Mr. du Toit appeared on page 13 of the February Enthusiast).

J. E. Gill of East London was the winner of second place. He came in on his Harley-Davidson less than a minute behind du Toit. For one lap of the twelve, Gill was leading du Toit, but all the rest of the way the latter held the lead.

Some idea of the gruelling nature of the test can be gained by the fact that out of a field of twelve starters, only four finished. Considering this and also the fact that the Harley-Davidson machine used by du Toit and Gill were standard machines, their performances are all the more noteworthy.

Reliability Trial at Madras, India is Big Success

IN the Harley-Davidson Sidecar Reliability Trial which was held near Madras, India, recently, under the auspices of Addison & Co., Ltd., the Harley-Davidson dealers, G. W. Wilson finished first with 100 points or a perfect score to his credit. R. Bentley came in second; S. G. Smith, third; H. C. Shepherd, fourth; A. C. Hensman, fifth; O'Reilley, sixth; R. Price, seventh, and N. Iyer, eighth. Bentley finished with 94 points, Smith with 84, and Shepherd, 82. Altogether, eight riders started and seven finished.

The trial was held over the stiffest course that could be found on the Nilgris and was the first of its kind ever held in this particular part of India. The course covered 34 miles, and called for the best in both rider and machine. One feature was a hill climb, which was also won by G. W. Wilson. This hill is about 8,600 feet above sea level, and as far as known only one motorcar has ever attempted to climb it.

The whole affair was so successful and created so much enthusiasm that it is hoped another trial of this kind which will be open to all riders and to all makes of machines can be held very soon.

Touring Across the Continent

(From Page 5)

while I made a little money taking photographs for the townspeople who seemed to be just waiting for some itinerant photographer to come along. The town itself did not boast a photographer. Finally the Government mail trucks broke a path in through the snow, and we got under way again. We got out of the snow as soon as we got down out of the high elevations of New Mexico, and across Arizona to Yuma, the going was fairly good.

California—at Last!

Crossing the Colorado River at Yuma we went straight through the sixty miles of sand dunes of the Colorado River desert to Holtville. When we got to Holtville, all our bad road troubles were over, for there's a 275 mile concrete highway to Los Angeles. When we got into the Imperial Valley things certainly did look good to us. Here was summer weather, and good roads at last! We ate oranges and grape fruit until we couldn't hold another one.

When we finally got over the San Geronio Pass, the San Bernardino, San Gabriel, and Los Angeles Valleys certainly seemed like heaven itself to us.



The end of the journey. Rich Budelier, the Los Angeles, California, dealer, greets the Faltzers as they pull up before his store.

With those fine roads, balmy sunshine, and the wonderful beauty of the country, all the country we'd come through seemed like some sort of a dream. That was the dream—and this the reality! Now, that we're at our journey's end, I hope to find a job, and stay—forever. With all the activity there is here, I don't think I'll have any trouble finding a job. If I can't find it, however, our faithful little Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit is waiting for us, and we can head it around for New York. In spite of all the bad roads and hardships we enjoyed the trip immensely, and would really like to do it again. Our actual riding time from New York to Los Angeles was only 16 days. We had no machine trouble worth mentioning. The worst we had was having the machine stop once because of a loose ignition wire. It took me about ten minutes to locate the trouble and remedy it.

1924 marks the twenty-first successful year in the history of Harley-Davidson motorcycles.

When you see another motorcyclist on the road who has some trouble with his machine, stop and give him a hand. He'll do the same for you.



Norman Hopper, our Salt Lake City dealer, visiting the historic spot where Brigham Young, the Mormon, is supposed to have said to his followers: "Here is the place!" as he led them up this beautiful Utah valley. Part of the words can still be seen on the cross erected in memory of the occasion.



It isn't often that Texas riders get a chance to play around in the snow, so this winter with a snowfall every now and then, these Amarillo Motorcycle Club members made the most of it.

Texas Club Names New Officers and Plans Year's Program

THE Amarillo Motorcycle Club, that live and up-and-doing bunch of riders down in Texas that we've been hearing from every now and then, announce that their annual election of officers took place recently. Floyd T. Parkins, who is a staunch Harley-Davidson booster, was elected president. The club's motorcycle "doctor", C. E. Efferly, was chosen vice president, while George F. Polley was selected to take over the secretary's job. George is the club's champion hill climber, having won first place in most of the hill climbs held in that section of the country. O. W. Dawkins, another enthusiastic Harley-Davidson rider, was elected treasurer, and Hiram F. Thompson, who has been riding motorcycles for years and is perhaps the best known rider around Amarillo, was chosen Road Captain.

A program for the coming spring and summer season was also outlined. Plenty of picnics, hill climbs, and endurance runs will be held, as well as the club's Annual Gypsy Tour this spring.

Felix Fernandez, a Harley-Davidson rider, was the winner of first place in a motorcycle race held at Havana, Cuba, recently. Second place was taken by Santiago Martell, who also rode a Harley-Davidson. Another Harley-Davidson rider took third place, but his name was not given in the report.

Seattle Rider Visiting Scotland Enjoys Edinburgh Club

WILLIAM MOWATT of Seattle, Washington, who stopped at the factory in December on his way to Edinburgh, Scotland, writes us that he's having a fine time over there and that he's already a member of the Edinburgh and District Motorcycle Club.

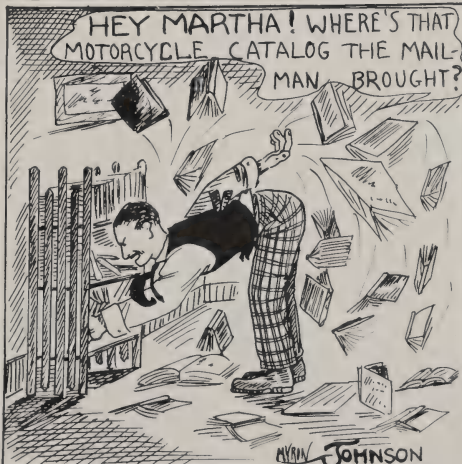
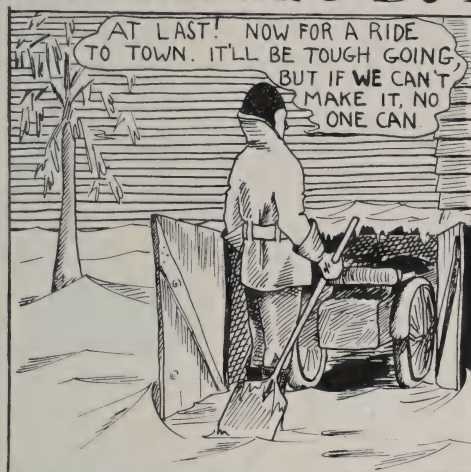
"I had the pleasure of being present at the First Annual Smoker of the club recently," he adds, "when the Scottish Championships were presented. The first and most important was a gold medal awarded for the heavyweight class to G. Grinton, a Harley-Davidson rider. Mr. Grinton has now been awarded the Scottish Championship for this class for three years in succession. He is a great rider and at the Scottish Championship Contest at St. Andrews in the sands last year, he turned up a speed of 92½ miles per hour on his Harley-Davidson. This is the fastest record that has ever been made on the sands in Scotland."

Gets Away From Two Hold-Up Men With Harley-Davidson

"My Harley-Davidson sure did a good turn for me a short time ago," writes S. H. Calloway of Oak Park, Illinois. "I happened to be out on some business one evening in a pretty bad part of the city. Everything was running along smoothly when all at once as I approached a railroad viaduct, two tough-looking birds jumped out from beneath the viaduct and held me up. Said one to me, 'We're out for business,' and the other, 'Come on, Jack, with what you have.' Did I 'Come on?' I did not! Instead I slipped the clutch in first and then I stepped on the gas, and I'm here to tell you that 24JE of mine whipped away with a kickoff that would make anyone feel proud of it. Take it from me, boys, it pays these cold zero nights to be on the lookout for railroad viaducts and also to have a good Kickoff at hand."

You can buy a Harley-Davidson or get service way up in Anchorage, Alaska.

NOW BILL SAYS: *Do it with a Motorcycle!*





Say fellows, — these new Resistals are great!

Resistal has brought out two new goggles and they're pippins.

Model WYD pictured below features the new drop eye design that gives



Resistal, Model WYD, \$3.50

you lots of vision. They are shaped so they fit your face snugly and they won't bind either. Of course they are fitted with the famous Resistal glass that is shatterproof.

Model DG has a green inlaid visor strip you'll appreciate when you are riding against the sun or when you are facing the glare of the headlights. It's triple chenille bound and so de-

signed it fits your face perfectly. The hinged bridge is also chenille covered and no metal touches the skin. This model is the last word in goggles.

Always look for the hammer test trademark when buying goggles. It's your assurance you are getting the genuine Resistal. There are lots of imitations, but when it comes to your eyes you can't afford to take a chance.

When you drop in on your Harley-Davidson dealer have him show you these new Resistals.



Resistal, Model DG, \$6.00

58.00
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The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

APR 8 1924



April, 1924

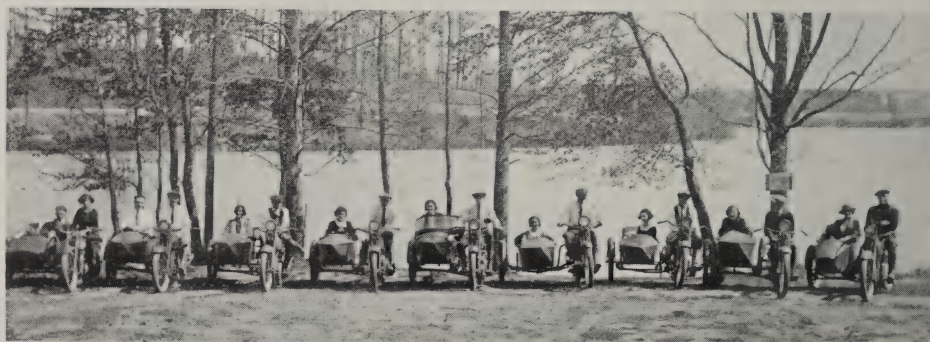
Now's the Time for That Tour!



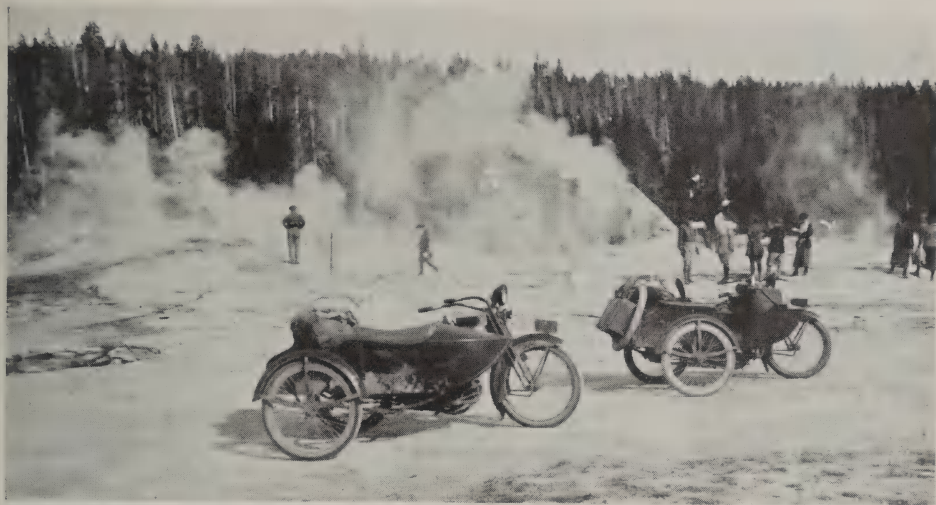
"April's scarcely here before our bunch is out on the road hitting 'em up," says A. H. Barnett of Joplin, Missouri. "We always plan our first spring run for that month. Here's the bunch in the foothills of the Ozarks."



A nice, warm Sunday in April with the roads in fine shape is all these Denver, Colorado riders need to get them started for the season on their regular Sunday tours. This photo was taken on their run to Devil's Head last April.



No wonder the girls down in Raleigh, North Carolina look forward to April if the boys give them a treat like this every spring. What's the matter with your bunch asking their best girls and going on a tour one of these Sundays?



At the Giant Geyser, in the heart of Yellowstone's wonders. Our guide book told us that the Giant spouts 250 feet. After seeing it at work, we'd say 250 was putting it mildly.

Our Motorcycle Vacation Trip to Yellowstone National Park

By N. C. Hopper

AT ELEVEN o'clock Friday morning, August 17th, Mr. Ed. Mitchell, manager of Bradstreets here in Salt Lake City, came into the store and said: "Fill up my motor with oil because I am leaving for Yellowstone Park at two o'clock."

I replied: "Gee! but I sure would like to take that trip," and he said, "Come along."

So I 'phoned Mrs. Hopper and asked her if she could get ready by two o'clock to take a motorcycle tour through Yellowstone. She said, "Yes," and was ready to leave on time.

The boys in the shop uncrate a 1924 Harley-Davidson and sidecar and put on a luggage and tire carrier. We strapped on our bedding, pup tent and suitcase and were on our way.

The first stop was at Logan, Utah, eighty-five miles north of Salt Lake City. There had been a cloudburst and we had to make several detours, landing at the camp grounds at Logan about six o'clock. We selected a grassy spot, put up the tents, cooked supper (you can bet it tasted good), strolled about until bed-

time, piled into the blankets and were up before sun-up, cooked breakfast at 4 A. M. and were off for the day.

That afternoon we rolled into Ashton, Idaho—225 miles of fine roads. It looked cloudy over toward the east, so we camped there until morning, cooked breakfast and were on our way to the West Entrance of the Park, which was 55 miles east. At nine o'clock, after covering 45 miles, we came to a ranch house where a tourist had told us they had the most wonderful pies and sandwiches. We ditto that statement. We took a picture of the house and our outfits. At ten, we arrived at the Ranger's Station at the West Entrance, paid our \$2.50 motorcycle registration fee, were tagged and allowed to go through. A photo of the West Entrance is shown on page four.

There are now eight Harley-Davidsons in service with the Rangers in the Park and those boys sure can ride—all solo. It rained part of the time and they would come around a bend at thirty or forty miles per. I held my breath a dozen



Righby Ranch, the home of good sandwiches and pies. Yellowstone-tourists-to-be, put this down for future reference. The ranch is located about ten miles west of the West Entrance to the Park.

times, but the roads are so good that the rain does not hurt them a particle. I wanted to get a picture of the Rangers, but every time I met one it was either raining or cloudy and we could not take a snapshot. A tripod for the camera is the only additional equipment I should take if I made that trip again and had a month to prepare instead of thirty minutes, the actual time I spent in changing my clothes and packing on the bedding and camping outfit.

We rode east from the entrance over ten miles of paved road, following the Madison River. In ten miles we came to Madison Junction, which is the west

side of an oval 185 miles around and which is traveled anti-clock-wise. Twenty miles south of there is Old Faithful, our objective for the third day. On the way we passed some beautiful scenery—the Fire Hole River and falls, geysers, the Paint Pots and the Giant Geyser. (See picture on page 3). This baby spouts 250 feet. In the photo our two outfits can be seen in the foreground. There are hundreds of steaming hot holes, some geysers, some lime pots and some mud pots, boiling and spouting within a radius of a couple of miles.

Camping Places Are Plentiful

There are four principal camps on the loop and five or six other camps that have stores, delicatessen shops, etc. At Old Faithful there is the largest log hotel in the world—Yellowstone Park Way, with separate log cabins for two or four, and a tourist camp with sections, streets, delicatessen, all in the virgin pines, where the traveler with his own camping outfit can find accommodations. The latter place was where the third night found us.

It was raining the next morning and we could not get a picture of Old Faithful. Old Faithful erupts every sixty-five minutes. It shoots hot water and steam 150 feet in the air. We watched it erupt five times and the last time it was just as wonderful to us as the first.



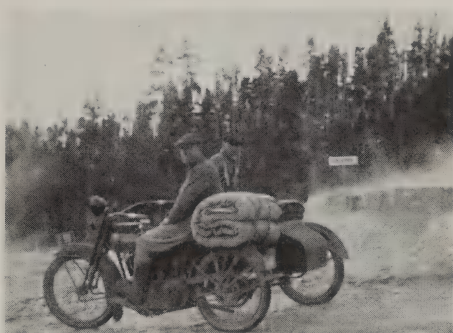
A picturesque log cabin guards the West Entrance to the Park. This is where we paid our \$2.50 motorcycle registration fee.

Cross the Continental Divide

About 9 A. M. we pulled on our ponchos as it was still raining and started for West Thumb, about twenty miles further around the loop. On the way we crossed the Continental Divide three times, a little over 8,000 feet above sea level. The grades are so gradual that one hardly notices the high elevation until their ears begin to ring. The roads are through beautiful pine forests reaching to the very edge of the roads. If you go back into them a hundred feet, they are just as wild as they were a hundred years ago. All firearms are sealed at the entrance and killing game in any season is prohibited. We saw eighteen antelope, twenty or thirty elk, several deer and a dozen bears, one of which ate from our hands.

Wonder Follows Wonder

After some wonderful sights, we finally arrived at West Thumb, which is the south end of Yellowstone Lake. Here there is much beautiful scenery—a lake which is the highest in the United States, over 7,000 feet elevation, hot water pools and cold water in the lake, not over five feet apart, a store and a tourist camp. This is where the road leads to the South Entrance, about twenty miles south.

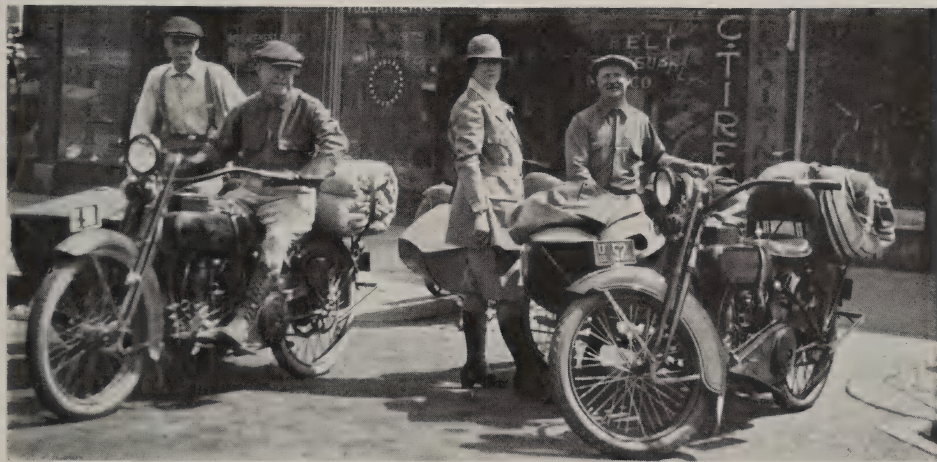


Mitchell and his sidecar passenger, Lyons, found the "Punch Bowl" so interesting that they asked us to snap them while they were in front of it.

It was still some time to dinner, so we rolled north twenty miles, over the loop to West Lake, where there is a beautiful big hotel fronting on the lake. It is remarkable that these hotels have as fine accommodations and service as the best hotels in New York. We stopped at the tourist camp there and cooked dinner. Corn on the cob, beans, chops, coffee, bread, etc. We then got under cover for another couple of hours, while the flowers were having their dew bath, and then rolled on north. I can't marvel enough about the roads; they were wonderful even after a hard rain.

We reached Canyon our fourth night, and as it was raining, we went into one

(Turn to Page 16)



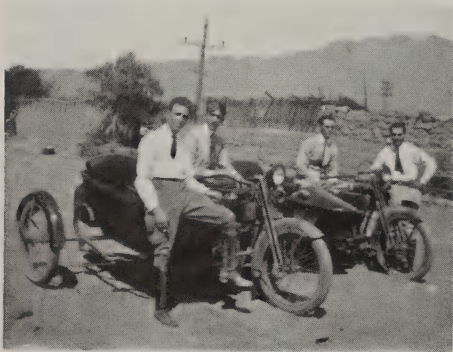
And here we are—our machines and ourselves all "dolled up" for our tour to the world's greatest wonderland. Mitchell and Lyons are on the left and Mrs. Hopper and myself on the right.



Now that Spring's here again, some of you fellows who are keen for the water are probably wondering how you're going to get that motor-equipped rowboat of yours down to the water's edge. Why not follow John Hogg's example? Here's how he solved the problem. With the motor in the sidecar and the boat on a trailer he hauled the load for fifty miles from Los Angeles to Balboa Bay.

Win Three Firsts in Bombay, India Speed Trials

Harley-Davidson riders made a splendid showing in the Speed Trials held at Bombay, India recently, capturing three firsts and a second. Mr. Schroff and his Harley-Davidson were the winners of first place in the Unlimited Sidecar event, while in the Unlimited Solo event, S. A. Palkhiwala came through second, also riding a Harley-Davidson. Palkhiwala then came to the front and captured first place in both the Unlimited Championship and the 600 c. c. (61 cubic inch) Versus Unlimited events.



"The roads in general aren't anything to boast about around here," says A. H. Bergstrand of Lima, Peru, "but at that we get around a lot with our motorcycles. This photo was taken on a new stretch of road between Lima and Chosiea."

What's The Matter With the Clubs? Don't All Shout at Once

SAY, what's the matter with you club fellows these days? For keeping the golden rule of silence, you certainly should be handed the snake's bracelets. It seems like a dog's age and then some since we've heard from any of you—except the Amarillo, Texas and Marion and Muncie, Indiana clubs. We're just as anxious and willing as ever to print your club photos and news about your latest doings in the columns of the Enthusiast. Now that spring's almost here, you will be having lots of things to tell about. For instance, how about that Spring Run? Aren't you going to take any photos? And what about your program for the spring and summer months? Come on—let us hear from you. Let's see if we can't have a real club page again. Are you with us?

In a Sidecar Race held on the Moron Circuit at Buenos Aires, South America recently, the Harley-Davidson captured first, second and third places. The winner of first place was awarded the much coveted Branca Cup.

It's not too early to begin to think about the Gypsy Tours—June 7th-8th.

Cross Country Twice and Spend Winter in Lumber Camp

FROM Pennsylvania to Tennant, California, and return was the trip Parke Marsh, his wife and daughter and an Eskimo Spitz dog, made with their Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit during the summers of 1922 and 1923. It was May, 1923, when the family left their home at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, but they took in so many sights along the way that it was October before they reached their destination. At Tennant, they spent the winter at a lumber camp.

The Marshes started on their return trip June 30, 1923 with their Harley-Davidson none the worse for its trip across the country the previous summer and its travels around California in the meantime. High spots on the trip back were the crossing of the Salt Desert when not another person was seen for two days, and a sand storm which threatened to wipe them out. They came through Portland, Oregon over the Columbia River Highway, and also Salem, where the roads were wonderful and the scenery beautiful. Through Nebraska, however, the roads were almost impassable in places.

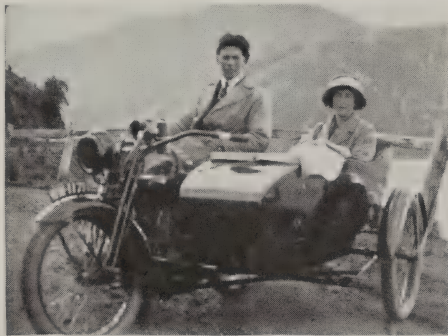
About the service the Harley-Davidson gave him enroute, Marsh says: "Ever since we landed in Parkesburg, our machine has been the 'Seventh Wonder' of the place. People can't understand how my motorcycle could have taken my whole family, camping outfit and all to California and around so far and back, and still be in good running condition."

Japanese Government Buys Up All Harley-Davidsons After Quake

A few days after the big Japanese earthquake last fall, the Government at Tokyo sent out agents to buy up all the Harley-Davidson motorcycles that could be found, cleaning out all the dealers at Nagoya, Kyoto, Kobe and Osaka. These motorcycles are all being used by the different government departments, and as a result, Harley-Davidson motorcycles can be seen everywhere in Government service around Tokyo.



"Harleying on concrete is like traveling on wings," write Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Stadtmueller of Chilton, Wisconsin, whose goodlooking Neat Rider selves are shown above. Mr. Stadtmueller is factory chemist for the Carnation Milk Products Company at its Chilton plant, while his wife is secretary of a local printing and publishing company. They are very enthusiastic about the good times they have with their machine.

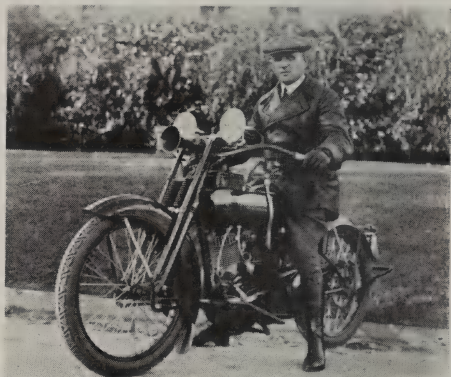


"I had a wonderful trip this summer with my Harley-Davidson," Antoine St. Charles of Montreal, Quebec, Canada, informs us. "Washington, D. C. was my destination, and I covered 2500 miles in all. I used only fifty-nine gallons of gasoline and four gallons of oil. Outside of these, my running expenses for the machine were practically nil. My outfit is a 1923 machine and sidecar."

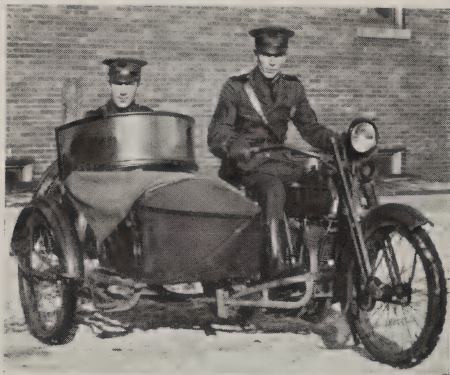
"Hey There! What's Your Hurry?"



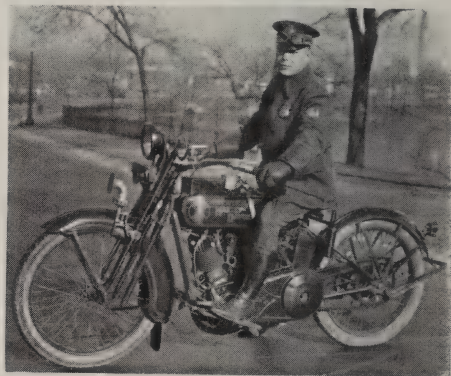
These three Harley-Davidson-mounted motorcycle officers are the "speed regulators" on the Ventnor City, New Jersey Police force. Left to right, they are: Officers Wharton Sharp, James McAnny and James Cremens.



In San Diego, California, Traffic Officer Dean Benter stands for law and order. Speeders know better than to pull off any of their stunts when he's around. They know they'll be the losers in a merry chase if they do.



Sergeants Edward O. Dudorics and Sam Taylor of the West Virginia State Police, who attended the second Harley-Davidson Mechanics' School. This photo was snapped while they were at the factory. Sergeant Dudorics is in the sidecar.



Chief Frank Dowd of the Kansas City, Missouri Park Department. "Four Harley-Davidsons are used by this department," he says. "In 13 months they piled up a total of 28,796 miles with an outlay of only \$79.46 for repairs, tires and oil."



The Speed and Traffic Squad of the Baltimore, Maryland Police Department is proud of its efficient record. The department uses Harley-Davidsons exclusively for this work.



Mt. Rubidoux, near Riverside, California, where every Easter morning some 10,000 people come to worship at a sunrise prayer meeting. Many motorcycle parties from all sections of California attend the ceremony. The photo was taken by Factory Salesman Verne Guthrie.

No More Railroads for This Man— There's a Reason

NO MORE railroads for Frederick J. Thearle, once of Ithaca, N. Y., and now of San Diego, Calif. Why? Ponder over these figures that Thearle presented recently regarding the trip he and his mother made one summer from Ithaca to San Diego with their Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit, and you will have the answer. Five thousand seven hundred and thirteen miles at a total cost of \$52.25 for gasoline and oil. Think of it! Less than half a cent per person per mile. The average gasoline consumption for the entire journey was 44.8 miles per gallon.

The trip took six weeks, and the only trouble experienced along the way was one blow-out and one break in the front chain. The roads, Thearle reports, were in fair condition, some of them even perfect. His greatest mileage in any one day was 221 miles from Minneapolis to Milbank, So. Dak. The roads from Forsythe to Billings in Montana he found quite bad, but nevertheless managed to pull through a mud-hole without help that a six-cylinder car failed to get through.

Considering how little his trip cost him, and how efficiently his motor performed, it is no wonder that he closes his letter with the remark that hereafter his travels will be by motorcycle whenever possible. No more railroads for him!

The Gypsy Tour dates this year have been set for June 7th-8th. Remember them, and make your plans accordingly.



Here's William Convey and Ted Clark of San Francisco, California, out for a Sunday afternoon ride on the famous Twin Peaks Highway. Wonder why they're all "dolloed up?" Too bad they haven't sidecars attached.



Van W. Carroll and William C. Kennedy of Greeley, Colorado, didn't let a little thing like snow keep them from driving to the factory to attend the repairmen's course. Read the story below for details.

Colorado Riders Drive 1300 Miles to Attend Factory School

VAN W. CARROLL and William C. Kennedy, Greeley, Colorado, sure created some commotion on the opening day of the third Mechanics' School, when they pulled up before the factory and announced that they'd come all the way from Colorado, some 1300 miles, with their 74" JDCA sidecar outfit to take the repairmen's course. We took just one look at their wind and sunburnt complexions and knew they were telling us the truth, "so help us Hannah," and nothing but the truth. And mind you, this was in the middle of February just after some of the biggest snowstorms the Midwest has had in years. Why even the big eighty horsepowerd busses connecting Milwaukee with the smaller towns around about hadn't been running for weeks because the snow was so deep on the highways. Furthermore, Carroll and

Kennedy hadn't even thought of equipping their outfit with snow runners or even chains.

Naturally, we didn't let any "snow melt under our feet" before we got hold of the boys and extracted the details and so forth of their trip. It was Kennedy we spoke to. We found him a real fellow and glad to let us know just how they "did it." What route did they come over?

"Why, we came over the Lincoln Highway as far as Maywood, Illinois, about ten miles west of Chicago," Kennedy advised us, "and from there came up through Racine."

"The roads?" And then, we got him started.

"Well—from Greeley into Omaha, the roads were fine,"—he emphasized the "fine" and his eyes twinkled as he added, "Although I must say we used some language that isn't fit to print over those 'fine' roads, but believe me, when we got into Iowa, we decided that we didn't know a good thing when we had it. Why, those Colorado and Nebraska roads were boulevards compared to the Iowa roads. And if the kind of language we used while going over them wasn't fit to print, well—heaven save us—we're going to hell sure—because we certainly used up our stock in trade some seven times seven while plodding along those Iowa state roads.

"We struck Iowa right after the big snowstorm, and somehow it doesn't seem to have occurred to any of the county or town boards to clear the roads at all. In places where the snow had melted in the daytime, the roads would be a sticky



With this Harley-Davidson-equipped line-up of Special Delivery messengers, Denver, Colorado citizens never have occasion to complain about the poor service their Post Office gives them on Special Delivery letters.



Here are the dealers, dealers' repairmen and others who attended the third Mechanics' School held at the factory. Kneeling, left to right: H. E. Jameson, instructor; G. F. Cook, Painted Post, N. Y.; T. A. Bevers, Springfield, N. Y.; L. Sagert, Jr., Milwaukee, Wis.; Roy Clark, Hammond, Ind.; R. C. Burkins, Lancaster, Pa.; N. E. Hiltner, Dayton, Ohio; A. J. Dennis, Fall River, Mass.; W. P. Sibert, Pittsburgh, Pa.; H. Nelson, Hibbing, Minn.; F. W. Koenig, Milwaukee, Wis.; Tony De Santi, Erie, Pa.; H. Snugs, Easton, Pa.; C. W. McCullough, Nashville, Tenn. Standing, left to right: Wm. C. Kennedy, Greeley, Colo.; H. Macklin, New London, Wis.; R. B. Arndt, Green Bay, Wis.; A. Radtke, Green Bay, Wis.; Geo. Richards, assistant instructor; C. F. Adams, Battle Creek, Mich.; A. F. Nuendank, Chicago, Ill.; H. Hirthe and Joe Nortman, assistant instructors; A. Woln, Detroit, Mich.; B. Christensen, Eagle Grove, Iowa; C. Zaverl, Vandling, Pa.; F. B. Hurst, factory salesman; V. W. Carroll, Greeley, Colo.

mass of gumbo mud. When it was frozen in the early morning, or at night, it would be so rough you couldn't ride it. Over one stretch of road just east of Cedar Rapids, it took us six hours to make thirty miles.

"The further east we got, the more snow we found. In places, there would be just a track with snowbanks on each side, towering from three to four feet above our heads when we were mounted.

"Did we have any trouble?" Kennedy laughed as he repeated the question. "Only once. That's when Carroll, who was the sidecar passenger then, turned off the gas from the main tank so as to use the reserve tank. Ouch! Did he swear? Oh boy! you tell 'em he did. If you're an experienced rider, you probably know what happened. Carroll will sure look out for innocent little spark plugs after this, and likewise use the proper gesture in turning off the gas from the main tank hereafter. Carroll is an old rider though and he should have known better, but guess he must have been thinking of the night before or somethin' or other.

"And say—speaking about the performance of the motor, Carroll couldn't get over the flexibility of the motor. Why, when needed the power could be coupled

right to the rear wheel. And even though we weren't using chains, we could travel where cars had to be pushed. We never had any trouble getting through on our own power."

Mr. Carroll returned to Greeley as soon as he finished the repairmen's course, but Kennedy, so he informed us, thought he'd stay in Milwaukee and around the factory for a few weeks longer, and then straddle the old 74" again and make the return trip. It may have been hard pulling, Kennedy says, but once isn't enough, and he'd like to try it again, if for no other reason than just to shout his defiance at those Iowa roads.

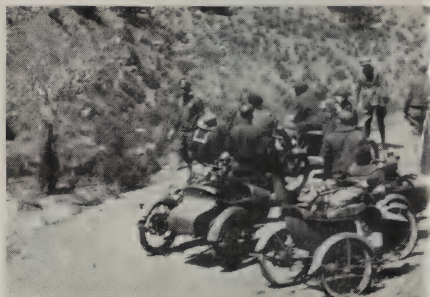


"Here's a snap showing how we use our Harley-Davidson to carry milk around to the pigs," says Ray Neal of Chillicothe, Illinois, and adds: "It surely is a cheap means of transportation and is mighty handy around the farm."

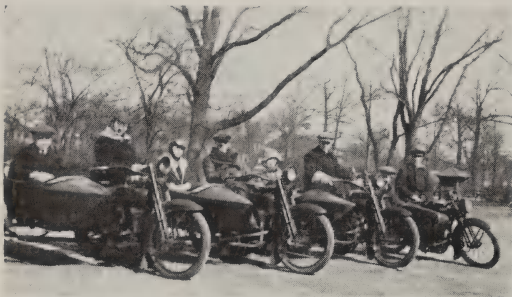
"Spring's Here! Oh, Boy!"



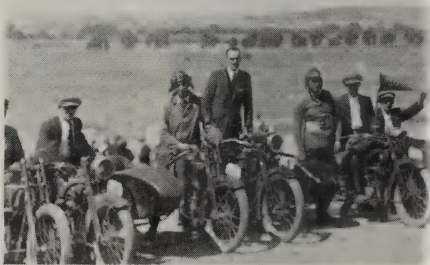
"With the first signs of spring, Dad and I are out on the road, burning up the miles, looking for good camping places," says Elmore Lindsay of North Aurora, Illinois.



The Open Road is an invitation that the resist—particularly at this time of the year. 30th a year ago. Did they have a good time?



With your best girl or boy chum in the sidecar and a few Harley-Davidson pals for company, you can go on a spring run any Saturday afternoon or Sunday. That's what these New York City riders do.



In Australia, they have their spring when year ago at Easter time, it was really their fall. son enthusiasts who attended the Easter Road South Wales.

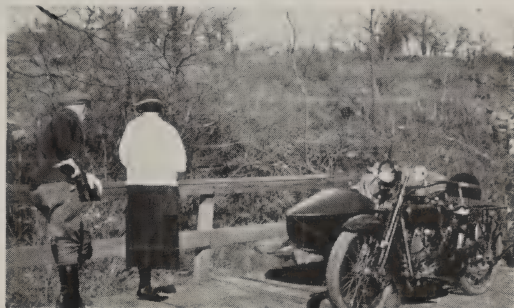


What's more fun than hitting the Open Road with a long line-up of riders for company? That's what these

Now for the Open Road!"



Colorado Springs, Colorado, Motorcycle Club can't say they are on their run to Royal Gorge on April 1. They doubled their membership as a result.



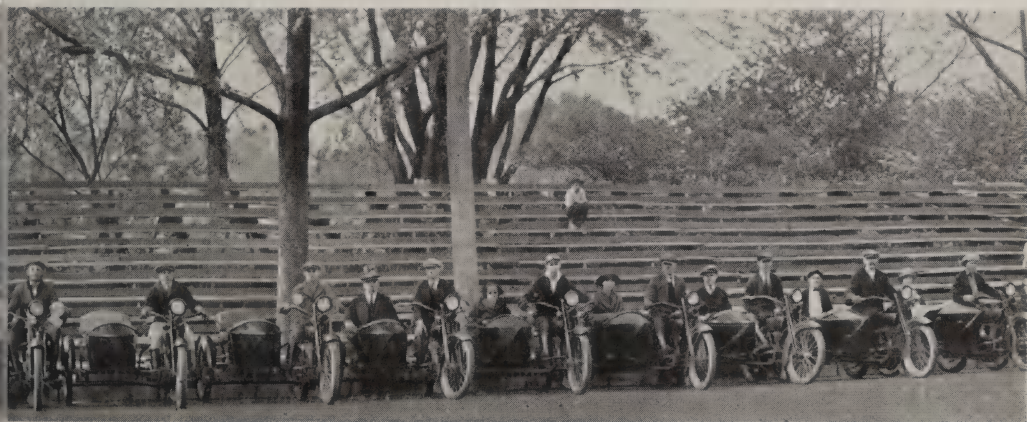
"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"—That's old, we know, but then—we're not. A nice quiet spot, a motorcycle, and the girl and you're all set.



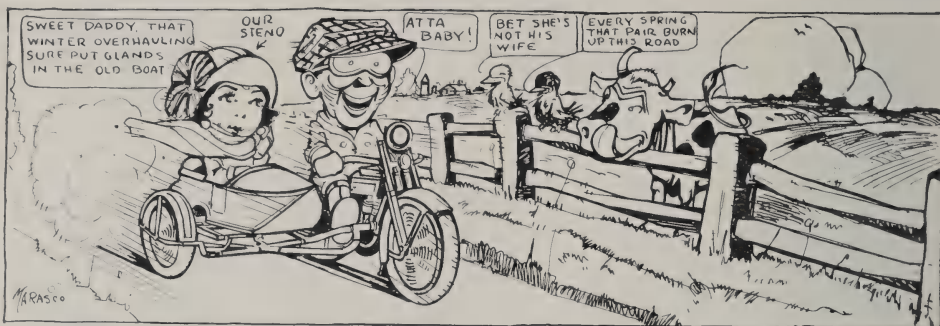
have our fall, so when this photo was taken a The photo shows a number of the Harley-Davidson Track Racing Carnival held at Bathurst, New



"Here are some of the boys all ready for a run up to the snow line," writes N. C. Busby, Jr., Roseville, California, and adds: "The boys sure have some great times planned for this spring."



Washington, D. C., riders think. This is part of the big crowd that turned out for their last Spring Opening Run.



Frank's Mail Bag

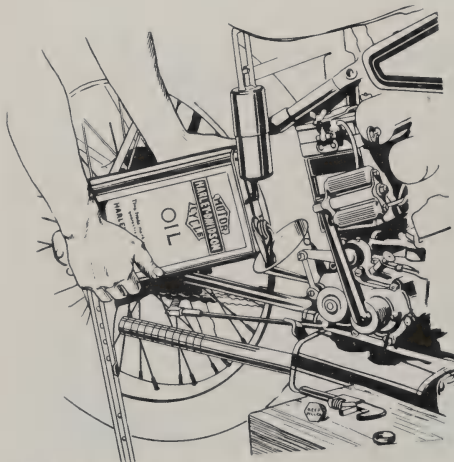
"Is there anything you want to know about your Harley-Davidson? Tell me what it is and I'll try to help you out. I'll answer all questions with a letter. Questions that are of general interest to our other Enthusiast readers will be printed on this page of mine. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."—Frank.

The sun came out real peppy the other day and melted about all the snow in front of my garage. You know what that means. Old Betsy will be rolling soon.

I want her in tip-top shape (she is a 1923 model) and the only thing I am in doubt about is the transmission. Some fellows use grease; others, oil. I have always used oil, but want this dispute settled for good. Let's go.

A. A. A.

Glad you brought this question up 3A because lots of fellows may be wondering about the same thing right now.



This is how to fill the transmission. See answer to A. A. A.'s question.

The Harley-Davidson transmission was designed and built to use oil for a lubricant. Grease would be too heavy to work into the bearings that are fitted with only several thousandths of an inch clearance.

In summer service, use Harley-Davidson Summer Oil and for winter service, use Harley-Davidson Winter Oil. Get this oil from your dealer. If you aren't convenient to a dealer, the factory will be glad to fill your order.

Inspect the transmission oil level, through the filler opening after every 500 miles of service.

Say, Frank, howenhell can I remove the handlebar grips on my 1924 machine without spoiling the nice round rubber ends? There must be some way to do this because I know the Milwaukee factory would not expect the boys to buy new grips every time we took them off for oiling, etc.

J. E. H.

Atta boy, when you want info, ask for it. You bet, there is a good and simple way to remove handlebar grip sleeves without wrecking the rubber grips.

With a knife, cut a slit about $\frac{3}{4}$ " long across the grip end. A large screwdriver or end of a flat wrench can now be passed through the slit and the cap screw removed. Leave the cap screw in the grip so it will be easy to put back in place.

Wrench No. 17-18 in your tool bag is just wide enough to fit the slot in the



India was the setting for this interesting photo. It was taken by J. A. Dunn, an officer with the Geological Survey of India, who says: "I use a Harley-Davidson constantly in my work and it has never failed me once. I have to leave the beaten track for hundreds of miles and ride through country without a suggestion of roads. This photo shows one of the many difficulties I have to contend with—shipping the machine by ferry boat over the Damola River where the water is too deep to splash through."

cap screw, and can be turned without tearing the end of the rubber grip.

If you prefer, a $\frac{3}{4}$ " hole can be cut in the rubber grip and then the cap screw is easy to get at. I personally prefer the first method because it makes a cleaner job.

Will you please tell me just how to start my motor should the storage battery become discharged? This has never happened to my 1924 machine, but I should like to have the information for use in case of emergency.

C. G. C.

The storage battery acts as a sort of reservoir, that is, it takes the surplus generator current and holds down the generator voltage. Should the battery be discharged to such an extent that it will not furnish current for ignition, the motor can be started by using the generator as follows:

Disconnect the battery negative (left side) wire from the frame and with the gear shifter lever in second speed position, push the machine, in order to get the generator to produce current. The ignition switch must, of course, be turned ON.

After the motor is running, be sure to reconnect the battery negative wire to the frame so the generator can charge the battery and also to avoid serious damage to the manual switch buzzer points, or the commutator and brushes.

If it is absolutely necessary to drive with the battery out of the circuit, never under any circumstances exceed 20 miles per hour. To go faster under these conditions may damage the generator, spark coil and manual switch.

Can I fit the new 1924 sidecar springs to my 1923 sidecar frame and body? The 1924 job rides so smooth, friend wife says I must either make the old one over or buy a new one.

P. McH.

Old man, it looks like your "friend wife" was going to ride around real comfy in a new 1924 sidecar because the long springs and brackets cannot be fitted to an earlier sidecar without completely dismantling the frame. The expense of building over a 1923 job would make such a conversion prohibitive (that's a good word).



Do motorcycle officers ever take vacations? Probably you've had your doubts—at times, but this photo of Officer Theodore Kulesea of Bronson, Michigan, taken on a vacation trip through his state, should prove that they do.



All set and rarin' to go. Seven new motorcycle owners lined up with their 1924 CA Harley-Davidsons all ready to drive away from the dealer's store at Oakland, California. From left to right, they are: P. Andreson, A. B. Wiser, Snappy Bradshaw, Charles Wilson, Dick Andreson, Lester Rose and Walter Mattson. Al Thomason, the salesman, is standing in line with them, and George A. Faulkner, the dealer, in the background.

Our Motorcycle Vacation Trip, etc.

(From Page 5)

of the log cabins After supper we went out to see them feed the hotel garbage to the bears. About a quarter of a mile from camp, we found eight bears wait-



F. Howarth was the only sidecar rider who won a perfect score in the big 1000 Mile Reliability Trial held in Australia recently. Ray White was his sidecar passenger. The story of the trial appears on page 22.

ing for their supper. This was quite interesting and we stayed until dark. Someone said that there was a bear down in a clump of trees about a hundred feet below us, and as I always wanted to be a hero, I volunteered to go and see. I went down and attempted to scare the people on the hill with a loud grunt when about ten feet in front of me a big grizzly rose up on his hind legs and looked me over. I know he weighed seven or eight hundred pounds, and he looked as big as an elephant. He turned around and ran across the clearings, where the spectators got a good look at him. The only reason I did not run was because I couldn't.

We got up bright and early the next morning, the rain having stopped, but it was still too misty to get a good picture. We rode our motors around to Artist's Point which overlooks the canyon and waterfalls, 1200 feet deep and about 2000 feet wide and all colors imaginable. We then drove out to Inspiration Point, which is another view of the canyon that defies description.

After leaving the canyon, we started north for Tower Falls, another twenty

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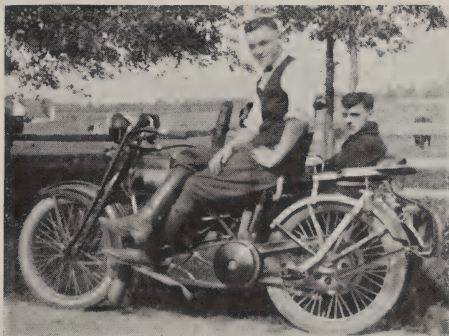
"The Harley-Davidson sure beats anything I ever saw for getting in the brush where the game is, when hunting," says Merle Troth of Orleans, Indiana. Merle is the man standing, while Harry Pipher is the man on the machine. Troth adds that he took a trip last summer through the western states in a truck, but that the next time he goes, he knows it'll be with a Harley-Davidson, and that he's going to enjoy the trip much more.



"Here's a photo of my girl friend and myself and my Harley-Davidson," writes J. L. Wood of Camden, North Carolina, and adds: "We sure do enjoy motorcycling and we have some wonderful times visiting all the interesting places around here. I guess we're the only motorcycle riders in Camden county, but expect there'll be more soon."



"I have a 1923 Harley-Davidson machine and am mighty proud of it," says Warren E. Lott of Columbia City, Indiana. "Last summer," Warren goes on to say, "I rode my machine about 8,000 miles, accompanied by my wife and little son. We didn't have a bit of motor or mechanical trouble while enroute."



"We took this photo on our recent trip down through the South," Arthur Tobias of Reading, Pennsylvania, informs us, adding, "We covered over 1,000 miles, and we're greatly pleased with the service our Harley-Davidson gave us enroute. We did not have to touch our tool bag once, and we averaged forty miles to a gallon of gas. Had to go through plenty of sand, too."

Some More Yellowstone Photos Taken by Joe Nortman, Milwaukee



Climbing the 10,000 feet to Lookout Station on Mt. Washburn is an achievement few motor cars can boast of, but motorcycles make it nicely. Here are some Park Rangers at the summit. They do the climbing stunt so often that they consider it a snap. Nortman is on the Harley-Davidson to the left.



The Park Rangers in their uniforms astride Harley-Davidson motorcycles are familiar figures to all Yellowstone tourists. A total of eight Harley-Davidsons are used by the Rangers for patrol work in the Park.



What's a little snow in July at Yellowstone where a thousand and one wonders are packed into a few hundred square miles? Joe Nortman, who helps keep the Ranger machines in good condition every summer, is driving the machine in the lead.

Our Motorcycle Vacation Trip to Yellowstone National Park

(From Page 16)

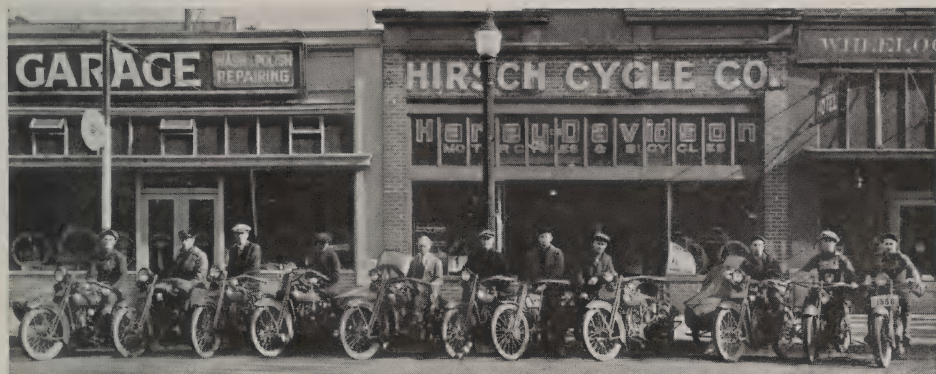
miles. On the way we drove up Mount Washburn 10,100 feet high with a road to the top. The Harley-Davidson 74's sure behaved fine. People with cars would leave them at the hotels and camp and hoof it around, while we drove our motorcycles right up to everything. Tower Falls was beautiful. I took the Alemite gun out at this point, and spent about three minutes giving the motorcycle and sidecar a thorough oiling. That oiling system sure is the candy-oiled the outfit three times and altogether was not ten minutes. The three times I used the Alemite Oiling System was more oiling than I have ever done in all my life before (it used to be too much trouble).

From Tower Falls, we drove twelve miles to Mammoth Hot Springs. We rode right up and on to them with our motorcycles. The terraces are beautiful white limestone, that originally boiled out of the ground and now is covered with fungus growth of all colors of the rainbow. These springs are about twenty acres in extent.

From Mammoth Springs we drove to Norris Junction, nineteen miles. This is the upper geyser basin, and there are all sorts of formations, hot springs, lakes, etc. On the way we drove through the Hoodoo Rocks, all sizes of rocks with dead trees sticking out at all angles. They sure are a weird sight and look like the original home of spooks. After that came the Golden Gate, a beautiful cut in the cliffs at the top of Hoodoo Canyon, which opens out on a broad treeless plateau all covered with wild flowers of every description. We passed beaver dams, hot lakes, Roaring Mountain and cooked supper at about four o'clock at Norris Junction.

We then washed up and drove down Gibbons River, past beautiful water falls to Madison Junction, which made one complete loop. We did not stop there, but drove on to Old Faithful and camped there again on the fifth night. We

(Turn to Page 21)



Here are the eleven Harley-Davidson riders who turned out for the recent Tacoma, Washington Reliability Trial. Their names as they are lined up and the way they finished are: Al Bottinger, 995; Ray Harbin, 995; Ralph Norbom, 998; John Corrigan, 990; Ira O. Ordwing, 1000 (only three perfect scores were made); Al Anderson, 994; Cal. Morris, 975 (made with a single belt drive); Floyd Graham, 998; W. E. Moore, 994; Glen Geithman, 998; B. Bertucci, 997.

Harley-Davidson Rider Wins Only Perfect Score in Russian Run

IN THE Moscow-Bogorodsk Winter Endurance Run held recently in Russia, Mr. Paul David, the only Harley-Davidson rider out of eleven riders who entered the event, was also the only rider to finish the course. The ten other entrants who rode all different makes of machines were compelled to withdraw on account of the deep snow and accidents. The run was held over a 60-mile stretch on a country road covered with wet snow twenty inches deep. Mr. David covered the course of 120 miles without an accident in the splendid time of 6 hours and 20 minutes, averaging a mile in 3 minutes and 10 seconds. He made this remarkable showing with a 24-JDS model sidecar outfit and carried a passenger.

England is This Washington Rider's Destination

Speaking about long distance trips, it takes Alfred Norkett of Vashon, Washington to plan the lengthy ones. Norkett tells us that he is bound for England and the Continent this spring, and that he intends to make the Coast to Coast trip to New York with a Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit, and from there ship the machine. Over in Europe, he says, his machine won't get a chance to rest because he's going to keep it busy every

minute. Al says further that he's going to keep an account of his trip and send us some photographs. Boy! we can hardly wait.

Let's all work hard to make the Gypsy Tours bigger and better than ever this year. June 7th and 8th are the dates.

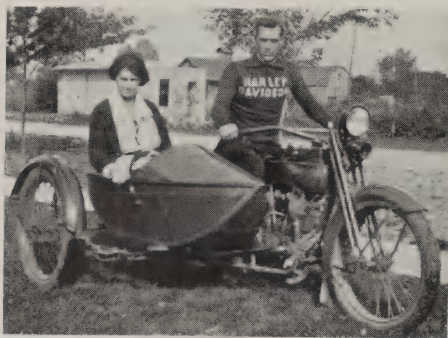
Most of the photos in this Enthusiast were sent in by riders. How about sending us a photo of yourself on your Harley-Davidson?



"I'm very enthusiastic about the Harley-Davidson and the sport of motorcycling," writes Senor Enrique Pontolillo of Lima, Peru. "This photo," he explains, "was taken just outside of Lima where we had gone on a little trip."



"Oh boy! do we like our new Harley-Davidson?" I'll say we do. She's way ahead of the old time broncho," say Preston Cave and Pete Wittstruck, the two cowboys who grace the photo shown above. Preston and Pete are from Lincoln, Nebraska, and assure us that since they've owned their Harley-Davidson, they've been hitting 'er up some around that place. One look at the picture and we believe it.



"Here's a photo of the Mrs. and myself with our speedy Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit taken in the outskirts of Toledo, Ohio, while on our vacation trip," says H. J. Mowery of Winchester, Virginia. "We had a wonderful trip—1100 miles—never opened the tool box, used one gallon of special racing oil and 24 gallons of gas. Crossing the Cumberland Mountains, we pulled over all of them in high, with our speedy 61 "outfit."

"I call my Harley-Davidson my wife because she's so faithful," writes Daniel Pompie of Willimantic, Connecticut. "She takes me to work and back every day and makes no fuss about it, and also takes me for many rides when I'm not working. So far I've covered over 6,000 miles with it, and haven't spent one cent for repairs. And I'll tell you right now, we do not always stay on state roads either." In the photo below, Daniel is shown just about ready to pull off a hill climbing stunt. "It's lots of fun picking out the steep hills and seeing what your Harley-Davidson can do with them," he says.



"This 1924 demonstrator certainly attracts a lot of attention," says T. M. Rowe who sells Harley-Davidsons at Portsmouth, Virginia. "I have never yet parked my machine, but what upon my return to it, I've found several admiring its beauty and fine qualities." Rowe is quite proud of the deer antlers he has adorning the headlamp.



Our Motorcycle Vacation Trip to Yellowstone National Park

(From Page 18)

watched Old Faithful perform again, but it was cloudy and we did not have a tripod, so no pictures.

The next morning we again drove to West Thumb, crossed the Continental Divide three times again, and from West Thumb we drove out the South Entrance, 23 miles. At the entrance, we were 409 miles from home. We camped at the foot of the Teton Mountains in the Jackson Hole Country, Wyoming, that night. This is the big game country and the wildest place in America. We camped down in the trees at Lake Jenny, straight ahead, which is said by people who have been there to be far superior in beauty to anything ever seen in the Alps.

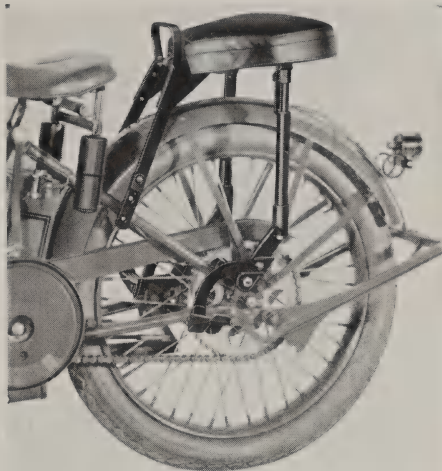
Roads Vary on Homeward Trip

The next day we climbed out of Jackson Hole by way of the Teton Pass, 9,000 feet high. A beautiful road, but oh boy! the grade. A lot of cars cannot get through and do not come that way, as it was all the 74, loaded as we were with 1,138 pounds, could do and then we cooled our engines three times. Cars usually stop twice as often.

That night, the seventh, we camped at the Snake River below Irwin, Wyoming. The next morning we got breakfast at Montpelier, Idaho. The roads were rough and while rolling along at 35 per, I would put my hand over the arm of the sidecar and there was absolutely no jolting or vibration,—it was taking the rough stuff better than any automobile.

At Montpelier, Idaho, we ate dinner at a restaurant, rolled south from there along Bear Lake, over splendid roads. When we came to the Idaho-Utah Line, I drove over and then invited Mr. Mitchell to come into Utah. After that, we drove up from Bear Lake over the Hill to Logan, Utah, another 8,000 foot pass. We went over ten summits from eight to ten thousand feet above sea level. The eighth night, we drove into Logan and camped at the public auto camp grounds. The

(Turn to Next Page)



"Like riding on air"

That's what your pal will say after you have taken him for a ride on the No. 2 Stoll tandem.

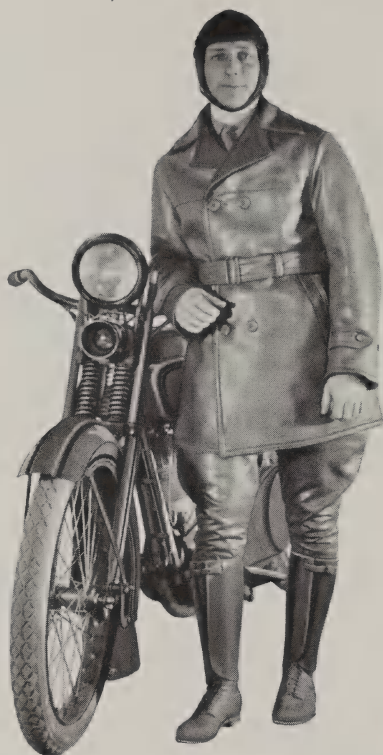
One of these tandems on your solo or sidecar outfit will come in handy almost daily. Many is the time you could take along some friend to share your motorcycling joys if you had one of these No. 2 Stolls. You can attach this Stoll or take it off in a jiffy. It can be locked securely when riding without a passenger and it has folding footrests. The springs are easily adjusted to weight and the cushion and handhold are quickly removable for carrying luggage. The entire job is built for long service. Finished in black enamel.

Complete as shown

\$17.50

at factory, Milwaukee, Wis.,

Your dealer has them



Leather Togs

are now sold
by your

Harley-Davidson Dealer

Coats Jackets
Helmets Breeches
Belts
Sheepskin Saddle Covers

"You'll like them"

Our Motorcycle Vacation Trip to Yellowstone National Park

(From Page 21)

next morning, leaving Logan, we drove up over the summit or mountain range between that city and Brigham.

After getting to Brigham City, the roads were paved all the way home. We stopped and took some pictures of the rain washouts at Willard and Farmington, and and at 10 A. M., tired but happy, we drove up to our store, the House of Hopper. The store we thought we couldn't leave was still there and the boys we left in charge had done fine.

We had been gone eight days, traveled 1,091 miles, used 19½ gallons of gas and a little over one gallon of oil at a cost of \$3.45, and some places gas was 50c a gallon. We ate three meals at restaurants and our camp meals for the eight days cost us \$3.41 each.

If any of you fellows want to see America's most wonderful wonderland and have a real trip full of thrills, take a trip through Yellowstone National Park—make it your 1924 Gypsy Tour. "Let's go!"

Harley-Davidson Wins Honors in 1000-Mile Australian Trial

IN THE big 1000 Mile (6 day) Reliability Trial held in Australia recently under the auspices of the New South Wales Motorcycle Club, F. Howarth on a 1924 model Harley-Davidson and sidecar was the winner and only competitor in the Sidecar Class to come through with a perfect score. He was the only sidecar rider who gained full points for reliability and mechanical efficiency.

In the same trial, Messrs. C. E. Thompson and J. H. Greathead won additional honors for the Harley-Davidson when they obtained first and second places in the Solo Class. Thompson and Greathead also rode 1924 model Harley-Davidsons.

If you are planning a vacation tour, write us for road maps. Address your letter to the attention of Desk E-4.

"WHEN SPEED KINGS LOVE" Nobby Ned

A HARLEY-DAVIDSON 2-REEL DRAMA FEATURING
☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ THE POPULAR JUVENILE:

		
<p>THE HERO - NOBBY NED - A HARLEY-DAVIDSON ENTHUSIAST AND KING OF THE SPEED BOYS!</p>	<p>THE HEROINE - VIVIAN, WHO IS NED'S SWEET COOKIE AND A BEAR CAT FOR LOOKS!</p>	<p>THE VILLIAN - HAROLD FITZUSELESS - A LOW DOWN SORT WHO IS ALSO IN LOVE WITH VIVIAN!</p>
		
<p>HAROLD'S DIRTY WORK! A FAKE TELEGRAM TELLS VIVIAN HER MOTHER IS DYING IN A TOWN MANY MILES DISTANT!</p>	<p>ALONE WITH THE VILLIAN! HAROLD INTENDS TO FORCE THE TRUSTING VIVIAN TO MARRY HIM!</p>	<p>15 MINUTES LATER!! NED HEARS OF THE BASE DECEPTION!</p>
		
<p>THE OPEN BRIDGE! HAROLD SEES THE DANGER TOO LATE!!</p>	<p>THE HAIR BREADTH RESCUE! NED, THE MOTOR CYCLE KING ARRIVES IN TIME!</p>	<p>THE TRIUMPH OF SPEED! HISSES FOR THE DIRTY VILLIAN! APPLAUSE FOR NOBBY NED, THE HARLEY-DAVIDSON SPEED KING!!</p>

Come Over— **SPRING OPENING!**

April 7th to 12th

Ride over and help celebrate
Spring Opening Week—
April 7th to 12th. Bring your
girl or pal along in the side-
car and join in the good
times.

your Harley-Davidson Dealer



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The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast

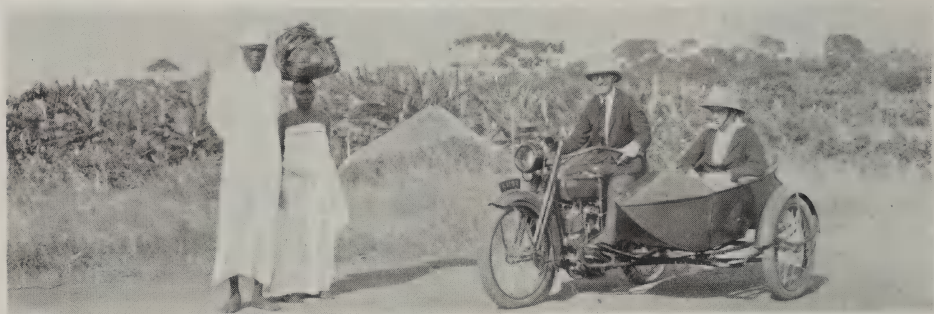


May, 1924

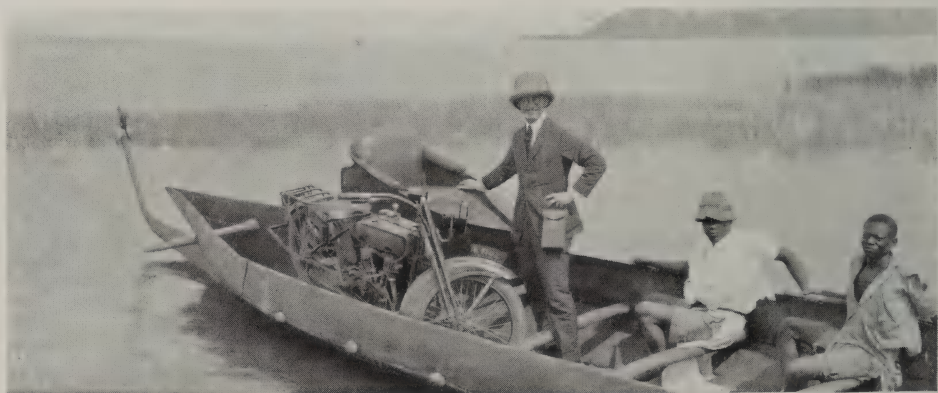
Touring in "Darkest Africa"



At the source of the famous river Nile, which is the outlet of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Factory Representative A. R. Child stopped to snap these native water carriers, who, by the way, now use petrol tins instead of the ancient earthenware pots.



Having become Christians, these natives of Uganda, British East Africa, dress in white. This does not, however, relieve the lady from continuing to be the "beast of burden."



A native ferry across Lake Victoria Nyanza at Jinja in Uganda. This boat is constructed of planks sewed together with strips of hide, not a nail being used in the entire job.



"Another shovelful, Frank." Another shovelful—and another dime's worth of pure twenty-two karat gold, redeemable at the bank for currency or coin.

Motorcycling for Free Gold

By John Hogg

IF there's any one thing that will interest every last human being in this world—that thing is going out, and gathering up real honest to goodness GOLD—genuine 22 karat "pay dirt" that is to be had "for the picking." It sounds like a story from the Ananias Club, doesn't it? But, it isn't anything of the kind. The gold I'm talking about is the same identical stuff Uncle Sam makes \$20 gold coins out of. And, once you go out and bring in some of it, you don't have to sell it to a hock shop, or "three ball joint" for what the Semetic gentleman will give you. Instead, you take it to any national bank. The banker will weigh it out for you, and give you every cent of its value in paper bills, silver or gold coin, or other form of negotiable legal tender.

If free gold is of interest to everybody, it should be doubly interesting to the motorcyclist; for the motorcyclist has the means at hand to go speedily and cheaply to where the gold is to be found. If he

cares to do it, he can ride his Harley-Davidson from the east coast to almost any point in the Rocky Mountains, or west of them and make free gold pay for his whole trip. While he's off on a delightful health-building vacation he can make the expenses of his trip, and more, and while he's doing it, he's got an excellent chance of "hitting it rich."

Now, the writer has been knocking around through the West on Harley-Davidsons for a good many years. I've met many mineral prospectors, but somehow, the prospecting bug never really got into my bonnet until just recently. For a long time, I've known that there's a little gold to be found in nearly all the mountain streams of the entire West—but, figuring that the stuff was not really in commercial quantities, I never paid much attention to it. But, GOLD is GOLD, and show it to anybody—especially a place where they can pick it up free of charge, and cash it in, and it becomes a very interesting subject—unless



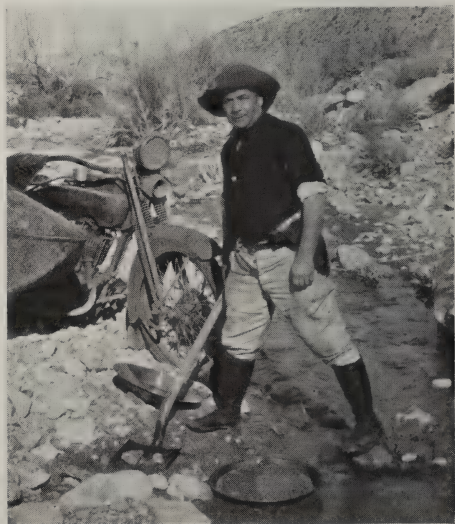
It was an exciting game picking the little yellow flakes out of the gold pan on the point of a toothpick and transferring them to the big mouthed bottle.

the party happens to have more of it already than he knows what to do with. Well, I can still use a little more!

I got the gold fever not long ago while on a motorcycle trip around the north slope of the Sierra Madre Mountains in Southern California. The road I was traveling led through the Mojave Desert close to the foot of the mountains. I was thirsty when I came to a little stream, and stopped to drink. As I put my face in the stream, I saw little yellow particles in the sand at the bottom of the stream. It might have been pyrites iron, but my curiosity was aroused. I scooped up a handful of the sand, took a toothpick, and began picking out the tiny yellow flakes. I chewed one of them between my front teeth, but it wasn't gritty like sand. It was malleable. Forthwith, I got a little pill bottle out of my toilet kit, flattened out on my "tummy", and began picking the yellow flakes out of the sand—moistening the toothpick, and dropping the flakes in the bottle. I picked, and picked for two solid hours, thinking all the time, how much I'd willingly have paid for a gold pan. When I finally got tired of it, I had the bottom of the pill

bottle pretty well covered with yellow flakes, and the weight of it indicated that it was nothing under the sun but GOLD. Two days later I called at my bank. The banker looked at my little vial of dust. Then he took a medicine dropper, and dropped a little sulphuric acid into the bottle. The acid had no effect on the yellow flakes in the bottle. "It's gold, all right," he said, "I'll weigh it out, and see how much you've got." Thereupon, he shook the dust out onto an apothecary scale, did a little figuring, and handed me two nice new crisp dollar bills. "Bring in some more", said the banker, "I'll buy all you can deliver, and it's cash over the counter, too." I'd been just two hours gathering that little bottle of "pay dirt", and having sold it for two dollars, I'd made one dollar per hour laying on my "tummy" picking it up with a toothpick. With a gold pan in the same stream, I could make better wages than at any other manual labor I might attempt.

That put the gold fever into my system. So, a few day's later, my friend Frank Wilton, and I decided to go gold panning. We bought two gold pans for \$1 each, took a little camping outfit, a shovel, and some grub, and struck out for



Frank Wilton, my "pardner" on the gold panning expedition, looked like the real thing, a typical prospector of the old days.



Frank finds a nugget worth four bits in his gold pan! That was the biggest piece of gold found during our motorcycle gold prospecting trip.

Little Tejuanga Creek with a Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit. We drove the motorcycle right to the spot, which was about ten miles beyond the point where any automobile could go, pitched our camp and went to work. With the gold pans, we got a streak of color with every pan of gravel washed. We kept right on washing the stuff, and finally got the little bit of yellow "pay dirt" washed from each pan of sand safely into a big mouthed bottle. We'd agreed to go partners on the proceeds of the work, and camped on the stream for four days. At the end of that time we had quite a nice little bottle full of dust, but had to break camp, and tour home. Later we called on the banker. He tested the yellow dust as before, weighed it out, and handed us over \$60 in currency, with the admonition: "Go bring in some more of it, boys. We'll pay cash for all you can deliver!" Frank and I pocketed \$30 apiece, or about \$20 net profit to each of us after deducting the price of our gold pans, and the expenses of the trip. That figures that each of us made \$5 per day, and expenses, for an outing on which we'd had a barrel of fun.

Now, what we did in Little Tejuanga Creek, we can go out and do again. We

can do the same thing in any one of a hundred thousand different streams almost anywhere in the West. There's gold in nearly all the western streams, but the big capitalists and mining syndicates don't bother about it, because the stuff isn't there in what they consider "commercial quantities." Many of these streams have never been thoroughly prospected, and the motorcyclist who goes out to pan gold for play, and for paying the expenses of a vacation tour, can be absolutely sure of making good wages for every day he prospects. And don't forget, that while he's at it he's liable to "hit it rich". Many a poor prospector's done it—hit a bonanza lode while panning "pay dirt" that didn't pan out more than ten cents a pan-full. Get a gold pan and try it. It's all sorts of fun, your wages are sure, and you'll get all the kick and thrill out of it that surged through the brains of the 49-ers, those who braved the Yukon, and the famous gold rushers in Australia and South Africa. Hook this up with the pleasures that already go with motorcycling, and motorcycle touring—and you've got good wages, a good time, and good health-building recreation all thrown in for a free vacation that can be made to last just as long as you want to stick with it.



"Dud" Perkins doing his stuff at the recent Bakersfield, California, climb. The photo also gives some idea of the height of the hill and the size of the crowd in attendance.

Harley-Davidson Makes Two 101 Mile Non-Stop Low Gear Records

ONE hundred and one miles in low gear with the motors running continuously and not a sign of overheating! This is the wonderful demonstration that was pulled off March 20th simultaneously in Reading and Lancaster, Pennsylvania, by dealers Fred W. Stierhoff and Warren Henwood. This is the first time, it is believed, that such a record has been

attempted in the United States. Here are the full particulars:

Reading, Pennsylvania

Fred Stierhoff rode a 1924 JE 61 cubic inch electrically equipped Harley-Davidson 101.2 miles in low gear without stopping the motor. He had a two passenger sidecar attached and carried two official observers. Time, seven hours flat. Consumed $15\frac{1}{2}$ quarts of gasoline and 3 pints of Harley-Davidson oil. Sprockets—15 tooth engine, 48 rear, 28 countershaft, and 43 clutch. Gear ratio on low 11.05. Observers who signed affidavit of performance, B. E. Brown, Reading Tribune, and E. J. Wright, insurance broker.

They left the store at 8:30 o'clock in the morning and made a four leaf clover in the course of the run. The speedometer reading at the start was 4864 and at the finish, 4965.2 miles.

Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Warren Henwood rode a 1924 JDCB 74 cubic inch electrically equipped Harley-Davidson 101 miles in low gear without stopping the motor. He had a sin-



Here's Fred Stierhoff making the Reading 101 Mile Non-Stop Low Gear record. In the sidecar, he has observers E. J. Wright, left, and B. E. Brown.

gle passenger sidecar attached and carried two observers, one in the sidecar, one on tandem. Time 6 hours, 56 minutes. Consumed $21\frac{1}{2}$ quarts of gasoline and $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of Harley-Davidson lubricating oil. Sprockets—16 engine, 48 rear, 28 countershaft, and 43 clutch. Gear ratio on low 10.37. Observers who signed affidavit of performance, Walter Burkett, M. & A. T. A. Referee, and Sam Bimesderfer, Secretary, Lancaster Motorcycle Club. The route selected was in Lancaster County.

Faulders and Perkins Star in Bakersfield, Calif., Climb

GEORGE FAULDERS and "Dud" Perkins made hillclimb history and added to Harley-Davidson's laurels when they won the 61 and 80 cubic inch expert events in the recent Bakersfield, California, Hill Climb.

In the 61 event, Faulders shot over the top in the sensational time of 15-4/5 seconds. "Dud" Perkins copped the 80 expert event and won the big cup offered when he went over in 17-4/5 seconds. Following is the story of the Harley-Davidson success:

Sixty-one Cubic Inch Expert: First, George Faulders, Harley-Davidson, 15-4/5 seconds; second, Malcolm Ord, ———, 27-1/5 seconds; third, Bill Crane, Harley-Davidson, 418 feet.

Eighty Cubic Inch Expert: First, "Dud" Perkins, Harley-Davidson, 17-4/5 seconds; second, Bill Crane, Harley-Davidson, 18 seconds; third, George Faulders, Harley-Davidson, 394 feet.

The climb, which was promoted by the Kern County Motorcycle Club, was a big success all around. It not only provided real hillclimbing sport, but it also brought together great numbers of riders from all parts of the state. More than 10,000 people, it was estimated, turned out for the affair. Over 2500 automobiles, and motorcycles too numerous to count, streamed in from early morning until long after the first rider started. Frank Murray, our dealer in Sacramento, with Mrs. Murray, probably drove the long-



"Congratulations, old boy!" Frank Murray, our Sacramento dealer, giving the glad hand to George Faulders who won the 61 Cubic Inch Expert event at the Bakersfield climb.

est distance in a motorcycle to see the climb. Sacramento was also represented by a good sized bunch of riders. "Dud" Perkins brought a bunch of San Francisco riders down with him, while both Claude Salmon and Harry Wilson, the Fresno dealers, were on hand with their large bunch of riders.

The new Modesto Motorcycle Club made a big hit when they rode up to the hill in military formation. Bill Graves, the Pasadena dealer, came up with his crowd of loyal boosters, and Finnegan Speer of San Bernardino rode most of the night with a picked few of the San Bernardino Motorcycle Club so that he could be on time for the big doings.



"Gosh! this cup's heavy. I need help," said "Dud" Perkins when they handed him first prize for winning the 80 cubic inch Expert event at the Bakersfield climb.

Got Your Gypsy Tour Lined Up?

By "Hap" Hayes

WELL, here goes for another club page. Since that little article in the April Enthusiast, you fellows sure have come across fine, and we've been showered with enough club news to make us realize that the clubs are far from dead even if we haven't heard from them. If you keep on at the rate you've started, I'll have to resort to a peacherino Steno like Frank's just to take care of the letters and line up the stuff. So send in the stuff, boys, send in the stuff. I've been jealous of Frank for a long time anyhow.

And say—before we forget—get out your red crayon pencil and put a circle around June 7th and 8th on the calendar. Sure, they're the Gypsy Tour dates. Perhaps like the Rochester Motorcycle Club you've already made your plans for the Gypsy Tour, but if you haven't, there's no time like the present for getting started. Vote on the place, appoint a committee to get things arranged, single men ask your best girl right now before the "other fellow" gets ahead of you, married men date up your wives, and you're all set for the biggest motorcycle event of the year.

Perhaps you'd like company. If you do, why not get in touch with the clubs in nearby cities and arrange to go with them on one big tour? Last year, a lot of clubs combined forces this way, and from reports that came our way afterwards, we know that in every case the affair was a big success. Naturally, with a larger crowd, there was more entertainment and sport, new motorcycle friends were made, and a bigger impression was made on the outside folks in that section.

If there are no other clubs in nearby towns, get in touch with the motorcycle dealers. Dealers are always pretty busy, and they'll most likely be tickled pink to

have someone co-operate with them to give their riders the best time of their lives on the 1924 Gypsy Tour. So, come on, fellows, let's all work hard to put the Gypsy Tours across bigger than ever this year.

Below is the club news for this month. Notice how well you've done? Now, let's see what you can let us have in the way of news next month. If you do, maybe I'll be able to get my Steno (like Frank's) in time for the Gypsy Tour. Oh, boy!

South Hills Plan Big Run

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.—"The South Hills Motorcycle Club will hold its annual Spring Endurance Run on May 24th and 25th to Toledo and return," reports Publicity Manager Charles W. Rupp. "All the boys are working hard and we expect it to be the best ever. There will be some handsome prizes and a good time for all. Anyone who is a member of the M. & A. T. A. is eligible to take part in the run. We're calling it the Keystone-Buckeye State Endurance Run. All aboard for a good time. Send to the South Hills Motorcycle Club, 79 Excelsior Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., for an entry blank."

Anybody Else Want Booklets?

St. Joseph, Michigan.—"We have organized a motorcycle club with nine members to be known as the West Michigan Cycle Club," writes Gust A. Wesner of the Wesner Cycle Company, and adds: "Please send us 25 of your free booklets, Suggested Constitution and By-Laws for a Motorcycle Club." Sure, we'll send them. Anybody else want any? If you're just organizing a club in your town, they'll help a lot to get things started right. The booklet, by the way, has just been revised. Just drop us a line and let us know how many you want.

Muncie Club Plans Big Year

Muncie, Indiana.—“From the way entries are coming in, our Endurance Run, which is scheduled for May 4th, can't help but be a big success,” writes Fred E. Scott, secretary of the Muncie Motorcycle Club. “The run will be known as the Muncie Evening Press First Annual Endurance Run. The route will cover about 267 miles. Many prizes have been donated. Letters from the Marion Motorcycle Club, the Kokomo Motorcycle Club and the Midwest Motorcycle Club of Indianapolis pledge their support.” Secretary Scott advises further: “We are planning many other events for the present season, one of which is a race between a motorcycle and an airplane; then the Gypsy Tour, of course. Race meets, motorcycle polo and various club runs also are being arranged.”

Saginaw Follows the Crowd

Saginaw, Michigan.—“We've decided to call our club The Great American Motorcycle Club,” S. A. Brewer advises us. “We're coming along fine, and now are making plans for a long tour. Please keep us posted as to the different meets from time to time. In return, I'll send you the news of our latest club doings.”

These Boys are Starting Right

Memphis, Tennessee.—“Twenty Memphis riders met recently and formed a club,” says dealer C. E. Uhlmann. “John

R. Spellman was elected president; L. B. Ray, secretary and treasurer; and James A. Blaylock, road captain. We've decided to name it The Bluff City Motorcycle Club. We had our first spring outing on Sunday, April 6th.”

Freeport Club Reorganizes

Freeport, Illinois.—“The Freeport Motorcycle Club has been reorganized. The original club was disbanded when the majority of its members were drawn into service during 1917 and 1918,” writes Joseph Kegel, Harley-Davidson dealer. “The officers elected are: President, Raymond Hildebrandt; vice-president, Karl Balles; secretary and treasurer, J. A. Kegel; road captain, R. R. Wheat. A good time is looked for by all members during the riding season.”

Have Gypsy Tour Plans All Made

Rochester, New York.—“Just take a look at our program for the year and see if you don't think Rochester Motorcycle Club members are going to have a good time,” says Jack Snyder of the Sports Committee. “Notice particularly how we have our Gypsy Tour plans all arranged, and also the National Rally at Toledo, Ohio, on July 24, 25, and 26.” We noticed all right, and besides the Gypsy Tour and the National Rally, we noticed that they have some big run planned for every other Sunday from now until November, and during June, every Sunday.



Want some real motorcycle fun this summer? Get the club members together on Sundays and holidays and go out like these Orange County, California, Motorcycle Club riders do. They say it's the only way.



Reading Club Awards 1923 Medal to Harley-Davidson Rider

JOHAN J. HEITER, a Harley-Davidson rider, of Reading, Pennsylvania, was recently awarded the Reading Motorcycle Club's annual score medal for the 1923 season. Above we are showing a photo of John and a few of his cups, and below we are listing some of his achievements during last year.

He won the high score in the Annual Wilkes-Barre Spring Run May 13th, with a score of 1000 regular and 998 consistency. He was high in the Pennsylvania State Championship June 23rd and 24th, 998 regular and 985 consistency. He was tie in the club's twenty-four hour run July 24th and 25th, 1000 regular, 995 consistency. He was also high in the Three-State Run August 13th, with 1000 regular, 998 consistency, and in the Thirteenth Annual Clover Leaf Run, he finished with high solo and high solo team with a score of 995 consistency.

At present John is the chairman of the competition committee for the 1924 season and also road captain. He is therefore out of the running this year when it comes to collecting the honors as winner, but he's thinking of going elsewhere between times to keep in condition.

Just recently John bought a new 1924 Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit.

"We Saved \$95.00 on Our Trip", says Texas Rider

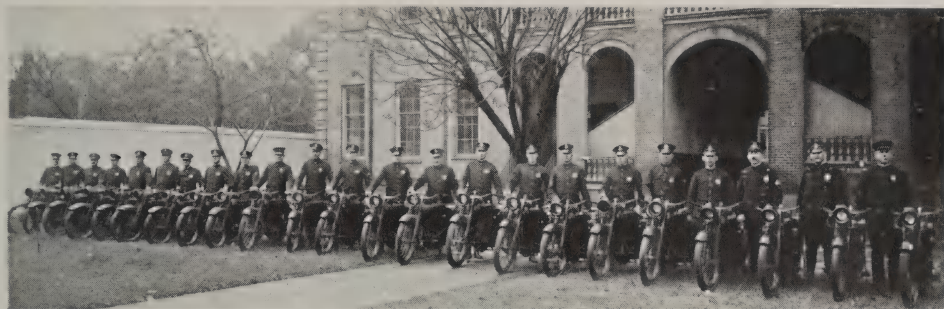
FROM Texas to Los Angeles on \$40.00 or \$95.00 saved, is a record that should prove the economy of motorcycle traveling. It was made by Clark O. Bryant of Happy, Texas, on his trip to Los Angeles, California, last summer, with his Harley-Davidson solo machine. Here's the way he figures that he saved the ninety-five dollars: "A railroad ticket, including meals and a berth for my Buddie and I would have been \$135.00," he says. "When we reached Los Angeles, we had spent only \$40.00, which included our 'ham and', gas, oil, and hotel bills. Thus we saved \$95.00 on the trip."

"We surely had some interesting experiences enroute", says Clark. "The first day we were out, we made 293 miles, but there were so many things to see after that, that we cut the rate down to about 200 and 225 miles per. On the fourth day, we crossed some of the prettiest country of Northern Arizona, and reached the desert. Oh, boy! Then the fun began. We passed automobiles coming over the mountains, but here is where they went sure enough slow. My old Harley-Davidson was the only 'trump' on the desert, I guess. We kept ahead of everything going West.

"We spent one night in the desert at Needles. By the way, that's where the people are crazy with the heat. My Buddie and I had to turn each other over to keep from roasting more on one side than the other. Next day, there was more desert, and sand so hot it would curl your shoe soles."

Bryant says they spent two months in Los Angeles and then went on to San Francisco, where they spent another two months, before they started on their return trip to Texas.

The big National Motorcycle Rally will be held at Toledo, Ohio, this year on July 24th, 25th, and 26th. Remember the dates, and get started on your plans early.



The pride of the Savannah, Georgia, Police Department, which uses twenty-three Harley-Davidsons. These are real he-man husky motorcycles, too, as the riders' average weight is 196 pounds. Quietness of operation, dependability and endurance have made these machines indispensable factors in policing Savannah.

This 60 Year Old Motorcycle Officer Makes Good

ONE of the oldest members on the Chelsea, Massachusetts, Police Department is Motorcycle Officer John F. Dewan, who celebrated his sixtieth birthday on March 5th. Officer Dewan has been on the Chelsea force for nineteen years. His career as a motorcycle officer started three years ago when the department purchased its first outfit, a Harley-Davidson and sidecar. At that time, Dewan, who was an old time rider volunteered to run it, but Chief Charles M. Finn thought he was too old for the job and would not give his consent at first. He was persistent, however, and was finally given a chance to try it out.

From the very first, he made good and within a short time, the mayor and members of the council, who at first had been very skeptical regarding motorcycle equipment, were complimenting Chief Finn and Officer Dewan on the wonderful work being done. Newspapers commented on the good work and recommended the addition of more machines.

Officer Dewan is well known and well liked by everyone and covers the territory so efficiently with his machine that he has a reputation of being in several places at once. He also has the distinc-

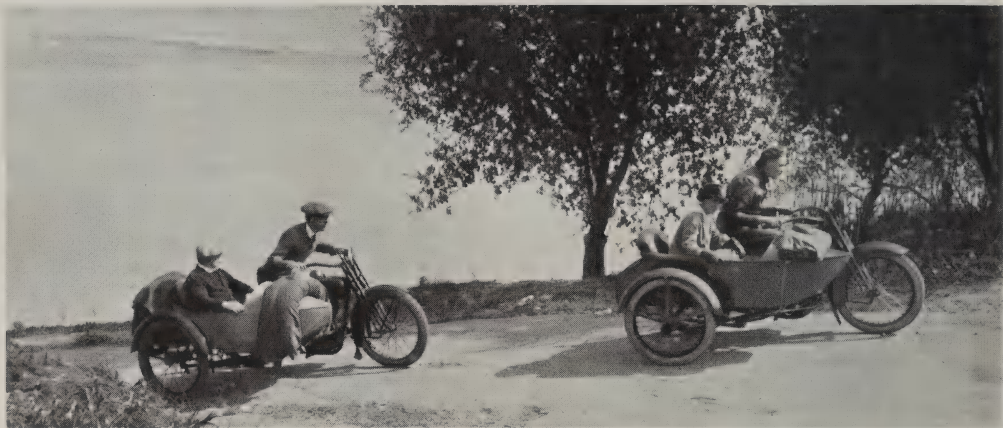
tion of being the only motorcycle officer in New England to ride every day in the year, summer and winter, rain or shine.

Officer Dewan took out a new 1924 and sidecar on January 2nd and when asked how he liked his new outfit, said, "I sure like it. That new 74" motor has got everything else beat for power and speed. You can keep your automobiles. Give me the motorcycle every time. I feel twenty years younger than I did when I started riding three years ago."

The accompanying photo shows Motorcycle Officer Dewan with his new 1924 outfit. Chief Finn is much pleased with the appearance and efficiency of the new outfit and is planning to put on another very shortly.



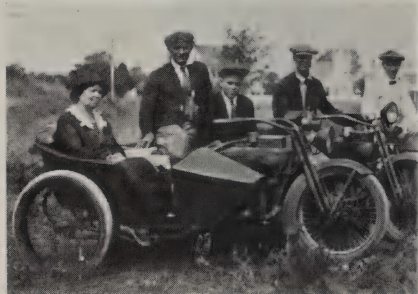
"Come on Along and L



It's great to start out on a camping trip. The road's so inviting, the air so exhilarating, and the sidecar passengers so enthusiastic that you can't resist letting 'er out a little. There's a real thrill in going camping, say these California motorcyclists.



You'd smile, too, if you caught a 12-pound landlocked salmon like this. Lionel Wiedey of Vancouver, British Columbia, knows how to make full use of his motorcycle to get to a good fishing spot.

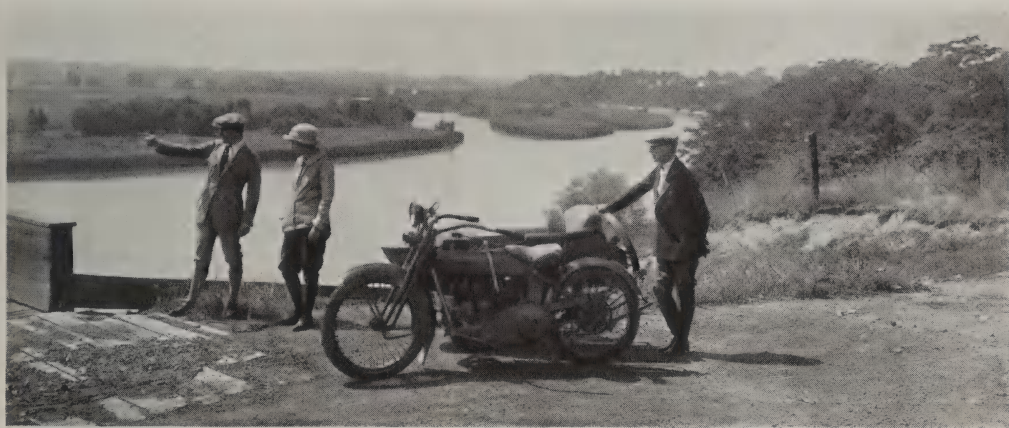


"You sure have some jolly times when you go on a run to Yorktown, Virginia. "This photo shows some of their families on a run to Yorktown, Virginia."



"Here's a bunch of riders and their families just going on short trips for a day or more. George Ashmall of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, just going on short trips for a day or more. much as 175 miles, and that didn't mean riding."

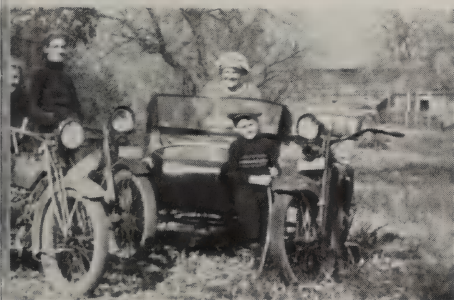
et's Make It a Big Day!"



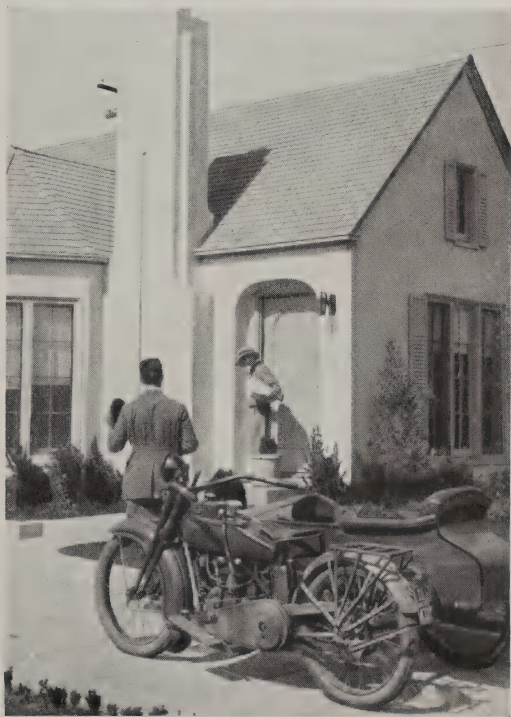
The historic Maumee River near Waterville, Ohio. Of course, you've got just as pretty spots in your section of the country, but do you know where to find all of them? If you don't, try exploring one of these days. It's lots of fun, these Ohio riders tell us.



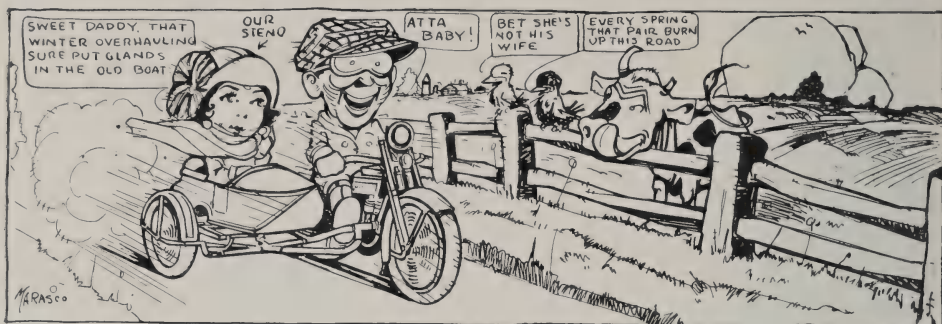
along to a motorcycle club," says E. E. Getchell of our Tide-water Motorcycle Club members and



who know how to get the best out of life," says and adds: "We made about 5,000 miles last at a time. Some days we would cover as all the time either."



"I'll say we're going to have a picnic." Did you ever try this, fellows? Just have the wife or girl put up a good, big lunch, store it away in the sidecar, and you're off for one "grand and glorious" time.



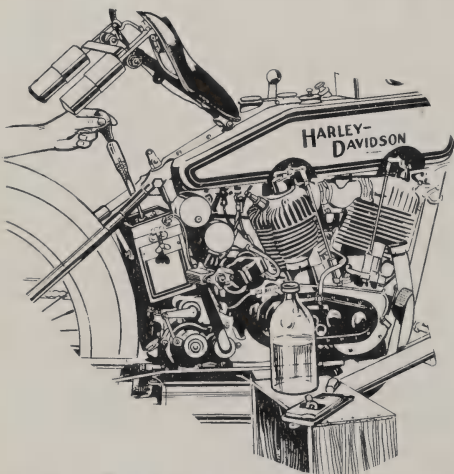
Frank's Mail Bag

"Is there anything you want to know about your Harley-Davidson? Tell me what it is and I'll try to help you out. I'll answer all questions with a letter. Questions that are of general interest to our other Enthusiast readers will be printed on this page of mine. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."—Frank.

The roads are open, Frank, and I can hear the call of the wild. That means I'm going to feel the tickle of the saddle when I dump the gas to her. Miles—lots of 'em—I can run stretches of ten to fifteen miles without shutting her off. Now for the big question. Can I keep on using winter oil for a while or must I change to Harley-Davidson summer oil?

—V. M.

Hot dog, brother, you sure have got the gripitis. That?—oh, it's a catching



The proper procedure for inspecting and filling the battery. See answer to E. D. S's question.

disease that comes to every motorcyclist in the springtime to lay on the throttle "grip" and unwind her. Just pour in the stuff—that's it.

But heed the warning of Uncle Frank that you must put in a load of summer oil right quick, otherwise your iron horse will overheat if held open for long (over three miles) stretches. Yes, sir, Harley-Davidson summer oil, that's what you need right now. And that's that.

It seems like every time I look at my battery, the top and terminals are all wet and dirty. Is it because I don't fill my battery properly, or is it natural for batteries to flow over like that?

—E. D. S.

I'll bet a bottle of my home brew (twenty mule team strength) that when you fill your battery you don't raise the saddle so as to see what you are doing. The battery needs water once a week only (except on long trips in hot weather—then oftener) so why not do the job properly? Explainify? Sure, here goes.

Each cell should have just enough solution to cover the plates and separators about $\frac{1}{4}$ ". More solution than this is unnecessary, besides it will "flow over the filler plugs" when the battery becomes warm from charging. By looking

into the cells when adding distilled water, you can see that the cells are not over-filled and then your battery will be easy to keep clean.

Another thing, wet, acid soaked rubber mats will short the battery terminals and cause a slight leakage of current.

Dilute household ammonia or a solution of baking soda and water can be used to clean the battery top and terminals. These solutions neutralize the sulphuric acid and make it stop biting.

Say, Frank, tell me what kind of steel the Harley-Davidson front forks are made of. I was stopped suddenly, and the occasion bent my forks. In trying to straighten them out again I simply didn't have enough beef on my bones to do the job. What must I do with them, heat them with a torch or blacksmith forge in order to bend them? If anyone should happen to ask me about Harley-Davidson forks, I'll tell the world they have the real stuff in them.

—F. W. V.

You tell 'em, skipper, them Harley-Davidson forks are real "he-man" forks—and nothing else but. Well, it takes real metal and design to keep the busy end of a motorcycle on the job. Of course, if you boys "stop suddenly"—well, you're liable to shorten the wheel base somewhat.

But the best part of my story is coming.

Your forks can be straightened out "cold" and they will be almost as strong as when brand new. Don't let someone heat the fork, because it's not necessary. Just you locate a good, big vise mounted on a good bench; then clamp the forks in wooden blocks so they won't be chewed up by the vise jaws. Next get a 2½" gas pipe to slip over the stems and sides and give her battle.

Your dealer can fix you up if you will send him your forks; he can do the job or he can send it to the factory for repairs.

Frank, I want a sidecar but right now the roads over here in Iowa call for a wider gauge tread than the standard sidecar, so what am I going to do about it?



"One Sunday last summer six of us fellows made a century run from Eugene to Newport and return," says J. L. Potter of Eugene, Oregon. "This photo though shows only three of us: Bill Howard, Fred Knox, and "Speed" Clark. The other two fellows, Elmer Peachy and Charlie Drenkahan had a sidecar outfit. I snapped the picture."

Another thing—how tight must I keep my roller chains? I also want to know about connecting a sidecar to my motorcycle. That is, should the machine set straight or should it lean outward? I notice some fellows have their machines leaning in toward the sidecar.

—H. H.

Yes, sir, H. H., you can take the wrinkles out of your brow because the Harley-Davidson sidecar is provided with a man size extension axle that makes the job 56" road gauge. Of course when the roads dry up or when you are on hard roads, you can set sidecar wheel in for regular service.

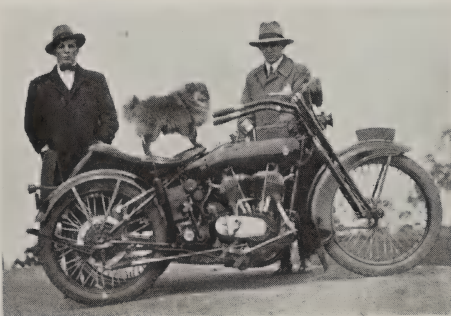
Adjust your roller chains so there is about ½" up and down chain freedom between the sprocket centers at the tightest point. If chains are too tight, the power of the motor will be cut down.

The sidecar and motorcycle should be set up so the motorcycle leans outward about two degrees. This is important, because when a passenger is in the sidecar the combination will be aligned and the machine will be easy to control.

In the motorcycle races held on the Chapultepec track at Mexico City, recently, Harley-Davidson riders won first, second, and third places. No names were given in the report.



"I have been riding motorcycles for eight years, and in that time I've owned six Harley-Davidsons and one machine of another make," Edward R. Harville of Cincinnati, Ohio, informs us. "My present machine is a 1921 74" Harley-Davidson. Mrs. Harville and I have had more good times with it than we can count. This photo shows us out for a joy ride on what is known around here as the Devil's Backbone Road."



"Here's a snapshot of myself and friend Harley-Davidson," says D. W. Nickel of Toowoomba, Australia, but neglects to mention which one of the two men is himself. "My machine," he says further, "is now about two years old, and is still as good as ever. I've covered over 20,000 miles of our rough Australian roads with it, and it doesn't seem to have made a bit of difference in the way it runs. My friend and I have had some very good times with it, and we especially enjoy going out into the country."

Yellowstone Trail Association Offers Service to Tourists

THE Yellowstone Trail people are just as much on the job as ever, and invite you to get in touch with them at their Minneapolis headquarters if there is anything you want to know about the Yellowstone route. They will be glad to furnish you with the route folder and also the regular series of state maps, showing the route through the various states through which the Trail passes. They also have what they call a road condition map, which should help a lot of you fellows who are thinking of making a trip over this route. Write them, Yellowstone Trail Association, Inc., Osmer Building, 2nd Floor, 816 Second Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The Association also has information bureaus located at Walla Walla and Spokane, Washington; Missoula, Butte, Billings and Miles City, Montana; Aberdeen, South Dakota; Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minnesota; Stevens Point and Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Chicago, Illinois; Fort Wayne, Indiana; and Albany and Buffalo, New York. Two traveling information bureaus have also been recommended to be put in service this year, one traveling east and the other west from Minneapolis, checking markers and giving information to the traveling public.

Harley-Davidson Riders Capture New Zealand Climb

Harley-Davidson riders put up a splendid performance in the fast hill climb held by The Pioneer Club at Cashmere Hills near Christchurch, New Zealand, recently. In the Lightweight Class, H. Birdling and his Harley-Davidson took first place in 30 seconds, while G. Henderson captured second place with his Harley-Davidson in 30-3/5 seconds. In the Heavyweight Class, H. L. Piper took first place in 20 seconds; H. Birdling, second, in 22-2/5 seconds; and L. C. Monckman, third in 22-3/5 seconds, all riding Harley-Davidsons.



The W. B. Duker family of La Porte, Indiana, have the right idea. Last summer they decided to cut down on their vacation expenses so they piled into their two Harley-Davidson sidecar outfits and started out on a camping tour. The story of their trip appears below. This photo shows them in camp at Rockville, Indiana.

Whole Family Goes on Motorcycle Vacation Trip

“WE covered seven hundred miles, averaging one cent per mile for each member of the party, and I am here to tell you that we could have cut expenses considerably had we desired,” says W. B. Duker of La Porte, Indiana, about the vacation trip he and his family made last summer with their Harley-Davidsons.

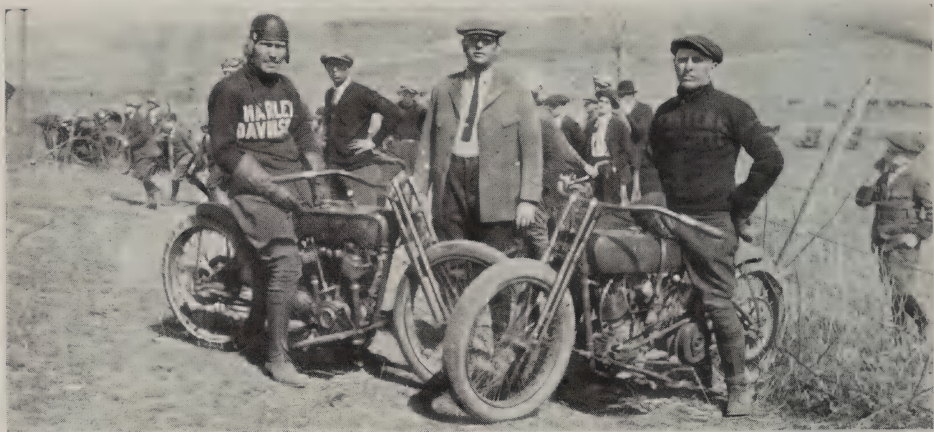
“Having about the same amount of money or possibly less than the average motorcyclist,” Duker continued, “we were rather cautious in figuring our trip, as we had no experience and were green at the game from every angle. We have driven Harley-Davidsons for several years though, and it was largely on our confidence in the machines to get us through, that we started out.

“We used two machines, a 74” 1923 model with a two passenger sidecar and a 61” 1922 with a single sidecar. The double outfit carried friend wife, daughter and son, and all the luggage we could pile in, while my larger son drove the 61” and hauled the tent, bedding, eats and numerous other supplies.

“We went from La Porte, Indiana, to Bryan, Ohio; then angled down through Fort Wayne, Marion, Anderson, Indianapolis, spent two days at ‘The Shades’ and ‘Turkey Run’ Indiana’s natural park, then Danville, Illinois, up to Steger, Illinois, and home. All kinds of roads, some few hills, lots of rain and good heavy loads never stopped our motors and we didn’t have a moment’s trouble.

“The expense which we were afraid of only amounted to \$35.00 for our party of five, and this amount covers every nickel that was paid out for anything whatsoever. A careful check on expenses was kept as a guide for future trips. Only motorcycles could have gotten us through this cheaply, cover the mileage we did, and give us the pleasure we had. When next summer rolls around again, you can bet your last quarter against a plugged nickel that we will do it again.”

Want three days of real sport this summer and a motorcycle trip thrown in the bargain? That's what you'll get for your money if you take in the big National Motorcycle Rally at Toledo, Ohio, on July 24th, 25th, and 26th.



Here are the two heroes of the recent Lawrence, Kansas, Hill Climb. J. C. Brown, winner of the 61" and 80" events, is on the left, and Albert Stuckey, who captured the 37" event, on the right. Bill Stranahan, the big fellow in the center, is our Kansas City, Missouri, dealer.

Coleman, Riding Harley-Davidson, Breaks Six World's Records

SIX grass track world's records were broken on the Takapuna race course in New Zealand recently by Percy Coleman with a Harley-Davidson. Thundering around the track, lap after lap, at a speed faster than a motorcycle had ever traveled before on a grass track, Coleman wiped out existing records up to 15 miles.

The following are the new records established: 1 mile, 47-3/5 seconds; 5

miles, 4 minutes, 7 seconds; 7 miles, 5 minutes, 42-1/5 seconds; 10 miles, 8 minutes, 4-4/5 seconds; 12 miles, 9 minutes, 40-2/5 seconds; 15 miles, 12 minutes, 4-2/5 seconds. These times are subject to confirmation by the New Zealand Athletic Club Union.

Coleman is well known in New Zealand racing circles, and has many victories to his credit. His most recent triumph was in the Twelve-Mile All Powers Championship held at Christchurch when he won first place in not only that event but also in the Eight-Mile Place Handicap.



The public wasn't left in any doubt as to what Fred Stierhoff and Warren Henwood of Reading and Lancaster, Pennsylvania, were doing when they started out on their record-establishing non-stop low gear motor tests. The story of the result of the tests appears on pages 6 and 7.

Harley-Davidson Wins All Events at Lawrence, Kansas, Climb

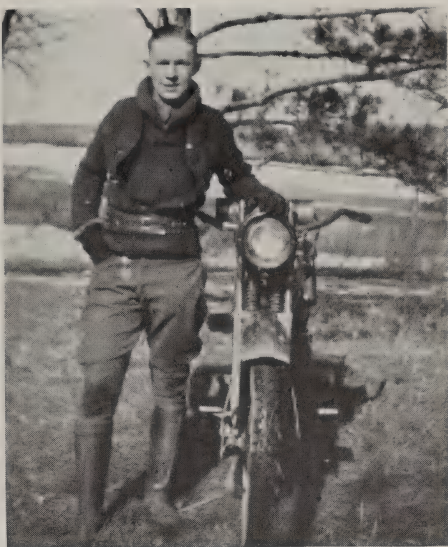
April 6th was Harley-Davidson Red Letter Day at the Lawrence, Kansas, Hill Climb. When J. C. Brown and Albert Stuckey uncorked their brand of Harley-Davidson soup the other fellows simply weren't in it. Brown walked off with both the 61" and 80" events, and Stuckey with the 37" event. Stuckey also took second place in both the 61" and 80" classes.

The climb was held over a 400-foot course up an extremely stiff grade. It was sanctioned by the Motorcycle & Allied Trades Association.

"This picture was taken in British East Africa at Port Florence (now known as Kisumu) in the famous Kenia Forest," says Charles Lukas of New York City, New York. "We had a fine time while touring through East Africa, and covered about 4000 miles. There are no roads, but we had a lot of fun with our Harley-Davidson just the same, and the best service out of it."



"I have owned a Harley-Davidson for three years," writes Joseph Yacavage of Stratford, Texas, and adds: "Here's a photo of myself and the machine which was taken at El Paso, Texas. Motorcycling sure is great sport, and I've had some wonderful times with my machine. Expect to have lots of good times again this year."



"I operate a delivery service here, using two Harley-Davidsons and side-vans," says Elmer Lindenberg of Fari-bault, Minnesota, "but I keep this 74" 1924 for pleasure. My delivery service covers everything from the Post Office special delivery to dry goods, meats and groceries."



"One day during last summer's many and varied tours with my Harley-Davidson, I hitched it on to the mower. Here's a photo showing how I did it and the load I carried," writes P. E. Lindstrom of Skastra, Sweden. "I made a trip of about 300 miles sometime ago, and in Rattvik I had a chance to see the International Six-Day races, which the West-erberg brothers and F. E. Larsson riding Harley-Davidsons finished without a mark against them."



Clare Van Voorhis of Ames, Iowa, who figures in the story below and his sister-in-law who lives in Denver.

Iowa Rider is Called to Denver; Makes 1000 Miles in 3 Days

ORDINARILY, touring 2000 miles is just a nice little pleasure trip for a motorcycle, but making 1000 of those 2000 miles against time is quite another matter. This is what Clare Van Voorhis of Ames, Iowa, was called upon to do when he received a message from Denver, Colorado, advising him of the serious injury of his brother and sister-in-law in an accident. The trip was made as far as Omaha over the Lincoln Highway, and from there over the Golden Rod Highway. Voss Robinson, a friend, connected with the Ames Cycle Company, Harley-Davidson dealers, accompanied him.

Van Voorhis and Robinson started in the morning and five hours later they were eating lunch in Omaha, a distance of approximately 190 miles from Ames. This meant that they had made an average of approximately 38 miles an hour. Considering the roads that they had to cover, Van Voorhis says, this was more than "rolling some" and was a real test of the speed and "pep" of his new 1924 Harley-Davidson. At supper time, they were in Hastings, Nebraska, 400 miles from home. The next two days the going was rather hard—it seemed there was no end to the mud—but finally, on the evening of the third day, they made Denver. Here Van Voorhis found his brother and sister-in-law pretty badly

battered and bent, but not entirely broken, so it wasn't long before they were on the road to recovery and he was able to make the return trip.

Returning, Van Voorhis and Robinson decided to try another road, so they went South to Colorado Springs, where they received a royal welcome from the Colorado Springs Motorcycle Club. They stopped here for a day to take in the sights, and then moved on, reaching Kansas just in time, fortunately, to miss the mud.

In Kansas, they spent the nights at Dodge City, Hutchinson, and Topeka, one night in St. Joseph, Missouri, and from there went on to Ames. "On the whole trip," Van Voorhis informs us, "we used only 52 gallons of gasoline, which was certainly good, considering the roads we encountered."

Van Voorhis, by the way, is planning on making a trip to San Francisco next fall, camping along the way. He would like to hear from anybody who has made a similar trip regarding the approximate cost, what roads to take, and so forth. His address is 131 Campus Avenue, Ames, Iowa.



Do your marketing in the country and save money. These Los Angeles, California, motorcyclists combine business with pleasure.

Win All Championships and Break Record in Australian Races

FOUR firsts, two seconds, one third, and the flying half-mile record lowered is the remarkable showing made by T. Benstead, A. Flaherty, and R. Falls, three Harley-Davidson riders in the Championship Carnival held at the Seven-Mile Beach, Lennox Head, North Coast, Australia, recently. The first two events, the Four Mile Championship, and the Four Mile Northern Rivers Championship, were won by Benstead, with Flaherty taking second in the latter event. Benstead's time in the Northern Rivers Championship was 2 minutes 30 seconds or a speed of 92 miles an hour.

In the next event, the Three-Mile Sidecar Handicap, A. Flaherty took first place, and R. Falls, third, while in the Three Miles All Powers Handicap, Falls won first place, and Flaherty, second. Falls won additional glory for himself and Harley-Davidson machine by lowering the existing Fying Half Mile record to 19-1/5 seconds, averaging a speed of 90 miles per hour.

Joe O'Keefe of St. James, Minnesota, recently made a 500-mile trip from St. James to Ashland, Wisconsin, on six gallons of gas and two quarts of oil with his 1920 Harley-Davidson solo machine. The trip was made while the roads were still covered with snow and ice, but no difficulty was experienced with the machine, and the route was covered in fine style. Joe advises further that he has been riding for six years, and that his present machine is his fourth Harley-Davidson. "It won't be my last either," he adds.

C. C. Lorraine, riding a Harley-Davidson, made the fastest time of the day and established a new one-mile solo record for machines over 600 c. c. (61 cubic inches) in the speed races held on Sellick's Beach near Adelaide, Australia, recently.



"Real Putts"

Made of real horsehide, built to give real service. Right there with the real looks. That's what you get when you buy these Harley-Davidson puttees. Easy to slip on or off. A mighty good puttee we're proud to back up with our recommendation. You'll get value plus in these puttees.

Spring front style

(shown above)

KX 270 Unlined . . . \$6.00
KX 270L Lined . . . \$6.50

Single strap style

(not shown)

KX 266 Unlined . . . \$6.00
KX 266L Lined . . . \$6.50

Your dealer has them



Some Class!

That's what everybody will say when you step out in this Harley-Davidson racing jersey. It's the same jersey the Harley-Davidson racing stars and hill climb men have been wearing the past few years. The color is a knockout, dark green body and orange sleeves. It's also got three inch high letters that will tell 'em a mile off what motorcycle you ride. You are getting real value in this jersey. Sizes 36 to 44.

as shown above

\$5.75

no government tax

Mother and Dad are Converted; Then Buy Son a Motorcycle

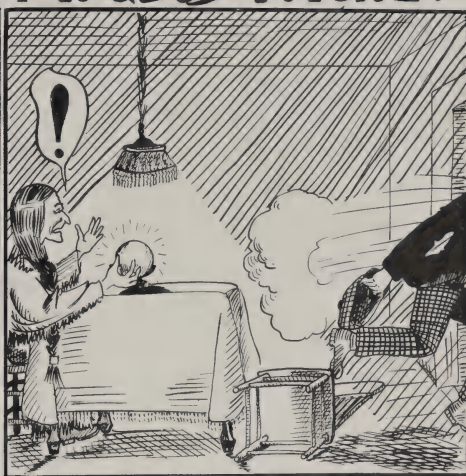
Fathers and mothers have a way of forgetting that when a fellow grows up he likes real sport, but Mr. and Mrs. Randall of Long Beach, California, haven't by a long shot. Recently a chum of their son Elmer purchased a new 1924 JDCA Harley-Davidson from Dealer P. A. Murphy. The Randalls looked it over and without saying anything to son Elmer paid a visit to Murphy's store. Murphy answered all their questions about the Harley-Davidson and convinced them that motorcycling was just the kind of sport that a young fellow should be encouraged to take up, and before they left the store Murphy was holding a check for \$420 and had been given instructions to equip a Harley-Davidson just the same as the other boy's machine. "We want you to call Elmer up," they said, "and ask him to come down to your store. Take him out and teach him how to run the motorcycle, and then when he is able to handle it just tell him it is his." Now Elmer and his chum get out for a ride in the fresh air every day, and know every highway and byway in Long Beach County.

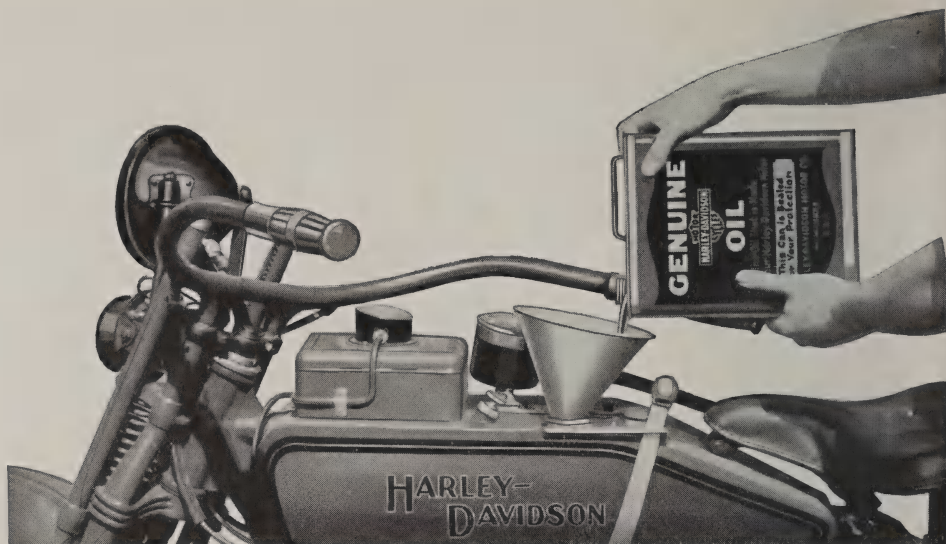
The All India Dunlop Challenge Cup, a much coveted prize in India, was recently won by Mr. Palkhiwalla, with a Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit, according to a report from Dara H. Dadina, A Harley-Davidson rider of Bombay, India.

Are you planning a long distance tour this year? Get in touch with us for road maps. We'll be glad to furnish you with what we have. Address your letter to the attention of Desk E-4.

Of course, you're planning on taking in your local Gypsy Tour June 7th and 8th. Get in touch with your dealer or motorcycle club for particulars.

LOST AND FOUND-A *Trusty Friend!*





Treat Your Motor Right!

YOU'RE going to ask your bus to eat up a lot of geography this season. And you'll have thousands of care-free miles of big joy if you treat your motor right. To spin off happy miles your motor needs an oil that retains its viscosity and lubricating qualities no matter how hard or long the going. That's what your motor will get if you give it Harley-Davidson oil. It's the oil Harley-Davidson engineers know by test is best for your motor. Give your motor a square deal and fill up with Harley-Davidson oil.

**Your dealer has
Harley-Davidson Oil**

38.05
A 8E

The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast



June, 1924



How we looked when we left Oakland, California, for our journey East. Do you wonder why folks asked us, "Where do you put it all?"

another sister. Our main difficulty with our machine was people asking, "Where do you put it all?" and "Where do all of you ride?" and "You're crazy to make the trip on a little thing like that. You will never get there."

I will admit we had some load. This is what we carried:

One 7x7 tent, six blankets, a change of clothes for each, tent poles made from gas pipe, two frying pans, five plates, knives, forks and spoons, one two-burner gasoline stove. We always carried a two-days' supply of groceries, three heavy coats and three light coats. Part of the way, we had one dog and part of the time two dogs; four yards of canvas to cover machine, one pump, an extra sidecar spring and chain, two inner tubes, plasterer's outfit of tools, extra parts for the machine, also an extra four gallons of gasoline, and three people totalling 478 pounds.

After leaving Oakland, we visited San Francisco. We went by way of the Coast Route to Los Angeles. We had wonderful roads and beautiful scenery. Our next stop was in Pomona to visit mother, sister, and brother for six weeks.

On going into Pomona, we broke the lead wire going into our battery box. Our machine had pulled fine all the way, and this was our first trouble. We made repairs and started out once more. This time through the Mohave Desert. Here we encountered some sand, steep grades and narrow roads. Had a blow-out at Amboy, and one at Dry Lake.

We Stay a While in Cheyenne

We stopped in Salt Lake City for one day, and then followed the Lincoln Highway to Cheyenne, Wyoming. Here we were delayed for ten weeks on account of sickness. While in Cheyenne we had our machine overhauled—no fault with the car, only we wanted to be sure rather than sorry. The bill was only \$8.50. Here we also bought a new tire, a waffle iron, a frying pan and a camera, which added extra weight to our machine. A tourist could not ask better treatment than we received from the Harley-Davidson dealer while in Cheyenne.

We left Cheyenne on October 1, 1922. From there into Omaha, we had very poor roads in places. We camped in Omaha for a day or two, and then went on to Council Bluffs, where we picked up an extra tire. From here we went on to Chicago Heights, where we stayed three days. From there, we went to Upper Sandusky, Ohio, then down to Columbus, Ohio, and over to Wheeling, West Virginia, via Cumberland, Balti-



Here's another photo showing us all ready to hit the road. It was taken at Schodack Landing, New York.



This majestic pile of rock called Castle Rock, is located just a few miles west of Evanston, Wyoming.

more, Maryland to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, through New York City, 120 miles up the Hudson River. We stayed here until the first of January.

On November 17, 1922, we pulled into Albany, New York. Up to this time we had had no breakdowns and no trouble that amounted to anything, despite the rough and rocky country that we had encountered in spots. But our greatest trouble came in Albany when our Harley-Davidson was stolen from us. For three weeks we were without our Harley-Davidson, but at the end of that time, thanks to the New York State Troopers and the Rochester Police, we recovered our machine. When the thief was caught, he confessed that he had never ridden a Harley-Davidson before, but that it was so easy to handle that he had no trouble getting away with it.

March Sees Us on Return Trip

After wintering in New York, we started out once more on the road. This was in March, 1923. It was still cold. One morning we got up to find two inches of snow on our tent and on the ground. Our Harley-Davidson never stopped at anything over rough road and country, so why stop for snow. We had good roads along Lake Erie. We reached Cleveland, Ohio, where we had a nice visit with my aunts and cousins, my

brother Ed and Uncle Jim, and it was all made possible through a Harley-Davidson motorcycle and sidecar. It had cost one cent a mile for gas and oil. We paid from 15c to 45c per gallon for gas. We stayed in Cleveland eight weeks. Our repair bill here was only \$4.50.

Factory Comes in for a Visit

We left Cleveland on the 8th of July, going by way of Chicago to Milwaukee. Of course, we stopped at the factory and saw every part that was made for a Harley-Davidson. We enjoyed the pleasant trip through the plant, and all our needs were well looked after. We left Milwaukee July 11th, following Route 61 to Cedar Rapids. On the way we encountered good, bad, and indifferent roads. At Marshalltown, Iowa, a lot of the city folks came out to see how we managed with the little machine. They could not understand where we put all our stuff and had a place left to ride. At Omaha, Nebraska, we had our machine looked over again. Vic Roos, the dealer, gave us a hearty welcome and we were made at home. He certainly has a fine shop and store, and just the right kind of people to run it.

Out on the road once more, we encountered mud and still more mud, but

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Now for the Tours and Rallies

By "Hap" Hayes

SALES Manager T. A. Miller just breezed in from a trip East and told me all about the big Gypsy Tour Rally that the Keystone Motorcycle Association of Philadelphia is going to put on at Sea Isle City, New Jersey, June 7th and 8th. He got me so enthused that I thought I'd give you fellows the dope so that you can "go out and do thou likewise" one of these days. Here's what those up-and-doing Keystone Motorcycle boys have done.

They've gone over to Sea Isle City, looked things over, and picked out the likeliest looking spot along the beach that they could find for the big doings. Then they had a date with the mayor, put their proposition before him, and got his hearty consent to use the section of the beach they wanted and in addition a generous offer to throw the city wide open to the motorcyclists for the two days they would be there.

Then they sent out invitations to all the clubs in neighborhood cities to join them in the fun. And, take it from us, those boys sure have shown their appreciation because to date entries have come



Charles Raggio of Atlantic City, New Jersey, giving a "lick and a promise" of what's to come in the solo and sidecar straightaway speed trials at the Sea Isle City, New Jersey, Gypsy Tour Rally.

in from the clubs at Lancaster, Reading, and Easton, Pennsylvania, Atlantic City, Trenton, and Camden, New Jersey, and the Wil-Del Association at Wilmington, Delaware. T. A. says a few more clubs should be added to that list, but he couldn't remember which ones they were. With all of these live-wire clubs turning out in full force, it doesn't take much stretch of the imagination to figure out what size crowd they're going to have, though, does it?

There's nothing slow either about the way the Keystone fellows are going about planning plenty of amusement for the crowd. I understand they've got the usual number of games and contests lined up for the two days, but, Boy! it's the "unusual" this time that got my eye. What do you think of mile solo and sidecar straightaway speed trials along the New Jersey beach? Sounds thrilling, doesn't it? And a bathing beauty contest in which each club will be represented? What? Too late, the judges were picked out long ago.

You see what I'm getting at now, though, don't you? There's no reason why the rest of you clubs around the country can't have a rally of your own sometime this year. Think it over!



Here are the three winners in the Ashtabula County Motorcycle Club's recent treasure hunt. Left to right: E. Alvord, second prize; R. O. Hulbert, first prize, and J. C. Kellogg, third prize.

What's that? Did I get my steno? Well, I should hope to tell you I did,—only I'm too late for the Gypsy Tour. Somebody else had her all dated up when I got her. But anyhow she's lined up the club news for the month for me, so here it is.

Well, Well! Shake Hands, Boys!

Ashtabula, Ohio.—“Say, Hap, these fellows from St. Joseph and Saginaw, Michigan, and Memphis, Tennessee, and so forth that you wrote about in the May Enthusiast, needn't think they're the only fish in the sea who are organizing a club. Riders around here are just as live and up-and-doing, and on March 9th we had a meeting and organized a club, too. We're calling it the Ashtabula County Motorcycle Club,” H. E. Kuivinen takes his pen in hand to inform us. “Here are the fellows who were elected officers: Mike Ferrio, president; Earl Alvord, secretary-treasurer; H. E. Kuivinen, road captain. We staged a treasure hunt recently, and three Harley-Davidson riders, E. Alvord, R. O. and J. C. Hulbert copped the prizes.” Lucky birds! We're showing a photo of them on page 6.

It's Easy if You Watch Your Dates

Cleveland, Ohio.—“We want to get in on this club page stuff, too. How'll we do it, Hap?” Some of the members of the newly-organized Greater Cleveland Motorcycle Club write us. “Do we have to have a special pull or somethin'? Seems to us that all the clubs in the Union will be a-clamoring to get in, and we're afraid we might be crowded out. We've just started our club, but already have 75 members. Are planning on holding several tours and hill climbs this summer.” There are no strings tied to me, fellows, but 'tis true, our space is limited, so it's a question of first come, first served. Try and get your news and photos (don't forget the photos) in by the first of the month preceding the particular issue you want to get it in.

Club Bans Open Cut-Outs

Memphis, Tennessee.—“Twenty of the local motorcycle riders met in our store



The 1924 Gypsy Tour fob. Every rider and sidecar passenger now registered with the M. & A. T. A., or who registers with the Gypsy Tourmaster at that time, and completes the tour receives a medal. The medal will be furnished as a belt buckle for the ladies.

recently and formed a motorcycle club,” write our dealers, the Uhlmann Motorcycle Company. “The club will be called the Bluff City Motorcycle Club. The following members were elected as officers for the coming year: John R. Spellman, president; Lawrence B. Ray, secretary and treasurer; James A. Blaylock, road captain. The club will hold endurance runs, picnics, fishing trips, hill climbs, pleasure rides and make an effort to eliminate open cut-outs and all unnecessary noise.”

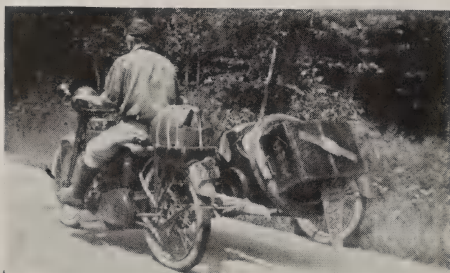
Two Local Clubs Combine Forces

Providence, Rhode Island.—“There is a growing interest among the riders this season, and the club spirit sure is going strong,” Joseph E. Wittig, secretary of

(Turn to page 18)



"Here's a photo of myself and my 'Joy Broncho,'" writes Walter A. Eick of Washington, Missouri. "This is my third motorcycle. My next will be a 1924 74" motor." Walter says further: "Three of us fellows have four motorcycles among us, and we sure knock 'em dead, regardless of rough roads around here."



"We have more real sport with a motorcycle than with a car, and wouldn't do without it," says Mr. and Mrs. U. B. Weaver of Muskegon, Michigan. "Here's a photo of our outfit as it looked when packed all ready for our vacation trip last summer. Boy! but we had a good time. Go on a vacation with a Harley-Davidson, and nothing disappoints you. You always get there, too."

"Believe me, this family doesn't waste any spare time," says Dan Porodski of Cortland, New York, who is shown here with the family and their Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit. "Why, every chance we get, we're out on the road. We're all crazy about motorcycling, and think there's nothing else like it." Dan, by the way, has the reputation among the riders in his locality of being second to none in the neat rider and machine class.



"This picture shows me ready to give her the gun, and say, she can roar, too," Freeman Riley of Arcola, Illinois, tells us, and adds: "Me for the Harley-Davidson now and forever. We have some wonderful times together, but I'm parting with her soon, because I'm going to get a new 74 cubic inch machine, and then—boy! will I go."





The Amarillo Motorcycle Club turned out in full force recently when F. L. Beer, our dealer, put on sand riding contests along the Canadian River Banks. The story printed below tells all about it. George Polley, winner of the most points, is the fourth rider from the left, and F. L. Beer, the seventh.

Amarillo, Texas, Riders Celebrate Spring Opening with Big Outing

MOTORCYCLISTS down in Amarillo, Texas, had a big time Sunday, April 13th, when F. L. Beer, our dealer, celebrated the close of "Spring Opening Week" with contests in sand riding, motorcycle broad-jumping, and hill climbing. The day was perfect, and about 800 drove out to witness the contests, which were held along the Canadian River.

George F. Polley, riding a Harley-Davidson 74", was the most consistent rider, winning the first prize, with a score of 48 points out of a possible 56. Hiram Thompson, also riding a 74" Harley-Davidson, took second prize with a score of 42 points. Mason Polley, mounted on a 61" Harley-Davidson, carried off third prize with a score of 37 points. Elmer Herrington, on a 74" Harley-Davidson, and Leo Abbot, on a 61" Harley-Davidson, tied for fourth prize, each having a score of 34 points. They tossed coins and Elmer won. V. L. Cannott, Jr., riding a machine of another make, won the consolation prize.

The Cover Picture

Our cover picture this month was snapped in the heart of Africa by our Mr. A. R. Child, and shows two big game hunters with a pair of record-sized elephant tusks which were each 8 feet 4 inches long and 120 pounds in weight.

Grove Adds to Harley-Davidson Laurels at Crotona Climb

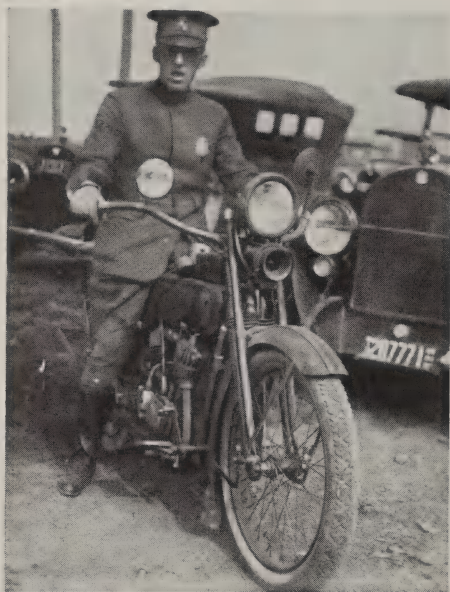
ON APRIL 27th, at the Crotona Motorcycle Club Hill Climb, held at Somers, New York, John H. Grove, aided by Pat Brooke, a newcomer in the field, chalked up another Harley-Davidson hill-climb victory for this season. Between them, Grove and Brooke cleaned up the three main events of the day, the 61 cubic inch Novice and Open events, and the 80 cubic inch Open event.

In the 61 cubic inch Open event, Grove roared over the top in 14.1 seconds and left competition wondering how it was done. Following him, came William Brazenor, on another make of machine, in 15.4 seconds, and then George Lehner, also riding a Harley-Davidson, whose time was 15.9 seconds.

It was in the 80 cubic inch Open event that Grove showed the bunch what real speed is like. Getting astride his Harley-Davidson, he skyrocketed up the hill and reached the top while the crowd was still looking for him about half way up. He made the climb in the remarkable time of 12.4 seconds. Orrie Steele on another make of machine came in second in 13.3 seconds, and William Brazenor third, in 15.3 seconds.

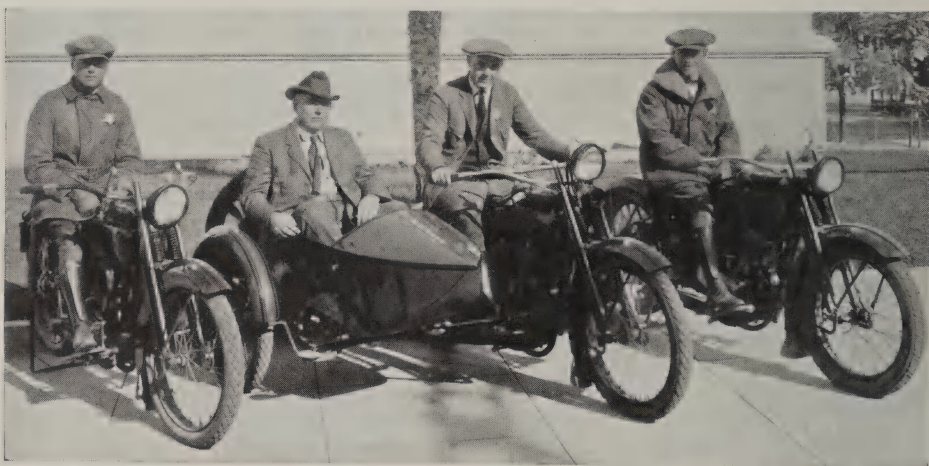
The 61 cubic inch Novice was the event in which Pat Brooke, once of Texas and now of New Jersey, got a chance to show what is in him. His time was 17.4 seconds.

"Hey, Remember the Speed Laws!" Warn These Officers



One reason why the "World's Richest Village," Hibbing, Minnesota, is proud of its Police Department. "I use a Harley-Davidson constantly in my work as traffic officer," says Motorcycle Officer William Kohrt, "and find it satisfactory in every way."

"There's nothing like a Harley-Davidson for police work," says Motorcycle Officer Roy E. Moore of Warren, Pennsylvania, "and, believe me, I keep my part of the city tamed down fine with it." The Warren Police Department uses Harley-Davidsons exclusively.



Patrolling Eldorado County, California, with its stretches of bad mountain roads, is a continuous endurance test. Traffic Officers Carl Slaterbeck (on the left) and Earl Chesmore (extreme right) say it's an easy job though with their Harley-Davidson solo machines. Sheriff Charles Wood is the man in the sidecar and M. Johnston, the driver of the sidecar outfit.

Make 12,000 Mile Trip During Fall and Winter Months

By E. L. Litchfield

SPOKANE, Washington, April 29th.—“Why not tour the country in winter time?” was what W. C. Anderson and his pretty young wife said last October when one day “Wally” had put the finishing touches to polishing up his maroon colored 1923 Harley-Davidson and sidecar.

The answer to their question seemed feasible enough for they had plenty of time, a good machine and no terrors for the open road, rain or shine. Consequently the intrepid motorcyclists left Spokane behind on October 5th and started out on what eventually resulted in a little jaunt of 12,000 miles through a wonderful country of which they had heard praises and were eager to see for themselves.

With a camping kit and outing necessities weighing about 200 pounds in the sidecar, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson purred on their way through Washington, Idaho and Montana, arriving at Lewistown, Montana, in fine style without any mishaps. At this town they visited relatives and a week or so later resumed their journey to Milwaukee, via the Dakotas and Minnesota.

On the way to the Harley-Davidson factory much gumbo, of course, was encountered, and the use of tire chains was resorted to frequently. The going was a trifle slow and rain here and there was bothersome. Nevertheless, the travelers camped out and found many things enjoyable and interesting.

At Milwaukee, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson made the rounds of the Harley-Davidson plant and learnt many things about the manufacture of the machines that find their way in such profusion out West. After a week in Milwaukee they set out again in November, riding through Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and into Texas. All this time the good machine behaved splendidly and no repairs of any kind were necessary. Through New Mexico and into Arizona



“Why not tour the country in the winter?” said Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Anderson of Spokane, Washington, and forthwith started out on what turned out to be a 12,000-mile trip. Read how they did it in Mr. Litchfield’s story.

the tourists made their way, taking in the beauties of these southern countries, known to all who have been fortunate enough to wander this way. The next lap brought Mr. and Mrs. Anderson into California where they eventually arrived at San Diego and were warmly welcomed by the Harley-Davidson dealers. Mr. Anderson worked for a while in the Imperial Valley. And on the first signs of Spring off they went again on the homeward stretch, up through Oregon and into Spokane where they arrived a week ago.

Mr. Anderson declared that the first part of the trip, from Spokane to Milwaukee, a distance of about 2500 miles cost him \$16.16, including gas and oil.

The remarkable feature of the tour is the fact that the machine was never taken down for adjustments or valve grinding and a distance of 5,000 miles had been covered before the journey began; thus 17,000 miles were made by this motorcycle without it being in a shop whatsoever.

Mr. Anderson paid tribute to the tires, his front tire making 13,000 miles before being worn out. His gasoline average he estimated at between 38 and 40 miles to the gallon.

"The Big Touring Season"



Members of the West Side Motorcycle Club of Chicago, Illinois, tour in groups to their clubhouse at Fox Lake, 38 miles away, nearly every weekend. This photo shows one such group lined up in front of the clubhouse.



Here's the Bluff City Motorcycle Club of Memphis, Tennessee, on their second outing of the season Sunday, April 13th. A wiener bake and a basket picnic with fried chicken were the big attractions of the day.

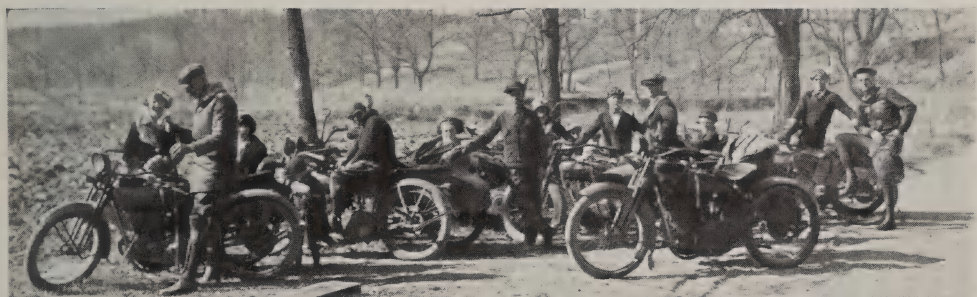


All aboard for the Gypsy Tours! Erie, Pennsylvania, is where this jolly bunch hails from. Because of ou

ason is On! Let's Go!"



The entertainment committee of the Capital City Motorcycle Club of Sacramento, California, provides such good times for its members on their outings that they always get a long line-up like this to turn out for the affairs.



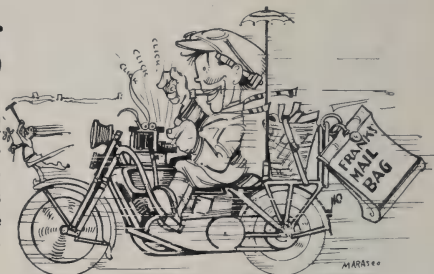
This happy-looking group of young folks from Joplin, Missouri, spend many pleasant Sundays out on the Open Road. Here they've come to a halt just long enough to give the photographer a chance to snap them.



Limited space, though, only half of the crowd that really turned out for their last Gypsy Tour could be shown here.

Frank's Mail Bag

"Is there anything you want to know about your Harley-Davidson? Tell me what it is and I'll try to help you out. I'll answer all questions with a letter. Questions that are of general interest to our other Enthusiast readers will be printed on this page of mine. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."—Frank.



Well, Frank, up to this time it seems to me that you and your Steno have been able to answer all the great variety of questions satisfactorily, and I am coming to you with a brand new one. I was just thinking that if someone should become as strongly attached to my machine as I am, and while in such a mood ride it away, I would simply be out of luck. Now I am not a gloom spreader; just being cautious, that's all. Do you know of any reliable companies that will insure my Harley-Davidson against fire and theft? Frank, I bet that you can't answer this one.

—H. R. M.

H. R. M., you missed your guess. I am the bestest little insurance agent that ever insured. About the only thing I have never tried is selling books. Yes, sir, I know where you can insure your Harley-Davidson against everything except heart failure, and the company is reliable, too.

Your Harley-Davidson dealer can make arrangements through the Harley-Davidson Finance Corporation to insure your machine against fire and theft for about \$8.00 a year. You pay some good hard iron dollars for your machine, and I think you are perfectly right in feeling that it should be protected against possible loss. I believe that it behooves (that's a good word) every Harley-Davidson owner to have his machine insured. It's just as important as any other kind of insurance.

It seems that the oil I am using causes the exhaust valves to become gummy and sticky, therefore making the motor sluggish when starting the first thing in the morn-

ing. What are your recommendations in such a case? Another thing, Frank, is that my saddle seems to ride pretty hard. Since I weigh only 130 pounds I would like to make some adjustment for more comfort.

—R. G.

Most lubricating oils will form a gummy, gooey deposit between the exhaust valves and guides, which must be removed occasionally if the engine is expected to keep up its pep. A simple way to guard against this is to remove the spark plugs from time to time, and with the exhaust valves in a raised position, squirt some gasoline or kerosene on the stems with the priming gun. When the valves are out for grinding I would suggest that the guides be cleaned with a special reamer. Harley-Davidson dealers have such a reamer in their shops.

Comfort! That's the word. The seat post plunger assembly can be taken out and the cushion springs adjusted to fit your weight. After taking out the plunger assembly you will find two nuts on the lower end. One of these nuts is a lock, and the other is used for adjusting purposes. If the seat post is too stiff, loosen (unscrew) the adjusting nut, and on the other hand if it is too weak, tighten the nuts. A few experiments on the seat post will more than repay you in comfort for the time and trouble involved. After fitting the seat post assembly to the frame, set the saddle so that its top is level and the spring tubes are straight up and down. After doing this the old boat will ride like a Pullman coach.

I purchased my 1924 electrical equipped Harley-Davidson last October and after cov-

ering about 3,000 miles I have not given the generator brushes and commutator any attention. The generator is charging all right, and I have not had any battery trouble. However, I would like to know just what attention I am supposed to give these parts.

By the way, Frank, I am a solo hound, and to be safe at high speed I need a pair of he-man goggles. I have tried a flock of different make goggles, and so far I have not found a pair that pleases me. I think you can give me the right dope on this.

—S. T.

I have been riding a 1924 hack and my experiences are the same as yours on the electrical system. I looked at the brushes and commutator the other day, and they were in great shape, so I figured to let well enough alone and see just how many miles I could pile up without giving them any real attention. I believe that a fellow should, however, open the generator commutator end and touch up the commutator with fine (No. 00) sandpaper after every 2500 or 3000 miles of service. The brushes used on the 1924 job are big fellows. In fact, every time I look at them I think of balloon tires.

Goggles, goggles, who's got the goggles? You said a lot regarding goggles, because I think most every rider has gone through the same thing. Two or three weeks ago I went into the Accessory Department storming around, and the outcome was that I left with a pair of new light weight Resistal goggles. And boy, believe me, they are keen. I have used them quite a bit because we have had some windy weather up here in Wisconsin, and it seems that all stray boulders, loose horse shoes and brick bats find their way into my lamps when riding wide open. The fellow extracted \$3.50 out of me for these goggles, which at the time was painful. However, I have since found them to be worth that much. The model of this Resistal goggle is WYD (sounds like a broadcasting station signing off) and you should be able to get them from your Harley-Davidson dealer.

The magneto on my machine has stopped producing sparks altogether. Could you give me an idea as to what could possibly cause this unhappy state of affairs?

How much does Harley-Davidson summer oil cost in one gallon and five gallon cans. I am not near a dealer, so must order this direct from the factory. —A. R. C.

When a magneto goes on a strike, the most probable causes are as follows:

1. Interrupter points stuck or held open due to a moist or swelled interrupter lever bearing bushing.
2. Interrupter platinum points very dirty, bearings are worn away to such extent that only iron is left to make the contact.
3. Carbon brushes dirty or gummy and stuck in the brush holders so they cannot make contact with the collector spool.
4. Brush holders cracked, permitting the high tension current to discharge to the ground or frame work of the magneto.
5. Hard rubber collector spool (slip ring) cracked or dirty.
6. Magneto has been water soaked, thus shortening the condenser or high tension winding. Usually a thorough

(See next page)



One of the biggest endurance runs ever staged in Germany was held recently from Greenberg to Berlin. Ninety-two riders started and 60 finished. Fredrich Vise, our Aachen dealer, took a prominent part in the run. He is shown here on the right with his brother, Peter Vise, who was his sidecar passenger.



Riders down in Little Rock, Arkansas, make a special trip over to the Harley-Davidson dealers, the Winston Cycle Supply Company, now and then just to see what new idea "Winnie" has incorporated in his window display. Here's a photo of a display that is now attracting a lot of attention. Real water turns the wheel and empties into a pond. One of the men on the porch turns a grindstone, while the other sharpens an axe. Also, the boy's fish pole gives a lively jerk every once in a while.

drying out in a hot oven will overcome difficulties from this cause.

7. High tension cables wet, having faulty insulation and being twisted together.

My advice is that you do not experiment too far with the magneto because it is an instrument that requires expert attention, especially for the replacement of some of the internal parts.

Genuine Harley-Davidson oil in one gallon containers lists at \$1.65 and in five gallon containers at \$6.90. These prices are, of course, based at the factory, and you must pay the transportation charges to your destination.

Police! Police! Why police? Very simple. I want to arrest attention. The other day a chap whose name runs under the initials of E. R. B., passed on an idea I think worth telling the crowd. He did not like the idea of using a funnel for filling the transmission, and accordingly dug up an automobile grease gun for the purpose. He fills the grease gun with Harley-Davidson oil, and injects it into the transmission filler opening by simply screwing down the handle. This is a pretty good stunt, fellows, if you can find a suitable oil gun for handling the

job. Please remember that OIL is to be used in the Harley-Davidson transmission, and not any form of grease.

Thanks to E. R. B.

—Frank.

Sacramento Club Members Frolic at Annual Picnic

The annual picnic of the Capital City Motorcycle Club of Sacramento, California, which was held one Sunday recently, was voted a big success by all who took part in it. The picnic was held at Fair Oaks, a small village sixteen miles from Sacramento. About forty riders were present.

The place selected proved ideal, and there was plenty of room for baseball, polo and other sports. The first thing on the program was a baseball game. A soccer game was next and then lunch. After lunch, the day was rounded out with a motorcycle polo game, hillclimbing, slow races, foot races, and other contests. Everybody had a good time and the trip home was made in fine style.

A photo of the big crowd that turned out for the event appears on pages 12 and 13.

Five Australian Records Smashed by Harley-Davidson Riders

THE Harley-Davidson now holds five big road records in Australia. Three of these are held by E. C. Clarke and his sidecar passenger, G. Webster, one by Albert Warnecke and Jack McGregor, and the other by Thomas Benstead. Below we are listing the records.

Sydney to Perth: 3,130 miles in 9 days, 15 hours, and 49 minutes. This is a new record and was established in March by Clarke and Webster.

Melbourne to Perth: 2,643 miles in 8 days, 17 hours, and 54 minutes. In establishing the record from Sydney to Perth, Clarke and Webster also broke this record, cutting 5 hours and 18 minutes off the previous time.

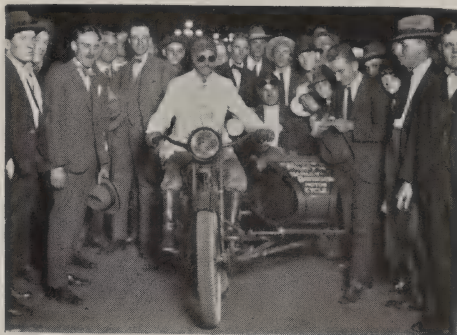
Adelaide to Perth: 1,910 miles in 6 days, 9 hours, and 52 minutes. Also made by Clarke and Webster in their record ride from Sydney to Perth, beating the previous time by 26 hours and 53 minutes.

Sydney to Brisbane: 670 miles in 48 hours and 21 minutes. Broken by Albert Warnecke and Jack McGregor, his sidecar passenger, in January, slashing 2 hours and 41 minutes from the previous time. This record has been held by the Harley-Davidson for the past five years.

Melbourne to Sydney: 580 miles in 14 hours and 43 minutes. Established by Tom Benstead on a solo machine, March 8, 1923.

The breaking of capital to capital records is followed with much interest in Australia. All of these records were made over the roughest kind of country roads.

Clarke's record ride from Sydney to Perth was particularly difficult, taking him over the desert stretch between Adelaide and Melbourne, through the shifting sandhills in South Australia, and through stretches of hundreds of miles without a sign of habitation. Clarke rode a 1924 FD model Harley-Davidson and sidecar.



E. C. Clarke and his sidecar passenger, G. Webster, leaving Sydney for their strenuous 3,130 mile dash across southern Australia to Perth. Two records were broken and a new record established. Read the story opposite for details.



Albert Warnecke and Jack McGregor, sidecar passenger, ready to start out on their record-breaking trip from Sydney to Brisbane. They broke the former record by 2 hours and 41 minutes.



Tom Benstead receiving congratulations upon his record-establishing trip from Sydney to Melbourne. His time was 14 hours and 43 minutes.

Remember the National Motorcycle Rally, at Toledo, Ohio, July 24th, 25th, and 26th.



"Boy! he can kick up the dust." That's what the crowd said as Joe Snikosky of Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, roared up the hill in the 61" Expert event in the recent Shamokin Motorcycle Club hillclimb.

Harley-Davidson Riders Star in Climb at Shamokin, Pa.

Two Harley-Davidson riders starred in the hill climb held near Shamokin, Pennsylvania, April 27th, under the auspices of the Shamokin Motorcycle Club. Joseph Snikosky was the hero of the 61" Expert event, making the climb in 6 seconds flat. In the 61" Novice event, Larry Doyle walked off with first prize. His time was 8 seconds.

The Shamokin Motorcycle Club was just recently organized, and this was the first hillclimb they have staged. The affair was a big success and drew a crowd of more than 2,500 people.



Larry Doyle, who entered the Novice event in the Shamokin Motorcycle Club hillclimb, and walked off with first prize. Sorry, girls. They tell us he's married.

Continued From Club Page 7

the Allied Motorcycle Association of Rhode Island, tells us. "Our two local clubs have combined forces and we are now known as the Allied Motorcycle Association of Rhode Island. This has brought riders of all makes of machines together, and as the result, our membership has been greatly increased."

No Time Wasted Here

Iron Mountain, Michigan. — "Iron Mountain now boasts of a motorcycle club," writes E. P. Bieck, president. "Our first meeting was held April 10th. Although the membership isn't very large at present, we predict at least fifty new members within two months' time. The temporary officers which were elected at this meeting were: E. P. Bieck, president; John Allewa, secretary; Albert Mohmgren, treasurer; Rosaire Trudell, road captain; Keith Breidung, assistant road captain. We are planning on putting on competition events such as cross-country runs, hill climbs, races, etc. Just as soon as weather conditions permit, Road Captain Trudell and his committee will make a tour of both Michigan and Wisconsin to map out future runs for the club.

Asks for Constitution Booklets

Ithaca, New York.—"Last Saturday night we organized the Ithaca Motorcycle Club," writes Eugene R. Brewster, secretary, on April 15th, "and adopted your Constitution and By-Laws. Will you kindly send us enough copies for our sixteen charter members?"

This Club is 100% M. & A. T. A.

Chicago, Illinois.—"Have you heard about the new motorcycle club we've started in Chicago?" asks J. W. Bobleter by way of introducing the Allied Motorcyclists of Chicago and himself as acting secretary. "We have a charter membership of 50 motorcycle riders of all makes of machines," J. W. adds, "and are 100% M. & A. T. A. It's our intention to keep the boys alive and we're planning all sorts of things to keep them busy."

Cops Only Perfect Score in Big Annual Endurance Run

WILLIAM PREISIGKE, riding a 1924 JE model Harley-Davidson, was the only rider out of 86 entrants, who finished with a perfect score in the Annual Endurance Run of the Precision Motorcycle Club of New York City, held April 6. The run extended over a period of twelve hours and covered a distance of approximately 240 miles from New York City to Southampton, Long Island, and return. Out of the 86 riders who started, only twenty finished. By winning the only perfect score, Preisigke won the Harley-Davidson cup, the Stern Brothers Cup, the Precision Motorcycle Club Gold Medal and \$25.00 worth of accessories.

Preisigke's performance is especially noteworthy when it is considered that the run took place during $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours of steady rain and for one stretch covered seven miles of Atlantic Ocean Beach sand that the waves were constantly washing over. Furthermore, not one of the fifty sidecar entries finished in a leading position, and it is therefore still more to Preisigke's credit that he should have won the only perfect score among 36 solo riders.

A 17 Months' Motorcycle Tour

(From page 5)

the little old machine pulled us right along. In Wyoming, we had some rain. We were back in Cheyenne good to our promise just one year to the day. Cheyenne has the largest camp grounds we found anywhere on the road. We had seen the famous "Round-up of Frontier Days" in 1922, so did not stop to see it again. When we left Cheyenne on the 23rd of July, it was raining and we had all up-hill grades to make, but the scenery along the way which we would have missed by train was well worth it. While we pulled right along up what is known as Sherman Hill, we stopped to get a drink of ice-cold spring water. Here we

(Turn to page 22)



"The girls in Australia sure like motorcycling," writes Harold E. Hodgson of Medindie, Adelaide, South Australia, adding: "I am getting excellent service from my 1923 sidecar outfit. The roads around here are extremely rough in places, but my Harley-Davidson never fails me. This photo was snapped in the Adelaide hills district, and shows a little friend of mine posing on my machine."



"Being a dealer for Androscoggin County and an ardent reader of the Enthusiast," writes Hector L. Creamer of Auburn, Maine, "we thought we would shoot along a snapshot of our new 1924 demonstrator and some of the fair lassies of the Pine Tree State. See how they smile? Sure, it's the Harley-Davidson that does it. Here's for more Harley-Davidson motorcycles." Hector adds that the riders around his part of the country are getting all set for a big season.



Hooray! The fishing season's here again, fellows. George Massey of Kamloops, British Columbia, Canada, knows where to get them, as is evidenced by the three big "whoppers" he's holding up here for our inspection.

Cripps, Australian Rider, Makes Record Climb up Famous Hill

YOU can't do it." "You'll never make it." "How do you expect to get up that hill with only a motorcycle and sidecar when even automobiles have never been able to get to the top?"

These were the sort of expressions that William Cripps, captain of the Harley-Davidson Motorcycle Club of Melbourne, Australia, heard on every side from the large crowd that assembled recently to see him climb a famous hill located in the Colac District near Melbourne. The hill rises from the Carlile River and is one mile long with an average grade of

one in four and a half. Near the top the grade rises to one in two and a half. No vehicle had ever succeeded in reaching the top, and many people laughed at the idea of Cripps being able to make the grade with his Harley-Davidson motorcycle and sidecar. However, nothing daunted, he started out on his record climb, giving a fine demonstration of skillful driving, and finally reached the top amid great applause from the spectators.

Some idea of the grade of the hill can be gathered from the fact that although Cripps climbed the hill in six minutes, it took him two hours and thirty-five minutes to descend!



William Cripps of Melbourne, Australia, recently climbed a hill that no motor vehicle had ever succeeded in climbing. Here he is receiving the congratulations of the crowd.

In the races held recently at Mexico City, Mexico, the Harley-Davidson won first and third places, according to advice received from our dealers, Mohler & De Gress.

Of course, you're interested in seeing what kind of Gypsy Tour medals the M. & A. T. A. is giving out this year. A reproduction of the medal appears on page 7.

Drop in and say "hello" to the Harley-Davidson dealer in the towns you visit on your vacation tour.

Seattle Motorcycle Club Holds Outing at Loon Lake

WITH perfect blue skies, a warm sun and a gentle summer breeze the Spokane Motorcycle Association held its first outing of the season April 28th. Thirty riders, their wives or best girls made up the party.

A start from Spokane at 10 o'clock brought the motorcycle caravan to its destination at Loon Lake, Washington, before noon, an enjoyable ride of some forty miles over good pavement and a few miles of smooth gravel.

At Loon Lake, "chow" was consumed at the resort restaurant, the usual plan of cooking the club's own wienies being abandoned for the more elite meal at round tables.

A spirited ball game followed the lunch. The married men's team went down to disgraceful defeat at the hands of the bachelors. The score was 5 to 3. During the contest two baseball bats were rendered hors de combat, as they say, so great was the vigor of those at bat. The losers, of course, had to provide ice cream and cake for the whole party and another sit-down meal ensued. After this several brave young fellows donned swimming suits and demonstrated their aquatic agility in the lake. They were watched with interest and perhaps envy, even though the water had been a sheet of ice only a few weeks before.

The party started back for town about 4 o'clock. An elaborately equipped Harley-Davidson, a 24 JDCA with disc



Here are the Harley-Davidsons that turned out for the Seattle Motorcycle Association's club run to Loon Lake, April 28th. Their owners were enjoying the games at the time this photo was snapped.

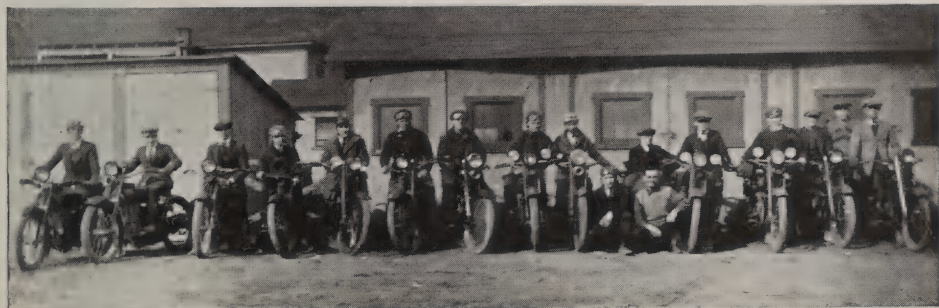
wheels, sidecar windshield, nickel-plated spotlights and a host of other accessories attracted much interest among passing motorists and pedestrians.

The next tour was scheduled for May 11th to Diamond Lake, Washington. A bigger turnout was expected for this run.

Here's Another New Club

Westfield, Massachusetts.—"The Harley-Davidson riders of this city have formed a club under the name of the Whip City Motorcycle Club. The purpose of the club is to get the riders together, and to promote runs, picnics, and whatever other entertainment the members may desire," writes Julius Jerr, Secretary.

Why not plan your vacation so you can take in the big National Motorcycle Rally which will be held at Toledo, Ohio, on July 24th, 25th, and 26th?



"Just one more second, fellows." A bunch of Harley-Davidson boosters from Fairmont, West Virginia, all ready for a big day on the Open Road.



"Give your Back a Rest."

Take it easy and rest your back while you ride. That's what you can do if your bus is fitted with one of these new Mesinger back rests. You can lean back and get a real eye-full of the scenery as you speed along, if you have this back rest. Those long trips you are planning this summer won't phase you a bit and when you return you'll say this Mesinger back rest is the real thing. It's good-looking too and helps doll up your bus. Can be attached to the Mesinger No. 3 Suspension Saddle only.

MESINGER Back Rest

MX-236 • \$5.00

Government tax included

A 17 Months' Motorcycle Tour

(From page 19)

had good and bad roads again, but made them all alike. By the way, don't fail to stop at the spring when making the trip over Sherman Hill.

After leaving the hill and going into Rock Springs, we had dust and chuck holes hub deep. Everyone told us to go back, that we would never make it, but my husband knew what kind of a machine he was driving. We were held up in Rock Springs for four hours on account of a cloudburst, and when we finally struck out for Green River, where we wanted to spend the night, we didn't know whether we would be able to make it or not. In five places we had to ride on creek bottom. The roads were washed away and the sand was very deep. In places, it was so bad that people tried to discourage us from going any further, but we knew if they could make it with their machines, we could make it with our Harley-Davidson, and we did.

Another Cloudburst

Just out of Evanston, Wyoming, at the coal mines, we ran into another cloudburst. We sought shelter in a house at the mines. Meanwhile our motorcycle was on the hillside. We looked for it any minute to go down in the Canyon, but it stuck to the road. When we started out the next day, we found places where the cloudburst had washed the road thirty feet deep, but the men fixed them up after a fashion, and we managed to get through in fine style. From there down through Echo Canyon was a wonderful ride. I never knew what a great country we are living in, and you will never know until you make a transcontinental trip, but make it with a Harley-Davidson. We made many side trips where an automobile could never go.

We visited Ogden on our way through and then went to Salt Lake City, where we stopped for two days. At the city camp grounds, we found hot and cold showers, laundry tubs, gas, kitchen and dining room tables and benches, and

shade in the camp, all for fifty cents a day. Here we met ten Harley-Davidson riders and one rider of another make of machine. They were all coming back on long trips, and they were all talking about the new 1924 model Harley-Davidson.

We left Salt Lake City by way of the Arrow Head Trail, finding plenty of sand. Just before we reached Las Vegas, New Mexico, we went through the great Valley of Fire, where you may be sure, we got along very nicely without our overcoats. All we needed was one machine and a little speed. More excitement came when we arrived in Las Vegas just in time to take part in a little cyclone that seemed to be staged for our special entertainment. Buildings were blown down and not far from us a bathhouse was set right down in the midst of a swimming pool. No, we didn't enjoy it. It was a little too close. We beat it from there as fast as we could, and finally stopped at Ludlow, Nevada, to spend the night.

Home Again!

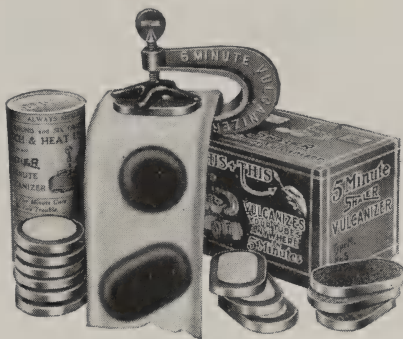
There had been some mighty rough roads in the desert, but after we left Lager, California, we pulled off some speed work. We stopped at the San Bernardino shop, and found a mighty fine man to deal with. From this point on, we had good roads all the way, and arrived home in September just seventeen months from the day we started.

Did we enjoy the trip? Well, I guess we did,—both going and coming, and we think we got our money's worth out of our Harley-Davidson motorcycle. We covered 9,962 miles altogether.

Why not come to Milwaukee on that vacation trip you're planning? A special guide will take you through the factory and show you just how your machine is built.

Everybody's going! Where? On the Gypsy Tours, June 7th and 8th.

Did you know that \$80.00 worth of black ink is used in printing the Enthusiast each month?



Vulcanize those Punctures!

VULCANIZE 'em and fix them up for keeps. While your at the job do it up right and vulcanize. Then you won't have to go all over the agony again. Carry a Schaler Permanent Vulcanizer in your sidecar and you'll be armed for old man jinx the next time he says "hello". Takes up but little room and does a job an expert would be proud to call his own. And when the patch is on it's there to stay and give you no further trouble. Does the job quickly too.

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complete with 12 heat units

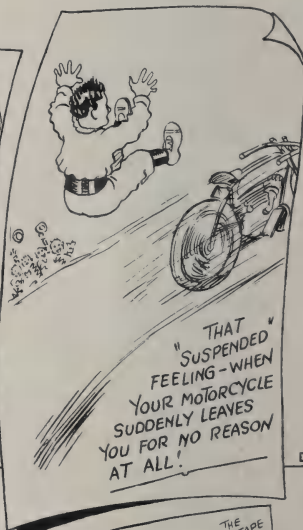
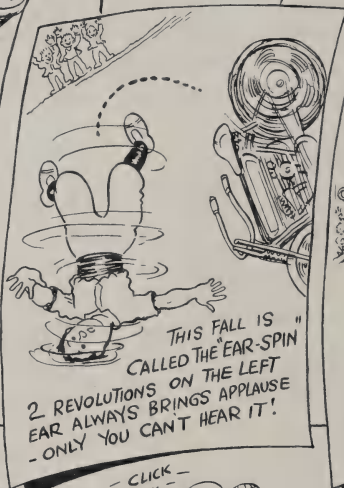
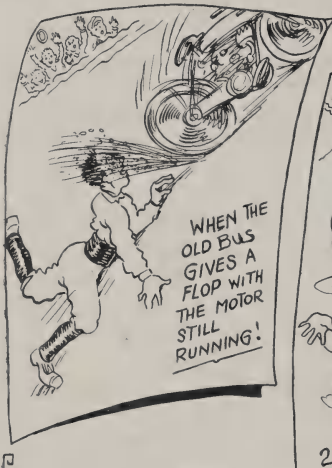
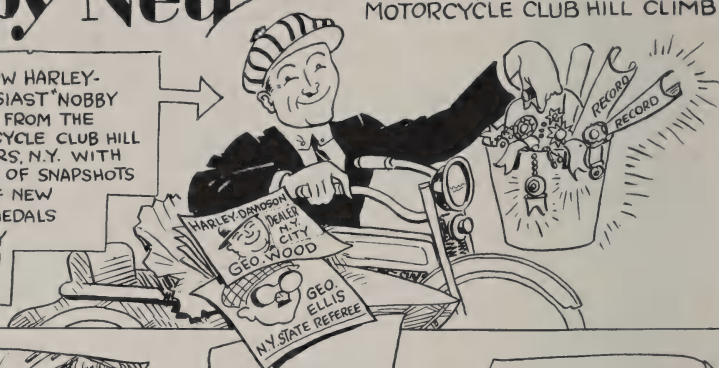
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NO TAX

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Nobby Ned GETS A THRILL AT THE CROTONA MOTORCYCLE CLUB HILL CLIMB!

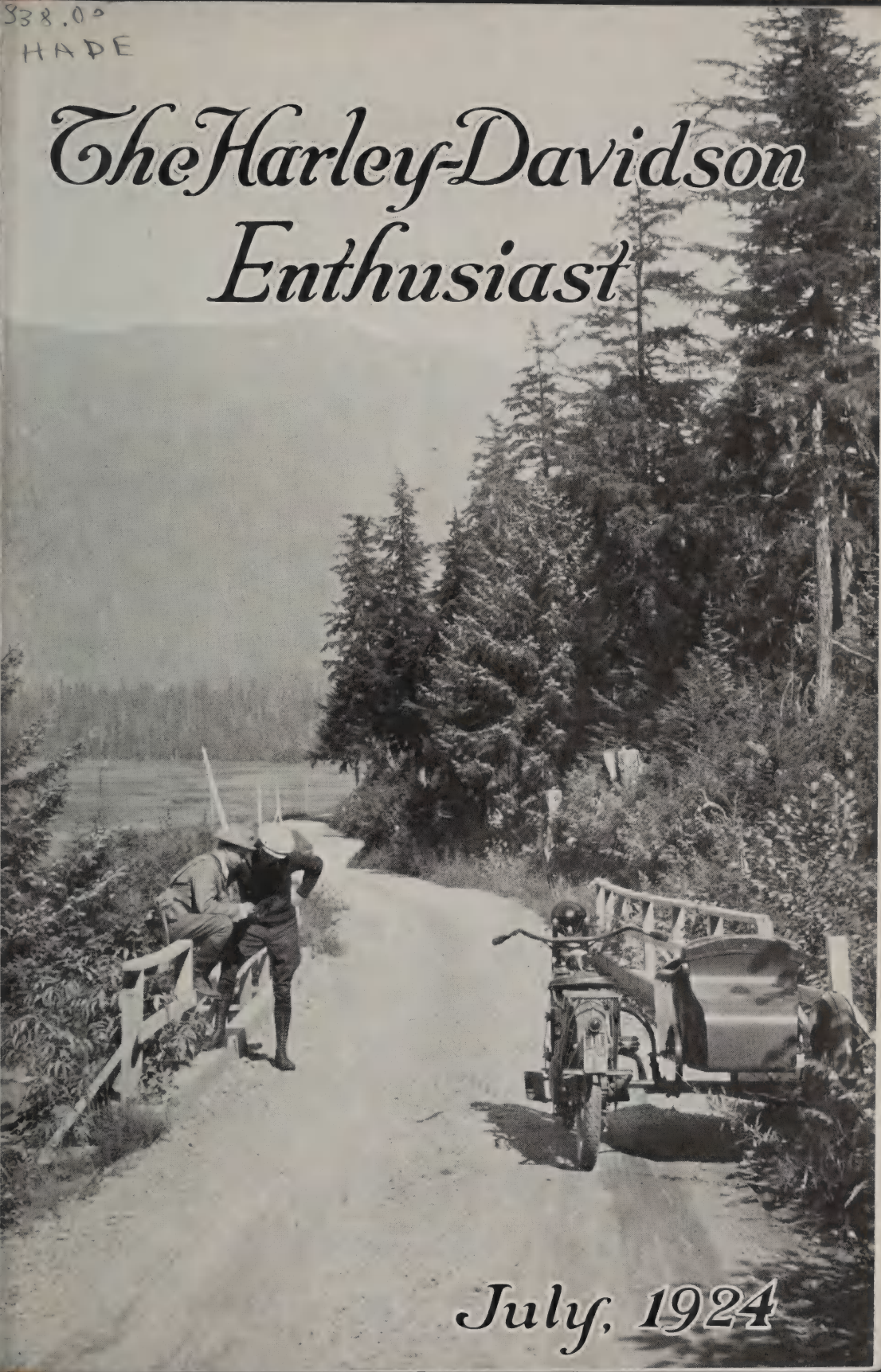
OUR WELL KNOWN HARLEY-DAVIDSON-ENTHUSIAST "NOBBY NED" RETURNED FROM THE CROTONA MOTORCYCLE CLUB HILL CLIMB AT SOMERS, N.Y. WITH A SIDE-CAR FULL OF SNAPSHOTS AND A PAILFUL OF NEW RECORDS AND MEDALS ALL ACHIEVED BY HARLEY-DAVIDSON RIDERS!



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The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast



July, 1924

"Come on, Gang, and Join Us!"



"Sunday, May 4th, marked another real ride for the bunch here," writes A. H. Barnett of the Arnold Motor & Supply Company, Joplin, Missouri. "Wonderful scenery, good roads, motors all in tune—Boy! there's nothing like it."



"Here's the way our gang beats the hot weather to it," says T. M. Rowe of Portsmouth, Virginia. "If you've never tried this camping stuff with a bunch of good pals, you're missing half your life. This photo shows us all set for 'chow'—and MAN—did we eat!"



"Getting catches like this is a cinch when you have Harley-Davidsons to take you places where cars can't go," says Bob Upchurch of Raleigh, North Carolina. "What d'you think of the nine-pound trout the big fellow in the front has on display?"



Alaskans don't exaggerate when they rave about Mendenhall Glacier. It's worth going some thousands of miles to see. This photo shows only the lower face of the glacier. Fragments of ice are constantly breaking off and floating away down Mendenhall River.

Motorcycling in Alaska

By John E. Hogg

ALASKA is a motorcycling Paradise. And I say this, in face of the fact that there aren't more than fifty miles of roads in Alaska that could be considered really traversible motor routes. It's a wonderful country, and what it lacks in motor routes, it makes up in scenery. Naturally, too, in a country as far north as Alaska, motoring of any sort is a summer pastime. Alaskan winters are cold, and the few roads that have been built are blocked with snow. But, Alaskan summers! Ah! that's another story altogether. Do you know the kind of summers they have in Maine, Northern Michigan, or the State of Washington? Alaskan summers are the same. Utterly delightful—not too hot, not too cold, but crisp and invigorating, and with warm sunshine sifting down through cone-laden forest trees, setting a-glitter the glaciers, and lofty snow peaks tinged with the rays of the northern lights. Add to this sort of a country, a hospitable people toward visitors, good fishing, good hunting, and good camping places, and you've got about everything that goes to make motorcycling the sport of sports

among red-blooded he-men who love the BIG open spaces of the earth.

A motorcycle is the only kind of a motor vehicle that can be conveniently stored and carried cheaply aboard ships for motoring over distant shores that cannot be reached by land. I learned this in Europe fourteen years ago, and have profited from that knowledge ever since—from Europe to South America and from Amapala to Alaska. Thus it was that when a naval reserve cruise aboard "United States Eagle Boat No. 57" took me to Alaska last summer, a Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit was considered almost as essential as a toothbrush. We left from Seattle, getting the motorcycle outfit aboard by laying two planks from the dock onto the deck of the Eagle Boat, and rolling it up. Eight days later we rolled it ashore the same way, at Juneau, the territorial capital of Alaska. While on board, we placed the outfit under a tarpaulin on the after deck.

There's no red tape about taking a motorcycle to Alaska—no registration, no nothing. You just carry your own



There are scenes like this everywhere you turn in Alaska. This particular photo was taken on the road leading out of the Silver Bow Basin in southeastern Alaska.

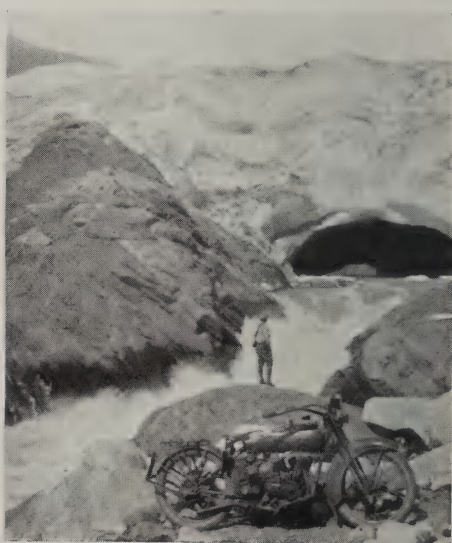
state license plate, roll ashore in Alaska, and go to it. Hon. Scott C. Bone, the Governor of Alaska, told me this himself, and I reckon he ought to know. There are not many motorcycles in Alaska, and not very many automobiles either. For this reason about the first members of the territorial population the motorcyclist is apt to get acquainted with is the dogs. Dogs in Alaska are beasts of burden the same as horses once were in the states, consequently, there are more dogs than people—big dogs, little dogs, shaggy dogs, and woolly dogs—everything from baby malemutes to Siberian huskies. There's seldom a minute during the day that there isn't some sort of a dog fight on in the streets of Juneau. But when a motorcycle lands in town—OH! BOY! It's a red letter day for the dogs of Juneau. Barking at a motorcycle was always the premier outdoor sport of dogdom, and among the dogs of Alaska who've seldom seen a motorcycle—well, the sport simply surpasses description. After stocking up with gasoline at 25c per gallon, Lionel W. Wiedey, my sidecar passenger, and I rolled out of town in the direction of

Mendenhall Glacier with all the dogs of Christendom "bow-wow-ing" and "woof-woof-ing" after us. We just tickled the throttle a bit, and ran off and left them!

On Our Way to Mendenhall Glacier

It's thirteen miles from Juneau to Mendenhall Glacier. And, it's thirteen miles of good gravel-surfaced road through a forested country which has been cleared here and there to make room for prosperous looking dairy and truck farms. It's not the Alaska that most of us pictured in our school days. It looks more like Wisconsin or Michigan—if one does not look at the nearby snow clad mountains. It's Alaska as it is—a country rich in resources, mild summer climate with agricultural possibilities; and the Alaska that will someday provide homes and farms for millions of Americans when our own continental country has been filled to overflowing.

As we sped through the forest with the Harley-Davidson outfit, thirteen miles were all too short. We passed over wooden bridges that took the road across roaring torrents of white water in which the salmon fairly tumbled over each other trying to get up-stream.



Another view of Mendenhall Glacier, showing Mendenhall River at its source.



Lemon Creek, another sample of the kind of scenery there is to be found in Alaska. The girl in the sidecar is Miss Dorothy Haley, a native-born Alaskan, and editor of the Juneau Empire.

Great big hungry trout leaped at twigs, pebbles, or anything else we threw in the water. Half way out to Mendenhall Glacier a cow moose sauntered across the road in front of us, and then disappeared into the woods. A mile further down the road a big brown bear with two cubs eyed us from atop a fallen fir tree at the side of the road, and shambled off into the forest. Meanwhile the great mountains to the east and north were getting closer.

Presently we came to the end of the road, which is right up under the face of Mendenhall Glacier. Without having seen an Alaskan Glacier, it's an awful strain on one's imagination to try to picture one. Think of a river about ten times the size of the biggest "water river" on earth. Now, freeze that river solid, and let it keep on running as a mass of ice chunks as big as a city skyscraper down the side of a mountain that seemingly towers into the very heavens. If your imagination will stretch that far without breaking, you've got at least an idea of an Alaskan Glacier. The coloring, however, is almost indescribable. Much of the ice is snow white, but more of it is a vivid emerald green. With the sun-

light shimmering through the huge blocks of ice, the ice acts as a prism for breaking the light up into all the colors of the rainbow. The whole glacier is a blaze of color ranging from the most delicate shades to others so deep that they are almost purple-blacks, red-blacks, or whatever color it may be. The Mendenhall River flows out from under, and off the end of the glacier—a roaring seething torrent of ice water bearing innumerable enormous chunks of ice that break off the glacier and go crashing and grinding down-stream.

Finish the Trip Riding Solo

Automobiles can approach to within half a mile of the face of Mendenhall Glacier, but that wasn't close enough to satisfy Wiedey and me. There's a hydro-electric power house at the end of the road beside Mendenhall River. From the man in charge of the power station we borrowed a big wrench, dropped the sidecar off, and with Wiedey riding the luggage carrier, we went on up the foot trail, a narrow path that is taken afoot by a few energetic tourists. It was ticklish business riding this trail, but we went

(Turn to page 17)



Gus Davis, who starred in the recent South Atlantic Sectional Climb at West Palm Beach, Florida, kicking up the dust in the 80 Cubic Inch Open event.

"Who Said Hill Climbs!"

By "Hap" Hayes

"**B**OY, this is a Harley-Davidson hillclimb year! Get busy, Hap, and write up this stuff. It's your clubs, you know, that have been doing all this soaring business, and you sure'll have to show them how we appreciate their good work by getting the stuff in the Enthusiast. There's so many of 'em that you'd better substitute them for the regular club page."

That's what the Ed said to me the other day as he deposited a fistful of telegrams, letters, and newspaper clippings on my desk, and left me to my day of labor. And labor, I should say it was. Whow! but you fellows sure have been hitting it up strong on this hillclimb stuff. I've been writing hillclimbs, eating hillclimbs, and dreaming hillclimbs until I feel as if John Grove himself hasn't anything on me when it comes to knowing the game. Boy, oh, boy the Harley-Davidsons sure have been cleaning 'em up. But, "On with the dance!" as my jazzy little flapper friends would say, so here goes for the whole story. Read it and weep—for joy!

Grove and Two Other Harley-Davidson Riders Star in New Haven Climb

Over 10,000 people saw John Grove, George Lehner, and Ed. Schultz, "bring home the bacon" with their Harley-Davidsons in the three main events of the day at the big hillclimb put on by the Elm City Motorcycle Club at New Haven, Connecticut, May 19th. Ed. Schultz was the hero of the 80 Cubic Inch Novice event, going over the top in 5-2/5 seconds. After him came C. Remington with 7-3/5 seconds, and Al Bergman, 209 feet, both riding Harley-Davidsons.

John Grove starred in the 80 Cubic Inch Open event, roaring up the hill with his Harley-Davidson in 5-3/5 seconds. Schultz followed, taking second honors in 5-4/5 seconds. George Lehner pulled off his little stunt in the 61 Cubic Inch Open event, taking first place in 6-1/5 seconds.

Harley-Davidson Riders Take Six Out of a Possible Nine Places

Six out of a possible nine places was the score Harley-Davidson riders chalked

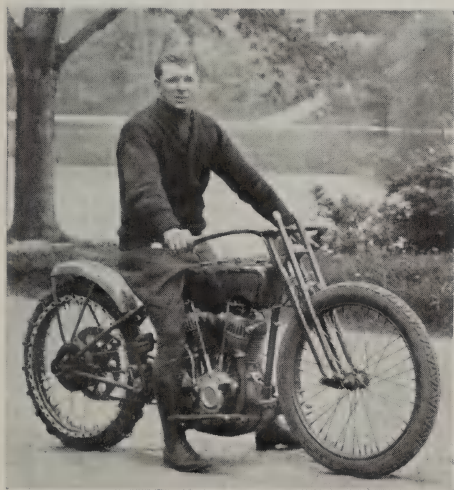
up at the hillclimb held at Jackson, Michigan, May 18th by the Jackson Motorcycle Club. In the 61 Cubic Inch Expert event, Jack Dibling grabbed first place in 6-1/5 seconds, and Oscar Lenz, second place in 7 seconds, both riding Harley-Davidsons.

Lawrence Burman turned out to be the real hero of the day when he captured first place in the 80 Cubic Inch Open event with his Harley-Davidson in 5-3/5 seconds. W. H. Wanderer took third place, also riding a Harley-Davidson. Walter Judge, riding another make of machine starred in the 74 Cubic Inch Expert event, but Oscar Lenz, came in second on his Harley-Davidson, and Wanderer, third.

Is the Only Rider to Go Over the Top in Virginia, Minn., Climb

Bill Herrett of Virginia, Minnesota, sure showed the crowd that turned out for the hillclimb that was held there May 11th what a Harley-Davidson can do when it comes to climbing. He was the only rider out of a bunch of ten who succeeded in going over the top, making the hill in the 80 Cubic Inch event in 4-2/5 seconds.

In the 61 Cubic Inch event, R. Paulson, E. Feathers, and Tom Valentine, all rid-



Meet George Lehner, the new hillclimb star who has risen in the East. Just lately he pulled down prizes at New Haven, Connecticut, Paterson, New Jersey, and Albany, New York. And it wasn't because they "Let George do it" either.



If Charles Sheller, winner of the 74 Cubic Inch Novice event at Pittsburgh, keeps on the way he's started, he'll soon have a whole row of these cups to smile about.

ing Harley-Davidsons, copped first, second, and third places, while in the 74 Cubic Inch event, Bill Herrett won first place, and Nazzi Gentilini and Jim Eilola, two other Harley-Davidson riders, second and third places.

Harley-Davidson Riders Win Novice Events in Pittsburgh, Pa., Climb

Harley-Davidson riders grabbed the lion's share of the honors in the two novice events staged at the Greater Pittsburgh Motorcycle Club hillclimb May 11th. In the 80 Cubic Inch Novice event for Club Members, Steve Andrew took first place, E. Prosperi, second place, and Phil. Catanzaro, third place, all riding Harley-Davidsons. In the 74 Cubic Inch Novice event, Charles Sheller and his Harley-Davidson, took first place, while L. Grotticello and Phil Catanzaro, riding other makes of machines, took second and third places. The Harley-Davidson also starred in the 74 Cubic Inch Consolation event, J. P. Bodner taking first place, and W. Thayer, third.



Wilfred Miner, Spokane, Washington, breezing up the side of the young mountain the Spokane Motorcycle Association picked out for its recent climb. Wilfred won both the 80 inch Novice and Open events.

Scott and Evans Divide Honors in Portland, Oregon, Climb

Harry Scott and Cody Evans, two coming Harley-Davidson slope shooters, divided the honors at the Portland, Oregon, hillclimb held recently. Evans took first place in both the 61 Cubic Inch Expert and 80 Cubic Inch Open events and made the best time of the day by going over the top in 13-3/5 seconds in the former event. Scott starred in the second 61 Cubic Inch event that was run off, as well as in the second 80 Cubic Inch Open event. In the 80 Cubic Inch Novice events, two other Harley-Davidson riders made a good showing by taking second and third places respectively.

Grove and the Bunch Clean up at Paterson, N. J., Climb

It was a red letter day for the Harley-Davidson at the Paterson, New Jersey, Silk City Motorcycle Club hillclimb May 25th, when John Grove and the bunch cleaned up four out of the five events on the program. Grove not only copped first prize in the main event of the day, the 80 Cubic Inch Expert event, but he also made the best time of the day when he put his slope-eating Harley-Davidson

through the paces in 9.56 seconds.

George Lehner and his Harley-Davidson came in for second honors when he grabbed first place in the 61 Cubic Inch Expert event in 10.91 seconds.

Felix Goerschner was the champion hill-topper in the two novice events. In the 61 Cubic Inch Novice, he took first place in 14.10 seconds. It was also two, three, for the Harley-Davidson in this event, B. C. Rudrow taking second prize, and M. McConnel, third. Goerschner's time in the 80 Cubic Inch Novice was 14.53 seconds. Rudrow also won second place in this event.

Pick Young Mountain for Climb Out in Spokane, Washington

The Spokane Motorcycle Association fellows who picked out the hill for their Second Annual hillclimb held June 1st sure picked out a humdinger when they picked on King's Canyon. Mountain or no mountain though, the Harley-Davidson grabbed two out of the three events.

Wilfred Miner, a newcomer in hill-climbing circles, was first man to put it over in the 80 Cubic Inch Open, when he and his Harley-Davidson, took but 11 seconds to ascend the miniature mountain of loose gravel. He also made sec-



"That boy's a comer!" That's what they're saying about Felix Goerschner, down around Paterson, New Jersey, since he walked off with first prizes in both the novice events in the climb held there recently.

and best time in the 80 inch Novice event when he did the trick in 12-4/5 seconds.

In the 61 Cubic Inch Free-for-all, Charlie Mastolier, ran away with the laurels when he made a fine climb in 11-3/5 seconds.

Jack Benton, another Harley-Davidson rider, won third place in the 80 Cubic Inch Novice event.

Make Clean Sweep in Big Sectional Climb at Lansing, Mich.

One-two-three-four was the Harley-Davidson tally at the big East North Central Sectional Climb held at Lansing, Michigan, May 30th, by the Lansing Motorcycle Club. Jack Dibling and his Harley-Davidson carried off first prize in the 37 Cubic Inch Expert event, and Oscar Lenz, who holds many Michigan hillclimb records, third.

In the Closed Club event, it was one-two for the Harley-Davidson, H. Phillips getting first place and W. Goodrich, second, both astride Harley-Davidsons.

But, the high-powered champion of the day, was Tom Underhill, who grabbed first prize in the Open event, and topped the hill in 5 seconds. The only other rider who succeeded in going over the top was Oscar Lenz when he captured first place in the 61 Cubic Inch Professional event. His time was 6 seconds. Lenz also took third place in the Open event, while B. Teske, another Harley-Davidson rider, took third place in the 61 Cubic Inch Professional.



Here's Tom Underhill, the Hoosier State slope-eating wonder, who took his Harley-Davidson up to Lansing, Michigan, and cleaned up in the Open event at the East Central Sectional Climb.



"Come on, Gus, they'll want to see a picture of you in the Enthusiast," said Factory Salesman Johnny Balmer to Gus Davis, the South Atlantic Sectional hillclimb champion. So here's the result, with Johnny standing and Gus holding the nobby-looking cup they gave him for winning the two big events of the day.

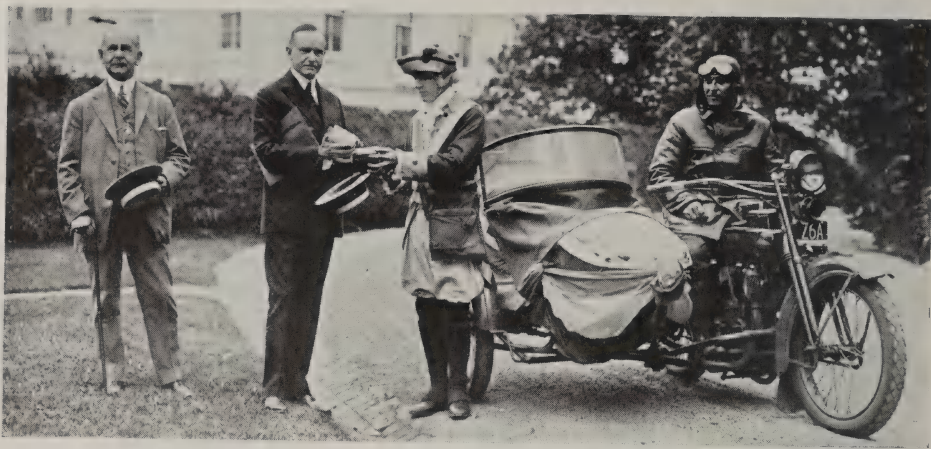
Grab 11 Out of 12 Possible Places in South Atlantic Sectional Climb

Eleven out of twelve possible places is the way the cards stacked up in favor of the Harley-Davidson at the big South Atlantic Sectional Climb put on by the Tropical Motorcycle Club at West Palm Beach, Florida, June 1st. In three out of the four events held, the Harley-Davidson order was one-two-three, and in the other event, only third place was lost.

Gus Davis and his Harley-Davidson turned out to be the champion hillclimbing team of the South, taking both the 80 Cubic Inch Open and the 80 Cubic Inch Sidecar events. His time in the former event was 6 seconds, the best time of the day. C. H. Mitchell and Russell Dawson, two other Harley-Davidson champions, won second and third places in this event, while in the Sidecar event, Arthur Howard came in second, and Mitchell, third.

Dawson and Mitchell divided the honors in the two remaining events, Dawson taking first place in the 80 Cubic Inch Novice event, with Millard Brundage and Earl Starke, both astride Harley-Davidsons, in second and third places. Mitchell took first place in the 61 Cubic

(Turn to Page 18)



President Coolidge receiving 7000 votes of confidence from the Calvin Coolidge Club of Fitchburg, Massachusetts. The "Minute Man of '24" is J. Francis Mahoney and the rider, John B. Gamache, Harley-Davidson dealer at Fitchburg. Senator Paige of Massachusetts is on the left.

All Aboard for the Big 1924 National Six Days' Trial

THE time and the place for the big National Six Days' Trial for 1924 has been all set, Manager A. B. Coffman of Motorcycle & Allied Trades Association announces. The trial will be held over a course through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Kentucky, the last week in August. The start and finish will be at Cleveland. The tentative route takes in Toledo, Detroit, Jackson, Coldwater, South Bend, Logansport, Indianapolis, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Dayton, Columbus, Zanesville, Wheeling, Pittsburgh, Youngstown and intervening points.

"The co-operation of every rider, dealer and club in this territory is necessary to the success of this, the greatest road competition event of the year," Mr. Coffman states. "Arrangements must be made for hotel accommodations for the riders and garage space for their machines at the night controls. Dealers should make sure of the co-operation of police and public officials in the towns through which the route passes. Newspapers should be given the details of the contest so that the right kind of publicity can be given, and volunteers must come forward to assist in marking the

course and in checking the contestants at the controls and secret checks. And most important of all, if the Middle West is to justify its claim to this big National event there must be a field of at least 100 starters when the referee gives the word for No. 1 to "go" on the morning of August 25th."

Mr. Coffman adds that many of the Eastern riders who participated in the 1923 trials are planning to ride again this year, but that naturally the majority of the contestants must come from the territory through which the contest is staged. That gives us an idea! Why not plan to make the Six Days' Trial your vacation trip this year? Write Mr. Coffman, Motorcycle & Allied Trades Association, 326 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois, for details.

Pitted against a special machine of another make, R. K. Trega, riding a 1924 Harley-Davidson, won the special one-mile match race staged recently on the road between Salinas and San Jose, California. His rate of speed was estimated at 100 miles per hour.

Do you know that over two tons of paper are used in each issue of the Enthusiast?

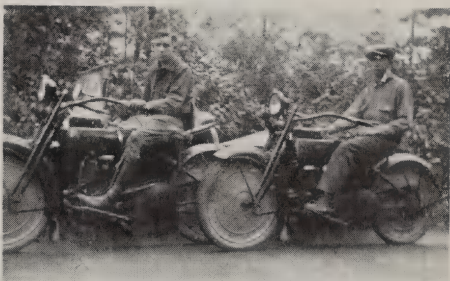
"If I want to make my three daughters supremely happy," writes Tony Mengine of Espy, Pennsylvania, "all I have to do is to pile them into the sidecar and take them for a ride." Tony adds that his machine is a 1915 model Harley-Davidson, but that age doesn't seem to lessen its pep any, because just recently he made a 50-mile trip in little better than an hour.



"Who says there aren't pretty girls out this way?" Adelbert Shelmandine of Amsterdam, New York, asks us. "This picture was taken at Corinth, New York, where I was visiting with my Harley-Davidson. My machine is a '21JD and it sure has pep. I have some mighty good times with it, and wouldn't part with it on a bet, unless it was to get one of the new 1924 or 1925 models."



"This is a photo of Miss Hilda Snyder of McKeesport, Pennsylvania," writes Walter L. Johnson of Cherry Run, West Virginia. "She says she loves the sport of riding a Harley-Davidson, as you can plainly see by the picture. It is great in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, especially when you have a motorcycle to get you around. I know every highway and byway in this locality, thanks to my Harley-Davidson."



"My 1922 Harley-Davidson with double sidecar has covered 11,000 miles and has been overhauled twice, and it has more power now than when I bought it," says Walter F. Holzer of Amsterdam, New York. "I'm the first fellow in the photo and Anthony Kindl, my pal, is shown on the right." Walter says further: "I made 63 miles per hour once with two in the sidecar. I have not tried it since then, but the way it runs, I think I can do it again."

Take Your Pick of These



Hill climbing's more popular than ever this summer. A thriller like Frank Kotmaier pulled off at the recent Maryland Motorcycle Club Hill Climb would make anybody forget that the thermometer registered 90 degrees in the shade.



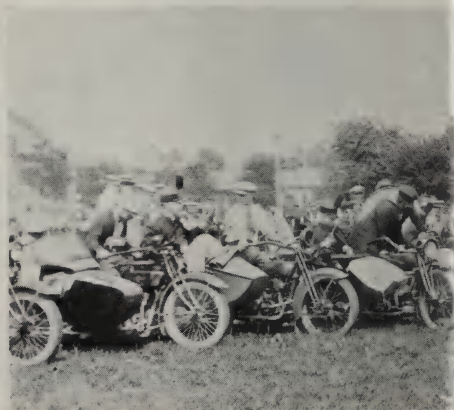
This bunch of Mack Sennett bachelors, have the right idea. Their Gals so they beat Old Sol to it by don't



Camping's the life these days. Riders recommend it as a sure cure for the "blues." "We have wonderful times," says the Billings dealer.



Hundreds of riders are hitting the "long, long trail" this season. Here's a photo of G. Rogers of New York City taken on his return trip from California.

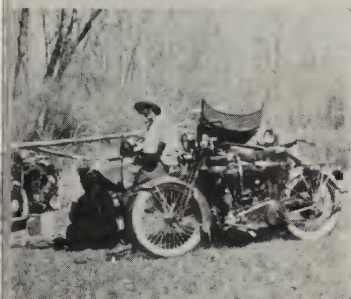


If you want a real vacation and a lot of fun, try the big National Rally that will be held there on the 2nd of July that turned out for the Rally at Rochester last year.

Summer Motorcycle Sports



ing beauties from Raleigh, North Caro-
y Tour days turned out to be sizzlers,
their Annette Kellermans.



and this group of Billings, Montana,
for "loss of appetite" and "that tired
s," says Fred Olsen, our wide-awake



Even a ride "about town" has its pleasures, as these riders
from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, will admit. It isn't every day a
fellow gets a chance to explain the merits of the motorcycle to a
fair horsewoman.



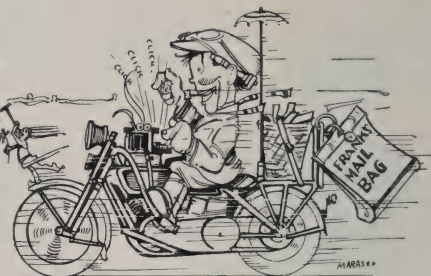
make a trip to Toledo, Ohio, in July and take in the
, 25th, and 26th. This photo shows part of the bunch



"Gosh! ain't they beaubs, though?" Fishing is great
hot weather sport, says Jake Calvin of Los Angeles,
California, and holds up this catch of bass to prove it.

Frank's Mail Bag

"Is there anything you want to know about your Harley-Davidson? Tell me what it is and I'll try to help you out. I'll answer all questions with a letter. Questions that are of general interest to our other Enthusiast readers will be printed on this page of mine. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."—Frank.



EDITORIAL by Frank

SAY, youse guys had ought to be called Son on the carpit 'cause you don't ever tell me your motor number or model of your mashine when askin' me questions so howenhell am I goin' to help you without goin' to see a fortchin tellher? Now, you look a little out when you writ me questions and give me the dope I want.

Signed — your
humble carbon scraper.
Frank.

Still Editorially Squeaking

Some of these here days I am goin' to get a powerful radio board casting station and lecture to all the motorcycle hounds in the land. What are I goin' to say? Just this!

Remember that spark plugs must be cleaned and cared for often. Spark plugs cause most of the high speed misfiring, especially in sidecar motors. Spark plugs should be changed occasionally. Spark plugs in bad health cause the motor to run until it gets hot; then it slows right down, maybe to 15 miles per hour. Spark plug points must have a 1/32" gap for electric models and about .022" for magneto models. Mica core plugs are best for motorcycle engines.

If you can't find out what your troubles are — try new spark plugs — NEW SPARK PLUGS.

Gee, I'm all sparked out. That's all.
Frank.

Dear Franklin:

I'm still riding a 16 model and wouldn't give her up for all the girls in Columbia.

But she is giving me some trouble, Frank, and I need professional advice—maybe legal. I hope this don't go to the divorce court because all the alimony I could pay is in terms of gas and oil.

She is getting too much oil. I took the washers off the oil pump adjusting screw, but she still smokes and smokes and smokes. Oil is even coming up the seat post tube and I can't hardly stay on the saddle. What to do, oh, what to do.—A. L.

Hot diggety dog, brother, do you refer me to Benjamin or just the air cooled automobile? Anyway Franklin is highbrow and I'm going to drink my next bottle of home brew to your good health. Al old socks, take my advice and stick to motorcycles (now all the ladies are peeved at Frank). You can at least get hot under the collar at a motorcycle and cuss it or tell it something, but no man ever lived that told a woman anything and got away with it. Of course there are exceptions. Al, because my steno "has to lissen" to me without saying anything back. That is, of course, during working hours.

I'm going to help you Al, 'cause I don't like to see a girl smoke—especially my cigarettes.

The mechanical oil pump is air bound (bubbles of air are trapped in it) and must be vented as follows:

To vent an oil pump on all models up to 1922, you must remove the two large screws that are directly over the gear case cover and turn the motor over slowly until air overflows from both openings. Allow oil to overflow from the openings until all of the bubbles have come out, then replace the large vent

screws and the oil pump will be in fine shape for future service. After venting the pump, I would put back at least two thin washers under the head of the adjusting screw.

All new style oil pumps used on machines since 1922 do not need venting.

Does it hurt the motor in any way to use it as a brake for coasting down long hills or grades? I do this very much and would like to know whether it's good for the machine or not. Will watch for my answer in the Enthusiast.—D. W. J.

As sure as "Sitting Bull" ain't a "he cow" in a reclining posture, I'll tell you about using a motor as a brake.

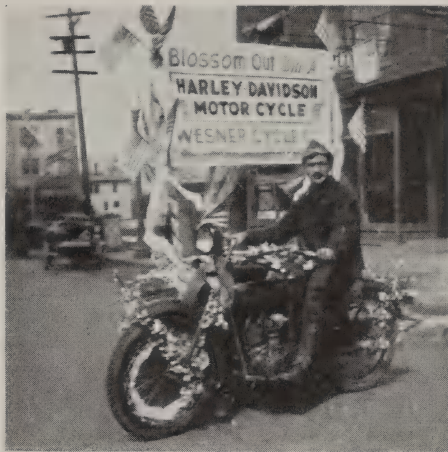
There's several kinds of brakes (some are spelled "Breaks"—let's get away from them 'cause they are usually expensive) that can be used to stop the motorcycle when coasting—but whenever possible, use the regular foot brake to do the job.

If the speed box is put in second or low gear, the motor stopped against compression and the clutch slipped to serve as a brake, you will soon wear out the clutch discs because they are not made for such purposes.

The best stunt is to put the hack in second or low speed (depending on the hill), release compression by turning left grip outward as far as it will go, close the throttle and let the motor turn over fast to act as a brake. The manual switch on electrically equipped models must be left turned ON when the motor is used in this way.

On electrically equipped models I would not turn off the switch and let the motor turn over fast for long distances at a time because the generator brushes and commutator may become sooty or blackened and not charge properly until they are cleaned with sandpaper. And that's that.

John R. Reese, Jr., of Balboa, Panama, finished first, riding a Harley-Davidson, in the recent endurance run staged from Panama to Chepo, a distance of forty-six miles.



One of the big attractions of the parade that was put on by the twin cities of Benton Harbor and St. Joseph, Michigan, during their recent "Blossom Week" pageant celebration, was the Harley-Davidson ridden by Gus Wesner, our dealer at St. Joseph.

Win 3 Out of 4 Classes in Big Crotona Endurance Run

HARLEY-DAVIDSON riders won three out of four classes in the recent big 24-Hour Endurance Run put on by the Crotona Motorcycle Club of New York for the Middle Atlantic States Championship. The only two riders who finished in the Novice Solo class were Harley-Davidson riders: E. Lang, 993, and A. S. Van Erde, 931. In the Novice Sidecar class, E. Peterson with Miss L. Jacobson as his sidecar passenger came through first with a perfect score, while in the General Sidecar Class, V. Werlund was the winner with a perfect score, and Miss B. Anderson, his passenger. W. Herman and A. Bain, also riding a Harley-Davidson, came through second in this class with another 1000 points.

Other Harley-Davidson riders who finished were: Vic Rasmussen, in the General Solo class, with 1000 points; C. Stephens and W. Ritter in the Novice Sidecar with 970; H. Gomperts and F. Susa in the General Sidecar with 1000, and H. Kesper and A. Nichel in the same class with 944 points. Altogether there were thirty-six entrants, and only seventeen finished. This 24-hour run is put on annually by the Crotona Motorcycle Club.

Here's How They Get 'Em



"Gogebic County has approximately eighty miles of road that has to be patrolled, and this road is taken care of with three of your machines," writes Sheriff Thomas Jeffery of Bessemer, Michigan. This photo shows Sheriff Jeffery on the extreme left and to the right of him his efficient staff: August Johnson, Turnkey; George Sparapani, Deputy Sheriff and Motorcycle Police; Wm. Hornibrook, Chief Motorcycle Police; John L. Sullivan, Motorcycle Police; George Basket, Under Sheriff.



"My 1923 Harley-Davidson is sure a faithful beast," says Officer F. M. Snyder of the Portsmouth, Virginia, Police Department. "With it, I've never failed to get my man. I've had a few spills and dented the old girl up a bit, but still she always makes me smile as the picture indicates."



"Believe me, no speeder or bootlegger has a chance to get away from me with my 1923 61" Harley-Davidson on the job," says Traffic Officer Oscar Hodney of Marshalltown, Iowa. Here Officer Hodney and his machine are all set to start out on another hunt for careless lawbreakers.

Motorcycling in Alaska

(From page 5)

right on up, up a hair-raising grade, over the rocks, and through sand, around hair-pin bends, until we finally "popped out" right in front of the main hole where Mendenhall River pours out of the ice wall. From there the trail goes up some more until it finally wiggles out right on top of the glacier, where it would be easy enough for one to fall into an abysmal ice crevasse from which a man would be lucky if he ever got out alive. The views from this "motorcycle trail" beggar all description. The pictures tell at least a part of the story of this ride which was well worth the trip to Alaska alone! Coming down again was another story. Wiedey declared he needed exercise, and decided to walk. Slipping and sliding most of the way, and laying the machine down a couple of times when it began heading for the river, I finally got down off the trail. I had "goose bumps" all over my skin when I got back to the power house. The power house man was just starting up the trail carrying some ice hooks and a big long rope. He said he got worried about us, and was starting out to fish us out of a crevasse.

Besides Mendenhall Glacier, Lemon Creek Glacier, and a miscellaneous assortment of glaciers in southeastern Alaska that may be reached by motorcycle, there are innumerable other scenic spots accessible to the motorist from Juneau. There are only about fifty miles of road and trail to be covered altogether, but what these routes lack in mileage they make up for in scenery. There's Auke Lake, Auke Bay, and Eagle River eighteen miles out from the city, and other such points of interest as Silver Bow Basin, the road to Thane, and the Juneau-Alaska Gold Mine—all of them places where one might spend a week without seeing half of all he wants to see.

About a week in Juneau sufficed to get us acquainted with most of the citizens



"Come on, girls, and enjoy real sport," says Mrs. Laura Agnes Scott, of Parkersburg, West Virginia. "Miss Glenna Wilson, who is shown in the sidecar on this photo, and I find our greatest sport in riding a motorcycle." By the way, boys, Mrs. Scott sells Harley-Davidsons in and around Parkersburg, and "there's those who say she is some saleswoman," too.



"We would not trade our Harley-Davidson for the best auto in town," writes Perry G. Stout of Burnsville, West Virginia. "This photo shows how the family and I get out with our machine and have good times." Perry adds that while he was in service in the World War, he spent some time in one of the camps in the South, and found out then that the Harley-Davidson was the only machine that would stand the hard usage and the sand down there.

(Turn to page 21)



Ex-Sergeant Leo B. Sancomb left his home at Saranac Lake, New York, Easter Sunday and toured by easy stages to Ft. Sheridan, Wyoming, where he is visiting his son, Lieut. P. B. Sancomb. He camped out all the way and cooked all his own meals. The total repairs on his Harley-Davidson cost only \$4.00. His two dogs are full-blooded Alaskan huskies.

"Who Said Hill Climbs!"

(From page 9)

Inch Expert event, and K. Hathaway, also riding a Harley-Davidson, second place. Ed. Albury, riding another make of machine, took third place.

5000 Watch Harley-Davidson Make Scoop in Lawrence, Mass., Climb

More than 5000 people saw the Harley-Davidson take all first places in the hillclimb held at Lawrence, Massachusetts, May 30th. Remington of Worcester breezed up the hill astride his Harley-Davidson and over the top into first place in three events, the 80 Cubic Inch Novice, the 61 Cubic Inch Expert, and the 80 Cubic Inch Open.

Second to Remington in the 80 Cubic Inch Novice was Zionik, and third, Phillips, both Harley-Davidson riders. Woods was the Harley-Davidson rider who took second in the 61 Cubic Inch Expert and third in the 80 Cubic Inch Open.

First honors in the Club event were captured by Seslini and his pet Harley-Davidson. Phillips was the boy who copped first prize in the Sidecar event, and Remington, third.

The climb was promoted by the Lawrence Motorcycle Association.

George Lehner is Star in Big Climb at Albany, New York

Boy! but that man Lehner is coming to the front. First at New Haven, Connecticut, then at Paterson, New Jersey, and now at Albany. In the hillclimb held there June 1st by the Albany Motorcycle Club, he collected first prizes for the two biggest events. He won the 61 Cubic Inch event in 8.47 seconds, and the 80 Cubic Inch Open, in 8.88 seconds. J. Snow, another Harley-Davidson rider, took second place in each one of these two events, and then starred in the 61 Cubic Inch Novice.

The 80 Cubic Inch Novice event was won by G. Stoffles and his Harley-Davidson. Still another Harley-Davidson rider who made a good showing was D. Drumm, who took third place in the 61 Cubic Inch Expert and second place in the 80 Cubic Inch Novice.

Underhill Shows 'Em How to Do it at South Bend, Ind., Climb

Tom Underhill sure showed the crowd that turned out for the South Bend Motorcycle Club hillclimb held June 1st some speedy work in the gentle art of hillclimbing. Not content with the 61 Cubic Inch Professional and the 80 Cubic Inch Open events, he also copped first prize in the Private Owner event. He likewise made the best time of the day when he won the 80 Cubic Inch Open in 4-2/5 seconds.

Then Frank Henkels came along and added some more laurels to the Harley-Davidson crown by taking first place in both the Sidecar Open event and also the Closed Club event. His time in the latter event was 5-1/5 seconds.

Second place in the 80 Cubic Inch Open event was also won by a Harley-Davidson rider, Ed Susan making the climb in 5-3/5 seconds.

Why not plan your vacation so you can take in the big National Motorcycle Rally which will be held at Toledo, Ohio, on July 24th, 25th, and 26th? That's what a lot of the fellows are doing.



It was a thrilling moment for Harley-Davidson fans when Paul Anderson came roaring down the home stretch in the lead in the 10-Mile Solo National Championship event at the Frederick, Maryland, races Decoration Day.

Paul Anderson Brings Home Ten Mile National Championship

PAUL ANDERSON, the latest racing star to choose Harley-Davidson equipment, celebrated his initial appearance at Frederick, Maryland, on Decoration Day by picking off the 10-Mile Solo National Championship and by taking the 5-Mile Solo. Bill Minnick, also a newcomer in the Harley-Davidson camp, took first in the 5-mile Sidecar event. Out of twelve places, Harley-Davidson took eight, including three firsts.

Anderson's time in the 10-Mile Championship was 11 minutes and 59-2/5 seconds, and in the 5-miles, 6 minutes and 12-1/5 seconds. Minnick made the 5 miles in the sidecar event in 5 minutes and 34 seconds.

J. Vance and his Harley-Davidson took second place in the 5-Mile Solo and third place in the 10-Mile National Championship.

Motorcycle riders in and around Montreal, Quebec, Canada, are still talking about the good time they had on their first tour of the season, Sunday, May 25th. Over forty sidecar outfits turned out for the affair. The run was made to Plattsburg, New York, a distance of seventy-six miles, and return. Souvenirs were given to everybody, pipes to the smokers and Eversharp pencils to the non-smokers and to the ladies.

Harley-Davidsons Burn Up the Sands at Pismo Beach

Shooting over the sand at Pismo Beach, Calif., May 30th, Walter Mattson and his Harley-Davidson proved the winning combination in the 5-Mile Private Owner event, the 5-Mile Club event and the 1/2-Mile race against time. In order to keep the winning slate clean, Bob Sarkegian showed the field his dust when he tore off a win in the 5-Mile Professional. Four big wins in one big day! The races were part of the program staged at the big Pismo Beach All California Gypsy Tour May 30th-31st and June 1st.



Here are the Harley-Davidson winners of the Frederick, Maryland, races. Bill Minnick, winner of the 5-Mile Sidecar event, is on the machine, with Paul Anderson, the 10-Mile Solo champion, standing behind him. The man in the sidecar is "Jazz" Eagle.



Down in Texas, the El Paso Herald put on a 2,118-mile Automobile Endurance Run May 17th to 28th over some of the worst roads in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. The checkers on the run were "Pete" Michero, the El Paso Harley-Davidson dealer, on the left, and M. F. Scherer. The Harley-Davidson came through the test with flying colors.

Harley-Davidson Rider Finishes First in Muncie, Ind., Run

BY plugging through 228 miles of the worst roads in Indiana and finishing with a near perfect score of 996 points, Ray Bergdoll of Muncie, Indiana, Harley-Davidson, with Roy Plummer as his sidecar passenger, won the First Annual Muncie Evening Press Endurance Run staged Sunday, May 4th, at Muncie, Indiana. Out of fifty-three riders who started, only thirteen succeeded in completing the run. Ten of these were Harley-Davidson riders. Bergdoll was awarded the gold loving cup offered by the Muncie Evening Press.

Howard Phillips, Lansing, came in second in the sidecar class with 982 points;



Have you any old shoes to be fixed up? Call up Tony Cina of Port Arthur, Texas, and have him call for them with his Harley-Davidson shoe van. Tony says the van has doubled his delivery business, and it costs him only about one-third as much as the car he formerly used for this purpose.

Lewis Woracek, Kokomo, third, 913; Glenn A. Scott, Marion, fourth, 87; Alvah Botkins, Marion, fifth, 856; Paul E. Gott, Indianapolis, sixth, 815, and O. James, Muncie, seventh, 787, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

In the Solo Class, the Harley-Davidson riders who finished were: Victor Leimbert, Muncie, 907; Harry Warr, Newcastle, 842, and Clarence Raines, Lansing, 810.

Out of 17 entrants, eight riders finished and all with perfect scores in the recent 24-Hour Non-Stop Motor Run put on by the Capital City Motorcycle Club of Sacramento, California. Seven of these eight were Harley-Davidson riders. Here are the names of the seven perfect scorers who piloted Harley-Davidsons: L. F. Conrad, Modesto; W. F. Slayton, Modesto; E. Rhyne, Sacramento; Pat Speer, San Francisco; C. V. Lodge, San Francisco; A. Hoder, Sacramento, and H. Tate, Roseville. The total distance covered was 600 miles over a 24-mile course. Six miles was through congested traffic.

In the races held on the New Brighton Beach recently in New Zealand, L. C. Monkman and his Harley-Davidson won first place and made the fastest time of the day in the 16-mile Open event.

Harley-Davidson Riders Do Some Stepping in New Jersey Run

HARLEY-DAVIDSON riders did some stepping in the recent 17th Annual Endurance Run of the New Jersey Motorcycle Club. The run lasted twelve hours, and covered 245 miles of the toughest mud and mountain plugging that the New Jersey M. C. fellows have ever picked out, and they're noted for the stiff runs they've had in the past. Only eleven riders finished, and seven of these were Harley-Davidson riders. The highest score of 955 points was also made by a Harley-Davidson rider. Walter Schopow was the lucky fellow, and he made this mark in the general solo class. The general sidecar class also went to the Harley-Davidson, T. A. McLoughlin taking this with 918 points. Arthur Smith and his Harley-Davidson, came in second with 854 points, and Dan Carlin of Newark, Harley-Davidson, third, with 815.

Harley-Davidson Only Machine to See Top in Wyoming Climb

Only two events were held at the Casper, Wyoming, hillclimb, but the Harley-Davidson won both of them. Harry Gillis was the rider who with his Harley-Davidson copped the prizes in the 74 Cubic Inch and the 80 Cubic Inch Open events. He was also the only rider who reached the top. In the 74 Cubic Inch event, R. A. Hager, also riding a Harley-Davidson, won third place.

Stage Big Clean Up in Abilene, Texas Climb

C. F. Kelly and Bennett Young walked off with first honors in two of the three events in the hillclimb held at Abilene, Texas, May 18th. Kelly starred in the 61 Cubic Inch event, with W. V. McDonald and Charles Graham, both riding Harley-Davidsons, finishing second and third. Young was the champion of the 80 Cubic Inch event, and also made the best time of the day.



Are you having an extended vacation this year? Why not spend it on a long-distance tour like these three Joplin Missouri, riders are doing—They're making a seven-weeks' tour through the West, to California, up the Coast, and return.

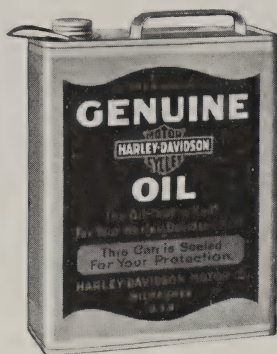
Motorcycling in Alaska

(From page 17)

of the hospitable Alaskan capital. A man's a man in Alaska when he lands there, and the people accept him at his face value until he proves he's got a yellow streak down his back. We got acquainted with the Governor; Father Andrew Kashavaroff, the priest of the Russian-Greek church; Mr. Wallstein Smith, the territorial treasurer; and many other citizens and officials of the Alaskan Government—every one of whom was full of Alaskan lore, and helpful information about the country.

Among the people we met there were Dr. H. C. De Vighne, sportsman and prominent physician, who has a hunting lodge known as Twin Glacier Camp, down on the Taku River, 35 miles from Juneau. Dr. De Vighne invited us to take a run down to his camp. We did. And, out in the tundra, or marsh, just an hour's hike from the camp, Wiedey shot a moose. We struggled back to camp with a half ton of moose meat, dragging the dressed meat down a stream, and over a series of beaver dams because we had more than we could carry. After supplying the camp with meat, we all but wrecked the sidecar springs coming into Juneau with a sidecar full of moose meat. We saw white goats browsing around on the hills, deer as numerous as sparrows in Chicago, and small game so uncountable

(See next page)



When you go on that big trip—

take along a can of Harley-Davidson summer oil and treat your motor right. Any old oil won't do the work in your air cooled motor. When you're miles from nowhere you'll be glad you took along a can of this good Harley-Davidson summer oil. Now supplied in flat gallon cans that fit snugly under your sidecar seat. Has a handy spout that makes it easy to pour. Before you go on that big vacation trip drop around to your dealer and get a can or two of genuine Harley-Davidson oil.

One gallon can

\$1.65

AT FACTORY

that it wouldn't be any fun to hunt it.

Down at Twin Glacier Camp we also got acquainted with Miss Dorothy Haley, editress of the Juneau Empire, the leading daily newspaper of Alaska. "Dot," as everybody around there calls her, is a native Alaskan product—born in Alaska, and reared there, except for four years in college in the States. She knows Alaska and things Alaskan from A to Izzard, and is a regular living encyclopaedia of Alaskan lore. She'd never ridden a sidecar, but wanted to try it. So two days later, we went sidecarring out to Eagle River, to visit a summer camp. It was a glorious ride in the long evening twilight of the Alaskan summer, through those eighteen miles of forest road that finally got us to Eagle River. There we found about two dozen young couples with a group of tents, and about as cozy a camp as anyone would care to see. We spent the evening roasting wieners and marshmallows, and drinking coffee.

We Swim in Ice Water

The camp was located on Lynn Channel, a great salt water inlet that extends up to Skaguay—and would you believe it? Those husky Alaskans put on their bathing suits, and went in for a swim. There were snow mountains all around, and innumerable streams with floating ice from the glaciers all along the channel. Not to be outdone, even though used to a semi-tropical climate, I borrowed a bathing suit, and went in. I took a long running dive off an improvised spring board that some of the men built, hit the water, shuddered, and began to wonder if I'd need a stick to break the ice as I rose to the surface. How water can be so cold, and still remain liquid is a mystery, but those Sour-doughs go right into it, and swim around for half an hour like seals or polar bears. I froze out in about ten minutes, but felt like a million dollars' worth of good health when I got into my clothes again, and sat toasting myself in front of a

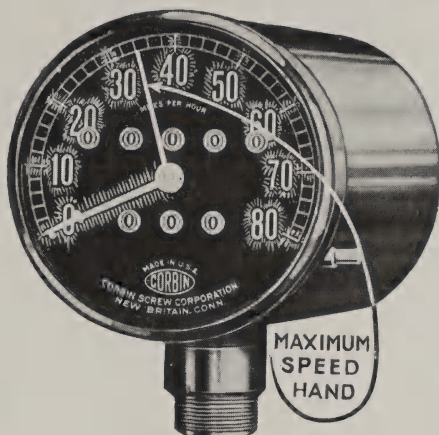
roaring camp fire. It was 11 P. M., but still daylight, when the party broke up, and we all rolled back to Juneau.

Take Your Motorcycle Along

Two weeks around Juneau was all too short a visit, even with only 50 miles of road to cover on a Harley-Davidson. There's so much to do, so much to see, and so much downright wholesome pleasure to be had out of life there that a whole summer would hardly be time enough. Alaskan summer days are about 20 hours of daylight, but even that is none too much. If you go to Alaska take your Harley-Davidson with you! A round trip ticket from Seattle—good all summer only costs \$80, and your motorcycle goes along as excess baggage for less than most people spend for soda water or cigarettes at home during a summer. Take your camping outfit with you too, and your living up there won't cost much. The whole territory, which is as big as the whole United States east of the Mississippi is a natural camping, hunting, and fishing ground. Without a motorcycle you're marooned in the port where the ship lands, but with one—well that's another story even with only fifty miles of roads.

Down in Christchurch, New Zealand, Percy Coleman, the well-known Harley-Davidson racer, has been adding to his collection of cups. Recently in the races held at Napier, he was awarded the famous Fuzard cup for winning first places in the 12-lap and 15-lap races and making the fastest time of the day. Again, at Fielding, he won the Gold Medal put up for the largest number of points made and the fastest time. He was first in the twelve-mile race.

In the presence of 30,000 spectators, at the recent Annual Spring race meet of the Japanese Motorcycle Association, Ishikawa, one of the best known Japanese racers, rode to victory with his Harley-Davidson.



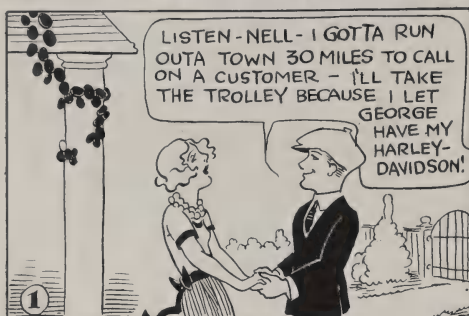
How far did you go yesterday?

THAT'S the first question the gang will ask you when you get back on the job Monday morning. You want to be able to tell 'em right to the dot and you want to tell 'em your highest speed too. That's just what you can do if your bus is equipped with a Corbin Speedometer. If some of the fellows doubt your word just tell 'em to cast their lookers over your Corbin and the argument is settled. You're getting a real speedometer when you buy a Corbin. Total mileage, trip mileage, maximum hand, 80 or 100 mile dial, luminous dial if you like, and everything.

**Your dealer can fix
you up to-day**

Nobby Ned

HE'S QUICKER THAN A SPECIAL DELIVERY AND A FLOCK OF TELEGRAMS!!



8.05
A 10E

The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast



August, 1924

Touring's Great These Days



"Half the fun of summer touring is the picnic lunch out in the open," says Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murray of Sacramento, California, and Mr. and Mrs. Verne Guthrie of Los Angeles. Here they're enjoying such a meal down by the seashore.



"My riders don't pass up a chance to go on a tour this kind of weather," says Ernest Cerini, Harley-Davidson dealer at Donora, Pennsylvania. "This photo shows a bunch of them all ready to start for Pittsburgh, to take in the hillclimb that was held there recently."



"Every night and every Sunday sees our bunch out on the road nowadays," says Miss Carmen Smith of Des Moines, Iowa. "There are just a dozen of us, and believe me, we have nothing but fun. Here we've just finished lunch and are ready for the road again."



A bird's-eye view of the Indian Village, San Felipe, New Mexico. We were half way up the side of a lava cliff when we snapped this photo.

Our Motorcycle Tour to the Pueblo Indian Reservation

By Salesman Frank Egloff

WHILE our imagination often carries us back to early Indian days in our country, we never expect to get to an almost undiscovered, original Indian settlement in reality. Here is where we are mistaken. We have often claimed that the motorcycle could carry us to inaccessible places. Recently a bunch of us fellows had the opportunity to prove that claim to ourselves. We will attempt to prove it to others by describing a very interesting motorcycle trip into original Indian country.

Lying to the north and west of Albuquerque, New Mexico, is a vast expanse of land called a mesa that stretches out from the foothills of the Jemes Mountains on the west and breaks off in steep bluffs, towering two hundred and fifty feet above the Rio Grande River, to the east. Countless years ago there roamed over these lands the ancient Pueblo Indians. The homes of the cliff and mesa Pueblos are the best of any prehistoric architecture of this region.

To gain access to this mesa, and to find and investigate these ancient ruins, was

the aim of a few members of the Albuquerque Motorcycle Club, who left the store of Hickox and Seth, Harley-Davidson dealers, on the morning of Sunday, May 4th. There were six of us: James Nobe, C. Cole, John Seth, H. W. Holcomb, Joe Abbin and myself.

Having heard that on the mesa, a few miles back from the Indian village of San Felipe, some ancient prehistoric ruins were still in evidence, it was decided to make for that point first.

Getting an early start we hit north for Bernalillo, following the old Santa Fe trail along the foothills of the Sandia Mountains. Here we left the main highway and rode off through the lowlands toward the Rio Grande River on our left. An hour's good riding brought us in sight of the picturesque old Indian village of San Felipe. Crossing the river a mile above, on a government bridge, we dropped back to the village. Built in the early 1700s, of adobe and mud, the village is still in a good state of preservation. Ideally located, with a background of lava cliffs, its sunken plaza, its picturesque line of adobe houses around the



For picturesque costumes, the famous "Beau Brummel" had nothing on these two Indians from San Domingo. The "long bob" also seems to be the prevailing mode of hairdress.

dance square, the river in the foreground, and the towering Sandias, provide a stage setting hard to beat. Ancient beliefs and superstitions still prevail among the native Indians. Unknowingly we violated their religious beliefs when we stopped to snap a few pictures, and it was only through strategy that we succeeded in getting a few distant views and saving our cameras from destruction. Here we also made further inquiries on how to scale the lava cliffs. A visit to the Indian governor's home netted us the desired information. A steep narrow



It required real skill at the handlebars to get up the steep and rocky trail to the mesa. John Seth is doing the driving.

sheep trail that led from the far side of the village and wound its way up the lava cliff, would get us up to the mesa, he told us.

The two boys on solo mounts immediately set off to reach the top—if possible. After an anxious fifteen minute wait, we sighted the two machines and riders high up on the very edge of the cliff. They were waving their arms which we took as a sign that all was well, so we started the climb with our sidecar outfits.

Talk about your hill climb, you fellows who are out looking for "he-hills" to climb! Tackle that hill just once with your outfits and you will be convinced that you have found your hill at last. Rocks, sand, boulders, gravel, washouts, narrow passages, and every conceivable obstruction presented itself before the crest was gained. About half-way up a suggestion was made to leave the sidecars, but friend Seth could not see it



Here are five of us and an Indian shepherd. He is the fellow proudly sitting on the saddle.

that way, emphatically stating that if he goes over the top, his outfit does, too. So up we went again. With the help of an Indian shepherd we managed to get around or over all obstructions, past all danger points, and finally reached the top. We had earned the distinction of being the first persons with motor vehicles to ever scale these lava cliffs.

Once on top, we got a chance to look around. Stretching out before us as far as we could see, was one vast expanse of lava beds. We were in a country which at some prehistoric time had been in the midst of a great volcanic eruption, leav-



On the banks of the Rio Grande River. The boys insisted on getting me into the scene with my outfit. Wonder where the pig came from?

ing the land covered with black lava formations. Black rocks, varying in size from one to five feet in diameter, were strewn all about.

The sheep trail which we had followed up the cliff led off toward the Jemes Mountains, at right angles to our point of destination, the prehistoric ruins.

With the spirit of all red-blooded motorcyclists, that nothing will daunt, a start was made across this lava rock land. Around rocks and over rocks we traveled for a short one hundred yards. Before us loomed a rock ravine about thirty feet deep and fifty feet wide. Then and there it was unanimously agreed to abandon the machines and use our legs. Packing our water jugs, lunch tins and cameras,

the water and lunch having been brought along through the forethought of Messrs. Stowell and Holcomb, we continued our journey. A two mile tramp brought us to our destination.

Unnumbered years ago here dwelt a race of people. Just a few crumbled rock walls now remain to show us where they lived. Quite noticeable was the lack of modernism. No broken bottles, no pieces of paper, nothing to indicate that these ruins had ever been visited by white men. Today these ruins are inhabited by snakes, horn toads and lizards. Some day they will be excavated and what will be found is hard to determine.

(Turn to page 19)



A moment's stop for "refreshments." Boy! it tasted good. The fellow on the extreme right, though, got more than his share while this photo was snapped.



Rabbit Richards of Rochester, New York, his smile, and his Harley-Davidson, the winning combination that cleaned up the 61 Cubic Inch Novice event in the recent Syracuse climb.

Paul Anderson Makes Big Win in Fort Wayne, Ind., Races

In the racemeet held at Fort Wayne, Indiana, June 22nd, Paul Anderson and the other Harley-Davidson riders carried away the biggest honors of the day. Anderson romped off with both the 10-Mile and 5-Mile events, with Ralph Hepburn taking second place in the former event and also second place in the 3-Mile event. Ed Brinck also came within the money when he took third place with his Harley-Davidson in the 3-Mile event.

The meet was held on a one-half mile dirt track.

If placed end to end, the total monthly issues of the Enthusiast would cover a distance of almost ten miles.

Harley-Davidson Takes 3 Firsts in Syracuse, N. Y. Climb

THREE events with three firsts, two seconds, and two thirds, is the way the Harley-Davidson stacked up in the climb held at Syracuse, New York, June 26th. George Lehner, Bartold, and Rabbit Richards divided the honors among them. Bartold and his Harley-Davidson starred in the big event of the day, the 80 Cubic Inch Open; George Lehner, in the 61 Cubic Inch Expert, and Richards in the 61 Cubic Inch Novice.

Chase and Shipstone, two other Harley-Davidson riders, backed up Richards in the 61 Cubic Inch Novice event by taking second and third places respectively, while Richards did some more good work when he took third place in the 61 Cubic Inch Expert. George Lehner backed Bartold in the 80 Cubic Inch Open, taking second place.

Jorge L. Rodriguez, Mechanical Sargent of Municipal Police, Santo Domingo, Dominion of Republic, reports that Harley-Davidsons are being used exclusively by the Santo Domingo Municipal Police. He also states that the Dominican National Police, who have been using Harley-Davidsons for several years, have found the machines always ready for service.



"Ride her, Mud, ride her!" the crowd yelled when Mud Gardner got astride his Harley-Davidson at the Loudonville, Ohio, Gypsy Tour climb, and starting tearing up the hill. He won the 61 Cubic Inch event.



"Here's a photo of several of the boys in their Sunday clothes," writes H. J. Morken of San Francisco, California. "We rode down the highway this way and made quite a hit." H. J. adds that life is one pleasure after another with their Harley-Davidsons.

Harley-Davidson Saves Life of Rattlesnake Victim

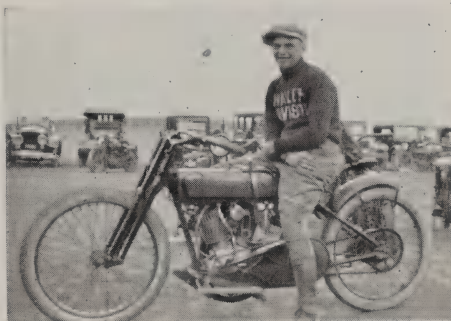
A HARLEY-DAVIDSON rider was called into service recently by the San Diego, California Zoological Society to save the life of a man dying from rattlesnake bite in an El Centro hospital. The Society which is the only place in that section of the country where anti-venom is kept in stock, received a call by long distance telephone for anti-toxin from an El Centro doctor, about 9:00 p. m. El Centro is about ninety miles East of San Diego and because it was night it was considered impractical to use the airplane service of the Society, so a hurried search was made for a motorcycle rider.

At the Harley-Davidson motorcycle agency of Sam McPherson, a sailor, C. F. Hammer, of the U. S. S. Kennedy, volunteered to carry the anti-toxin, using his own machine. He sped away from San Diego at 9:30 o'clock and before 1.00 a. m., the saving serum was injected into the patient in El Centro. Within a short while, the patient was out of his delirium, out of pain in an hour, and well on the road to recovery the next day.

Much credit was given Hammer and his Harley-Davidson for saving this life.

Minnick Breaks World's Sidecar Record for Five Miles

WHEN Bill Minnick won the 5-Mile Sidecar event at the Frederick, Maryland, races May 30th in 5.34 seconds, he broke the world's record for this distance on a half-mile dirt track. This announcement has just been made by General Manager A. B. Coffman of the Motorcycle & Allied Trades Association. The previous world's record was made by Floyd Dreyer at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, October 10th, 1921. His time was 5.37 seconds, 3 seconds more than Minnick's time.



Bob Hemingway and his Harley-Davidson, with which he won the Targa Florio event held in connection with the Ascot races at Los Angeles, California, recently. This event is held over a five-mile course up and down hills. Hemingway has entered this event three times and won every time he entered.

"It's the Six Days' Trial Now"

By "Hap" Hayes

SAY, you fellows who like something different, do you want some real sport? Why not take part in the National Six Days' Trial which will start from Cleveland, Ohio, August 25th, and finish in the same city Saturday afternoon, August 30th? General Manager A. B. Coffman of the American Motorcycle Association promises that the run will give you more thrills than you've ever before packed into one short week. Of course, the main object of the trial is to demonstrate the efficiency, reliability, and economy of the motorcycle and motorcycle sidecar as a means of transportation.

The rules governing the contestants in the trial, as announced by Manager A. B., are briefly as follows:

Contestants must be members of the A. M. A. (American Motorcycle Association, the new riders' division of the Motorcycle & Allied Trades Association).

Entries must be filed with A. B. Coffman, 326 West Madison Street, Chicago, by 6 p. m., August 23rd. Entry fees, \$10 for each driver, \$5 for each sidecar or tandem passenger.



Here's the new pin of the American Motorcycle Association, which has succeeded the registered rider division of the Motorcycle & Allied Trades Association. The colors are red, green, and gold.

Contestants are divided into two classes, trade and private owner, which are subdivided into solo, sidecar, tandem and lightweight.

Equipment must include headlight, tail light, sidecar light, standard chains and mudguards, horn, muffler and standard brakes.

In general, the rules do not greatly differ from those used hitherto in ordinary reliability trials and differ in no important respect from those governing last year's trial. For further details, write Mr. Coffman.

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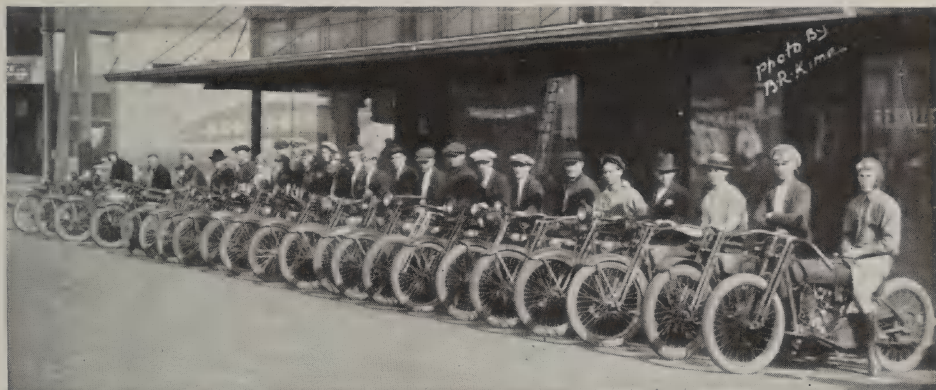
Now that that business is done, let's get down to the club news. There isn't much of it. Guess you fellows have been too busy hitting it up out on the road, to find time to write. Can't say that I blame you, though. Anyhow, you've given my Steno and I a chance to do some little jaunting ourselves.

They're All Doing It!

Columbus, Georgia.—"Well, it seems if you want to be in the swim these days, the thing to do is to belong to a motorcycle club," writes S. H. Power, our Harley-Davidson dealer at Columbus. "We didn't have a motorcycle club to belong to, so we up and organized one this spring. It's going fine now. We call ourselves The Electric City Motorcycle Club." Great, S. H! May the club prosper!

Chattanooga's Back in the Running

Chattanooga, Tennessee.—"The Chattanooga Motorcycle Club held a reorganization meeting recently," writes M. T. Crumbley, "and got thirty-six signed-up members. Officers elected were: M. T. Crumbley, president; C. Belcher, vice-president; B. White, secretary-treasurer; Bob Riggsby, road captain, and Sam E.



No need to say "Look pleasant" to this line-up of Little Rock, Arkansas Motorcycle Club members. They were all set for a good time and the photographer couldn't work fast enough for them. Sunday tours are a regular feature of the club's program.

Beard, assistant road captain. Since then we've been having some mighty good times. On May 30th, we had a hill climb that was won by Sam Bright and his Harley-Davidson. For our Gypsy Tour, we joined forces with the Knoxville Club and had a wonderful time. A bunch of the boys also took in the Dixie Rally at Macon."

Declares War on Speeders

Muncie, Indiana.—"Our club has declared war against speeding motorcycles and open mufflers in the city," announces Secretary Fred E. Scott of the Muncie Motorcycle Club. "At our last meeting, we agree to do our best to help make the streets of Muncie safe by offering our services to the police department to assist in curbing the speed demons and the open-muffler joy-riders."

Here's Another New One

New Castle, Indiana.—"Just to show you that we motorcyclists around New Castle aren't dead, I want to tell you that we've organized a motorcycle club," writes Harry D. Warr, the new club's president. "We're calling ourselves the Rose City Club. We went on our first ride a few Sundays ago, and expect to go on many more during the summer."

Rapid Races at Grand Rapids Go to Harley-Davidson Riders

Palmer of Battle Creek, Michigan, sure lived up to his home town's name when he battled his way to victory in the 5-Mile Drop Bar, the 10-Mile Drop Bar, and the 10-Mile Open events at Grand Rapids, Michigan. With these three decisive wins under his belt, Palmer was the outstanding star of the day. H. Horn, riding a Harley-Davidson for the first time, won the 5-Mile Stock Bar race, giving Harley-Davidson five wins in a half-dozen chances.

While on your vacation tour, visit the Harley-Davidson dealers in the towns en-route.



"We sure had a dandy bunch turn out for our Gypsy Tour," writes E. P. Bieck, president of the Iron Mountain, Michigan, Motorcycle Club. "When this line-up photo was taken, the boys were just rarin' to go."

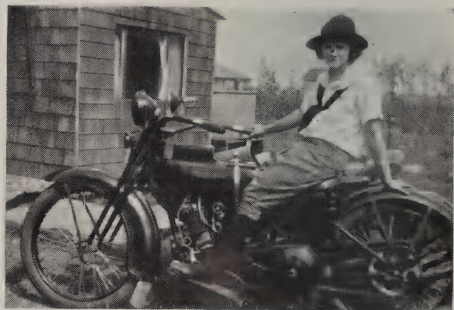


"Here's a photo of the 'ole girl' and I," writes L. W. Coleman of the U. S. N. A. S., Squad 4, at Pensacola, Florida. "I've just had her all dolled up, and believe me, we've been going strong since then. Give me the Harley-Davidson always when you want a good time."



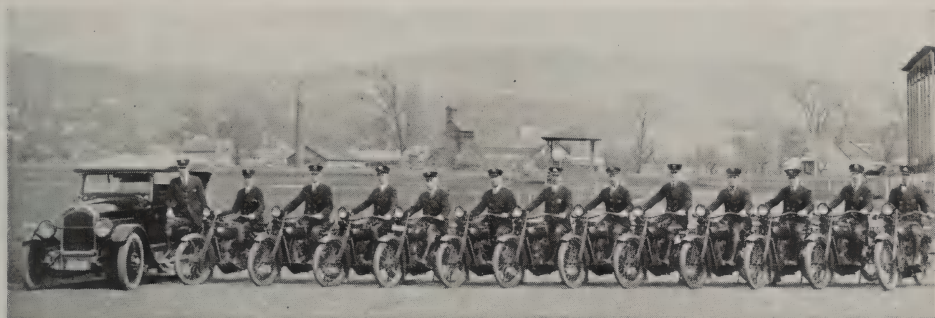
"Thought you'd like a photo showing some of the scenery out here," writes Charles E. Cutler of Victor, Colorado. "Motorcycle riders out here," Cutler adds, have no difficulty finding interesting places to go to, as we have hundreds of miles of good gravel roads through the mountains. My hobby is Harley-Davidson tours, varying from a one-day trip to one that lasts several weeks. As you can see, my neighbor's children are getting the same hobby."

"'You might as well give it to me, Bud, because you're getting a new 24JE soon, and I ride this one most of the time anyway.' That's what my sister, Mrs. Troy Snodgrass, said to me as I snapped this photo of her and my Harley-Davidson," Bud Harding of Cushing, Oklahoma, tells us. Bud says further that he and Mrs. Harding, and his sister have lots of good times with the machine.



"This photo shows my pal, Roland Speckman of Racine, Wisconsin, on the left, and myself on the right," says Floyd C. Nims of Maquoketa, Iowa. "The photo was taken at Palmyra, Wisconsin, last summer, where I was visiting for three weeks. I sure had a swell trip, and met many real riders. Had no trouble with the Harley-Davidson whatever the entire season."





The twelve motorcycle patrolmen of the United States Customs Department at St. Albans, Vermont. With their Harley-Davidsons, nothing gets away from them.

Many Government Departments Are Using Harley-Davidsons

THAT the Harley-Davidson stands in well with the various departments of the United States Government, is evidenced by the number of large orders they have sent to the factory recently. For instance, the Metropolitan Police Department, Washington, D. C., recently bought 20 Harley-Davidson motorcycles and sidecars for duty at the nation's capital. A few weeks before that they purchased 10 Harley-Davidsons and sidecars.

The U. S. Bureau of Immigration, Washington, D. C., uses 10 Harley-Davidsons and sidecars for border patrol duty at Rouses Point, New York, these being part of an order for 29 Harley-Davidsons and 21 Sidecars that was filled just recently at the factory.

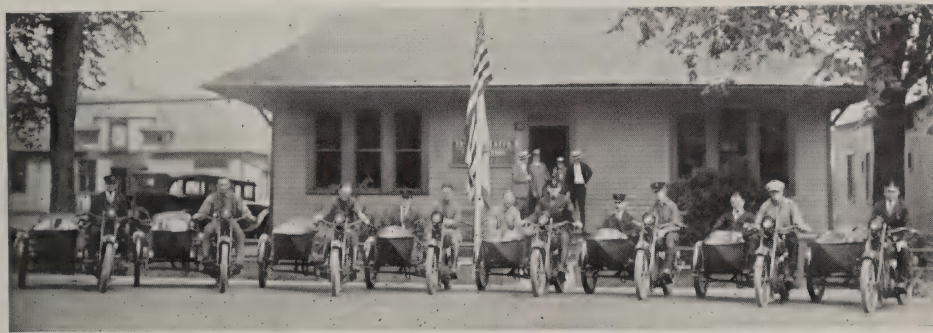
The U. S. Customs Service, St. Albans, Vermont, has just bought 12 Harley-

Davidsons for patrolling the international boundary.

The U. S. Post Office Department, Washington, D. C., recently purchased 15 Harley-Davidsons and sidecars for service in Hawaii.

The Harley-Davidson machines already in service in these various departments have proven their value in many ways, not only from the standpoint of speed, efficiency, and economy, but also from the amount of good work that has been done with them in patrol work. Many thrilling captures of bootleggers smuggling booze across the border have been credited especially to the U. S. Customs Service in Vermont and the U. S. Bureau of Immigration at Rouses Point, New York. Two Harley-Davidson-mounted patrolmen of the former organization recently captured the "Quebec beer queen," a young bobbed-haired girl bootlegger, who was driving a car full of liquor

(Turn to Page 20)



Eight of the ten Harley-Davidsons that are now being used in the U. S. Immigration Service Patrol Duty at Rouses Point, New York, and their riders. An order for nineteen more Harley-Davidsons and eleven sidecars, intended for the same work, has just been filled at the factory.

A Big Time Was Had by



"We spent our Fourth Annual Gypsy Tour at Box Canyon," writes F. L. Beer, the Amarillo, Texas, Harley part of the bunch that was there."



"Didn't we have a dandy line-up of riders at our Gypsy Tour?" asks H. A. Bowie, the Washington, D. C. part of the bunch together long enough to get this photo taken."



Nearly 700 machines and more than 900 motorcyclists and friends turned out for the Third Annual All-Capitol Tour. "The tour was one big success," reports Salesman Verne Guthrie.

All on the Gypsy Tours



Davidson dealer, "and sure had a good time,—with a picnic dinner, and games of all kinds. This photo shows only



Harley-Davidson dealer. "Everybody was so anxious to be off for the big day though, that it was a job keeping



ornia Gypsy Tour at Pismo Beach. Approximately 75% of the total attendance were rounded up for the picture.

Frank's Mail Bag

"Is there anything you want to know about your Harley-Davidson? Tell me what it is and I'll try to help you out. I'll answer all questions with a letter. Questions that are of general interest to our other Enthusiast readers will be printed on this page of mine. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."

—Frank.



Water in Gasoline

Frank, I've got plenty of spark, good spark plugs and am using Harley-Davidson oil, but the last few days it seems like my old "gully jumper" will not start right. Even when the motor is hot, she starts hard. Help!—M. T.

Yes Sir, I'll ride the old boy over to Michigan and give M. T. the dope. Honk-Honk!

Boy, it sounds like water on the brain,—I mean in the gasoline. During spring and early summer months the heavy rainfall causes many gas tanks to get water in them and therefore the starting troubles.

Drain your gas tanks and be sure that there is no water in the carburetor; then old "gully jumper" will be as active as a new horse.

Flickering Headlights

After medium high speeds my headlight flickers. I have examined the fuse and it was found O. K. and tight in the clips. All battery wires are securely connected and as far as I can determine the wiring is in good shape.

Open the throttle, Frank, and ride over with your unlimited.—R. F.

Good stuff, R. F., perhaps some more of the boys have experienced the same trouble.

Flickering lights are usually caused by a poor battery wire ground connection, a loose fuse or other loose terminals. But since you have gone over all that territory I'll say to remove the lights cable connector plug and turn it just half way round; then insert it in the lamp socket.

Motor Trouble Chart

It seems to me that I saw a table showing causes for motor misfiring at high speed in some book, but I can't recall the name of the book. Do you happen to know of a book having such a chart? I imagine you read 'em all Frank.—D. S.

D. S., I'm powerfully 'shamed of you. Why man, the charts you mention are on pages 6, 7 and 8 of the Harley-Davidson Rider's Hand Book.

Say, that instruction book is chock full of real information if you fellers will only go after it. I read the instruction book lots of times to refresh my mind on some problem.

Fellers, here is a hot one. I got a letter from my old friend Harry in Pennsylvania the other day, asking for information on cutting down his oil supply, saying that his motor smoked like —. I proceeded to tell Harry how to fix her and a few days later I received a letter from him as follows:

"Frank, I found out what was wrong with my old girl and why she was getting too much oil. I told my little boy to go out and pump up the motorcycle and the little rascal, instead of pumping up the tires, pumped about a gallon of oil in the crank case. My how the old girl did smoke, until I found out what was wrong."

A Sweet Running Motor

When I get hold of a fellow who wants an exceptionally sweet running motor, I just tell him to pour in sugar cane molasses and then take off the muffler and remove the taffy candy.

Motorcycle Sex

I get so many letters from fellows and they call their machines a "she" or a "her", and for the life of me, I can't figure it out, unless it is because the pistons have skirts.

Overcharging Battery

Frank, I am going to take a long trip. I am going from Ohio to California and I think that most of my driving will be done during daylight and I am wondering what will happen to my battery in the way of overcharging. How can I tell if my battery is being overcharged? By the way, Frank, if I cannot obtain Alemite grease for my grease gun, what other kind of grease should I use?

My old boat is running fine, Frank. In fact, I have had no trouble and the original air is still in the rear tire.—E. M.

E. M., here is wishing you all the horseshoes in the world on your trip to California. I am not nearly so worried over you enroute as I am to what will happen to you after you get there. Remember, all the naughty moving pictures are made in that country, and the famous bathing beauties are harboring around Venus, California. I believe that you should take Frank along as chaperon.

If you drive in daylight only, your battery will more than likely receive too much current and you must, therefore, do something to offset this condition. You can tell whether the battery is being overcharged by the amount of water that



The "bucking bronchos" of the Wild West aren't in it when compared with the bucking hillclimb machines of today. This nice little turn-over was staged by Bemo Teske and his Harley-Davidson at the recent Lansing, Michigan climb.

has to be added to the solution in order to keep the plates covered. If you must add water to the cells two or three times a week, it is pretty safe to say that the battery is receiving too much current. The easiest thing to do in such cases, is to drive with the headlight on to consume some of the current the generator is putting out and in that way prevent the battery from being overcharged.

If you cannot obtain Alemite grease for your grease gun, I would suggest that you drop in a dealer's store and obtain some Harley-Davidson No. 2 grease, which is incidentally a very high grade lubricant.

I don't know what we are going to do, E. M., if your back tire runs out of original Milwaukee air. Boy, this would be terrible. I suppose we will have to seal up Milwaukee air in cans and send it out to all you fellows, because without question our air here in Milwaukee is far better than the air to be had in other parts of the United States. Did I say hot air? Atta boy, Horace.

P. S. Now you have done it,—my Steno. wants to go to California.



"The second club run of the Spokane Motorcycle Association was held recently at Diamond Lake, Washington," reports E. L. Litchfield of Spokane, Washington. "Swimming, baseball, and other sports, and eats, were enjoyed by the bunch, who were all mounted on Harley-Davidsons."

Hundreds of motorcyclists from all over Northern New England turned out for the Gypsy Tour, which was held at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.



This fleet of eight white Harley-Davidson motorcycle outfits was put into service recently by the California State Automobile Association to provide mechanical first aid to its members who are stalled on the road. A telephone call to the Automobile Club's headquarters or to its nearest mechanical first aid station, will bring one of these outfits quickly to the scene of trouble.

From Philadelphia to Yellowstone Didn't Stump These Girls

“**P**OOH! What's a little trip from Philadelphia to Yellowstone? Lots of men make longer trips all the time and nobody thinks anything about it, but just because we're girls, they think we've done something wonderful.”

That's what Miss Marguerite Lindsley, who was born in Yellowstone National Park and lived there all her life, and Miss Claire LeValle of Philadelphia, say when anybody expresses surprise at their recent trip from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to Yellowstone National Park



Miss Marguerite Lindsley of Yellowstone Park, who is driving, and Miss Claire LeValle of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, made a trip recently from Philadelphia to the Park with a Harley-Davidson. Read all about it in the story on this page.

with a 24 JD Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit. The machine belongs to Miss Lindsley and was purchased in Philadelphia for the trip.

On the trip to the Park, the girls followed the Lincoln Highway from Philadelphia to Cheyenne, Wyoming, and from there the Yellowstone Highway to Yellowstone Park. They camped out along the way, and enjoyed it very much. Miss Lindsley, who is a typical Western girl, game and nervy, is capable of taking care of any machine trouble, but the motor worked fine all the way and did not give her a chance to use her ability.

A. Taylor of Vancouver, B. C., Canada, says: “Upon the arrival of a little son in our family a month ago, my wife insisted upon calling him ‘Harley’. She says she wants to have something to remember the good old times we have had and are having on the ‘Good old faithful Harley-Davidson.’ Can you beat that for an enthusiast?”

William H. Reeves of Johnson City, Tennessee, just recently purchased an FDCA model Harley-Davidson and is making a trip from Johnson City to California, reports Salesman John S. Balmer who met Reeves in Chattanooga.

Harley-Davidson Sweeps All Events in Kokomo and Richmond Climbs

NOW it's Indiana that's in the hillclimb limelight, and as usual Harley-Davidson is doing the starring. Winning 11 out of 12 places, including all firsts and seconds, the Harley-Davidson boys practically whitewashed competition at the First Annual Hill Climb of the Kokomo Motorcycle Club, June 22nd. Again on June 29th, at Richmond, Harley-Davidson riders cleaned up 13 out of 15 places. Led by Tom Underhill, the Hoosier hillclimb sensation, who won the 61 and 80 inch events in both races, the Harley-Davidson riders gathered in the honors as shown in the following summary:

Kokomo, Indiana:

80 Cubic Inch Open; 1st, Tom Underhill, 4 seconds; 2nd, Ray Amos, 4-1/5 seconds, 3rd Lean Arment; all riding Harley-Davidsons.

61 Cubic Inch Open; 1st, Tom Underhill; 2nd, Russell Dare and 3rd, Herb White, also Harley-Davidson riders.

37 Cubic Inch Novice: 1st, Oscar Bond, Harley-Davidson; 2nd, Lewis Woracek, Harley-Davidson.

Closed Club Championship: 1st, Ray Amos, 4-3/5 seconds; 2nd, Russell Dare, both astride Harley-Davidsons.

Richmond, Indiana:

61 Cubic Inch Open event: 1st, Tom Underhill, 7-1/5 seconds; 2nd, Earl J. Wright; 3rd, Ray Amos, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

80 Cubic Inch Open event: 1st, Tom Underhill, 7-2/5 seconds; 2nd, Earl Wright and 3rd Roy Plummer, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

Closed Club event: 1st, Earl Wright, 9 seconds; 2nd, Dud Moore; 3rd, Rudy Wessler, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

80 Cubic Inch Novice: 1st, Roy Plummer and Francis McManus, second, both riding Harley-Davidsons.

37 Cubic Inch event: 1st, Ned Cook, riding another make of machine; 2nd, Ray Amos and Oscar Barel, third, both riding Harley-Davidsons.



Meet Cody Evans of Salem, Oregon, who made a name for himself in the hillclimb world when he captured first place in both the 61 and 80 Cubic Inch events at the recent Portland hillclimb. He also made the best time of the day.

Grove, Graham and Williams Win Cleveland, Ohio, Climb

Led by "Smiling" John Grove, hero of many a thrilling climb, the Harley-Davidson riders took 9 out of 12 places, including all firsts at the Cleveland climb. Grove was easily the big star of the day, coping the 61 Expert in 4-4/5 seconds and taking the 80 Open in 6 seconds. Walter Williams won the Closed Club event and Sam Graham grabbed off the 61 Novice.

Here's the summary:

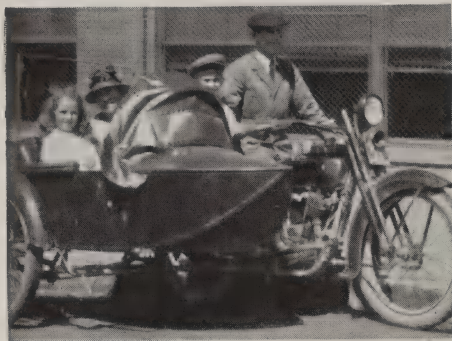
61 Cubic Inch Expert: 1st, John Grove, 4-4/5 seconds; 2nd, Williams; 3rd, Graham.

80 Cubic Inch Open: 1st, Grove, 6 seconds; 2nd, Williams; 3rd, Graham.

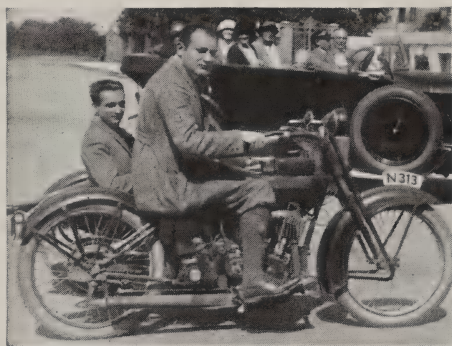
61 Cubic Inch Novice: 1st, Graham, 8-2/5 seconds; 2nd, Wallace Hutchinson, Harley-Davidson.

Closed Club Event: 1st, Williams, 8 seconds.

In the races held at Vancouver, Washington, recently, two, three and five mile events were held, and Cody Evans, of Salem, Oregon, riding a Harley-Davidson single, took first place in all three events. Cody was competing against five other entries.

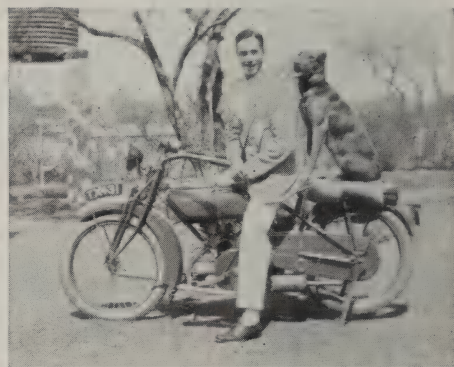


"I took this photo of the family and myself when we were at the factory last August," F. H. Dunham of Springfield, Massachusetts, tells us. "We enjoyed the best vacation this year that we've ever had. We covered 2400 miles on the round trip. It cost us \$19.12 for gas and oil, and \$8.50 for a new tire. We were pleased with our stay in Milwaukee and guess we'll have to come again this year, but will take a longer trip, if we do. We went through Canada on our trip west to the factory, but returned via Indiana, Ohio, and New York."



"I believe I am one of the pioneers in the motorcycle sport here in Czechoslovakia," writes Egon Freund of Prague, Czechoslovakia, "because I have been riding Harley-Davidsons for years. I enjoy the sport very much and am a firm believer in the Harley-Davidson." Mr. Freund, by the way, has won quite a reputation in his country as a daring and skillful amateur racer, having a number of victories to his credit.

"Yes, thanks, I am very comfortable behind you on this Harley-Davidson." says "Chip" to his master, D. Pons of Potchefstroom, Transvaal, South Africa. Just at present, "Chip's" master is touring through Europe with his Harley-Davidson, having "one grand and glorious" time. He expects to be back in South Africa very shortly though.



"You can just bet your solid rubber boots that we don't give this machine of mine a chance to lay down on the job like this very often," writes Roy Myer of Saugerties, New York. "Not us! We're out on the road hitting 'er up every chance we get. And boy! believe me, we have some good times." Roy adds that in his five years of riding, he has owned four Harley-Davidsons, and that he wouldn't ride anything but the good old Harley-Davidson. He is now the proud owner of a 1924 model.



Michigan Rider Covers 20,000 Miles With 1924 Machine

L. W. GREVE of Muskegon, Michigan, should be given a gold leather medal for the high mileage he has piled up with his 1924 JDCA Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit since he bought it August 24th of last year. Prior to that time, he had never ridden a motorcycle, but since then he has been touring the States with his brother and up to May 1st had covered close to 20,000 miles.

Greve and his brother started their touring by making their first trip to Grand Rapids, Michigan. From there, they went to Northern Michigan, where they spent a while fishing. While touring through this part of Michigan, Greve says they rode in places autos could not go. From Northern Michigan, they made the trip down through Wisconsin to Chicago. Some time was spent in Chicago, after which they went back to Central Michigan so that they could take advantage of the duck season, spending a week on White River and Silver Creek hunting.

Their next trip was to South Bend, Indiana, from there to Chicago again, then to Terre Haute, Indiana, then to St. Louis, Missouri, Kansas City, and back to St. Louis. They spent seven weeks here, and then started out on a trip through the South, going through Nashville, Tennessee, Birmingham, Alabama, Columbus, Georgia, to Florida. They spent the winter in various places in Florida and in May started on their return trip North with Niagara Falls and Canada as their destination. They camped out all the time. So far their only expense for repairs has been for grinding the valves twice, a new set of chains, and one new tire.

Why not come to Milwaukee on that vacation trip you're planning? A special guide will take you through the factory and show you just how your machine is built.

1924 marks the twenty-first successful year in the history of Harley-Davidson motorcycles.



L. W. and Ed Greve of Muskegon, Michigan, in camp at Columbus, Georgia. L. W., who is the fellow on the right, has piled up 20,000 miles with his Harley-Davidson since he purchased it last August. Learn how he did it in the story opposite.

Our Tour to Indian Reservation

(From page 5)

The tramp across the rocks gave us all a healthy appetite. The lunch and water soon disappeared and a start was made to do a little excavation on our own accord. Having only pliers and chain tools to work with the job was rather tedious, but netted us a few good specimens of old broken pottery. I mentioned that snakes now inhabited these ruins. I should have said "pink" snakes, as the one we did see and manage to catch was a beautiful shade of pink. When telling of this incident to the boys on our return to Albuquerque, we were ridiculed considerably. They wanted to know what kind of water we carried in our water jugs.

Having seen all there was to see, taken a number of pictures, and being anxious to get back to our machines, we got

(Turn to page 22)



The interesting-looking building in the background of this photo is the Indian church at San Domingo, New Mexico.



Factory Serviceman George H. Richards and Salesman John S. Balmer found Palm Beach, Florida, so interesting when they went through there recently that they stopped to look around. Here Richards, who is on the machine, is trying to open a coconut that fell from one of the coconut trees nearby.

Many Government Departments Are Using Harley-Davidsons

(From Page 11)

across the border. Her capture, it is believed, broke up one of the most elaborate liquor smuggling combines in the history of dry times in America. Four Chinese, four white men, two automobiles, 400 bottles of whiskey and 12 cases of rum was the haul that two border motorcycle patrolmen of the Immigration Bureau also made recently with the aid of their Harley-Davidsons.



You can't see much in this photo, but that little black speck way up near the top of the hill is Cody Evans, the Salem, Oregon, hillclimb wonder, making the dirt fly in his record climb in the 80 Cubic Inch event at the Portland climb.

And a Great Time Was Had at the Easton, Pa., Climb

THREE thousand spectators witnessed one of the most hotly contested climbs of the season at Easton, Pennsylvania, June 22nd. Of the 12 places, 9 went to Harley-Davidson. Ben Westfield starred in the 61 Cubic Inch Expert event, climbing up and over the top on his Harley-Davidson, in 11.49 seconds. Larry Doyle, also riding a Harley-Davidson, took second in this event, and John Grove, Harley-Davidson, third.

E. Perini was the Harley-Davidson rider who took first place in the Closed Club Event. Second place went to a rider of another make of machine, but third place was won by J. Tucci and his Harley-Davidson.

In the 80 Cubic Inch Novice, it was one-two-three for the Harley-Davidson; George Carthage, taking first place; McConnell, second, and J. Coach, third. In the 80 Cubic Inch Open event, John Grove took third place.

The climb was held under the auspices of the Triple City Motorcycle Club.

Triumphs in Many Big Events in Australia

“EVERY week brings further success to the Harley-Davidson,” write Bennet & Wood, Ltd., our Sydney, Australia, dealers. The latest Harley-Davidson victory was made at the races held recently by the Western Suburbs Motorcycle Club at Penrith, New South Wales. Harley-Davidson riders won four out of six events, and the Championship event of the day.

Tom Benstead, who has many Australian victories to his credit, not only won the Five-Miles Speedway Handicap (all powers), but also the Five-Miles Scratch Race (all powers) with his Harley-Davidson.

J. Dakin and his Harley-Davidson won the Five-Miles Sidecar Championship. H. Noad, another Harley-Davidson rider, took second place in the same event, and then romped off with first place in the Five-Miles Sidecar Handicap.

"Best Vacation We Ever Had" Say Riders About Trip

"I T was the best vacation we ever had," says Al Dandurand of Hartford, Connecticut, about the trip he and two Harley-Davidson pals, Les Fourn and Wilbur Jackson, made from Hartford, Connecticut, to Montreal and Quebec, Canada, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and New York City, last summer.

"We left home in Hartford at 8:00 in the morning and arrived in Montreal at 10:15 P. M., which we thought pretty good time, considering that our speedometers registered 393 miles," he went on to say.

"We stayed three days in Montreal, and then went on to Quebec. From there we headed for Buffalo, taking a squint at Niagara Falls while enroute. After Montreal and Quebec, Buffalo was a little too dry for us, so we went on to New York City, and then home.

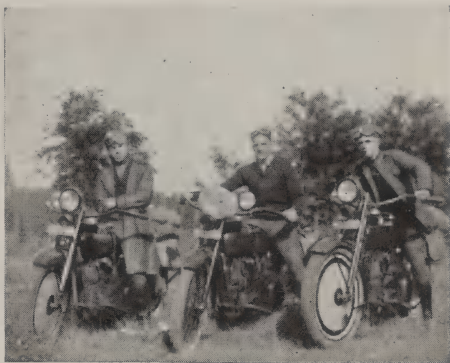
"All along the way, we had great sport passing autos on steep hills, and on the level as well, with our Harley-Davidsons. The cars had to be shifted to a lower gear, and we could pass them at the speed of fifty miles per hour if we so desired.

"Our machines gave us excellent service while on our trip. We covered 1,986 miles, and had such a good time that we are planning on making another trip this year."

Australian Dealers Report More Harley-Davidson Victories

THREE more Harley-Davidson triumphs have just been reported by Bennett & Wood, Ltd., our Sydney, Australia, dealers. In the recent 500-Mile Brisbane Motorcycle Club Reliability Trial, three Harley-Davidson riders, G. Clarke, J. Harris, and D. K. Paine, took first, second and third places in the order named.

In the big Toowoomba Motorcycle Club Carnival races three more Harley-Davidson riders came to the front, winning the three big events of the day.



Albert Dandurand, Les Fourn, and Wilbur Jackson of Hartford, Connecticut, covered 1,986 miles on their vacation trip last summer. The story opposite tells all about it.

C. Arnold and his Harley-Davidson took first place in the Five-Mile Open Sidecar event; J. May in the Two-Mile Novice Solo Handicap, and J. McIntyre in the Three-Mile Private Riders Handicap.

The 100 Miles Australian Senior Championship put on at the Easter Carnival races at Kyneton, Victoria, was also captured by Harley-Davidson, J. McGillvray piloting his machine to first place.

All Honors Go to Harley-Davidson in St. Louis Climb

YOU don't have to be from Missouri to see what Harley-Davidson did at the recent St. Louis Hillclimb. All the big plums fell in the Harley-Davidson basket when Gus Taylor knocked off the 61 and 80 Open events and J. C. Collins won the 61 Amateur. Take a look and see for yourself:

61 Cubic Inch Open: 1st, Gus Taylor, Harley-Davidson, 7-1/5 seconds; 2nd, Ted Miller, riding another make of machine; 3rd, V. C. Lane, Harley-Davidson.

80 Cubic Inch Open: 1st, Gus Taylor, 5-1/5 seconds; 2nd, Ted Miller; 3rd, V. C. Lane.

61 Cubic Inch Amateur: 1st, J. C. Collins, Harley-Davidson, 8-2/5 seconds; 2nd, V. C. Lane, Harley-Davidson.

80 Cubic Inch Amateur: 1st, Shorty Pershall, riding another make of machine; 2nd, Elmer Goetz, Harley-Davidson; 3rd, Jul. Greunder, Harley-Davidson.



How's the Road Ahead?

DON'T GUESS. Just turn on your K-B Spotlight and let a big bright stream of light shoot out over the road ahead. Strange or dark roads are easy to drive when your K-B is on the job. No matter where you're driving, a K-B Spotlight will always come in mighty handy.

It's good-looking too and makes your bus look like a regular Rolls-Royce. With a K-B lighting up the way, you'll make a big hit when you drop around and ask your girl to go for an evening spin. There's lots of satisfaction in knowing that the road ahead is clear.

HX-17 **\$4.00**

MK-1163—Special wiring
with Handlebar switch
..... **\$1.00**

At Factory

**Ask your
Harley-Davidson Dealer**

Our Tour to Indian Reservation (From page 19)

started on our return trip. Tramping for about a mile, brought us to the first rock ravine which we had to cross. Here a very interesting and valuable find was made. One of the boys, while climbing down an immense rock, discovered an Indian arrow. Making further investigations, by rolling rocks away, we unearthed a large assortment of Indian relics,—broken pottery, bows, arrows, blankets, furs, head masks, gourds, turtle shells, beads of shell and turquoise, and numerous indeterminable articles.

Here for the first time we discovered that we were being watched by Indians. They appeared to pop up from rocks all around us, but made no attempt to molest us. Not knowing what might be in store for us, and being unarmed, we decided on a hasty retreat. Wrapping as much of our find as we could carry, in our coats and coveralls, we managed to get back safely to our machines. One Indian, more daring than the rest, caught up with us just as we were close to the machines. Several of us sidetracked him and held his attention, while two of the boys stored our precious find in the side-cars.

Our even more hazardous descent to the valley was begun, with as much speed as possible. Being anxious to get out of this uncertain country, no stops were made until we were many miles away.

It was still early in the afternoon, and being hungry, we continued on to Domingo, a small trading post on the Santa Fe Trail. Here we had our dinner and a refill of gasoline for our machines. At this point, we met two other motorcyclists from Albuquerque who were out looking for us. Together with them we followed the river trail which took us to the Indian village of San Domingo. Being close to the tourist route these Indians appear to be more civilized. At least, the value of money is known to them. For the sum of twenty-five cents each, they would allow their pictures to be taken. A number of good pictures

were secured. Considering this enough for one day, we took a direct route back to Albuquerque, reaching there about 9 o'clock.

Judging from the enthusiasm with which the reports of our adventurous trip was received, it is safe to say that all members of the club will turn out in full force on Sunday trips hereafter.

At my suggestion, the collection of Indian relics found will remain intact, and will compose a nucleus toward a club museum being formed.

Harley-Davidson Riders Win All Events in Novel Race Meet

SOMETHING new in the way of race-meets was staged at Toledo, Ohio, recently. The races were open to private owners only and created considerable interest locally. Harley-Davidson riders won all four events held.

In the 5-Mile Open event, Jess Fifer of Toledo and his Harley-Davidson "brought home the bacon" in 4.37-4/5 minutes, with Harold LaFleur, Toledo, riding another make of machine, getting second.

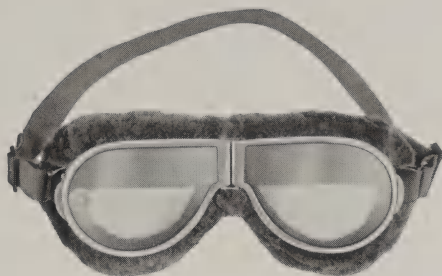
In the Miss-and-Out race, A. J. Lewis piloted his Harley-Davidson around the track, covering nine miles in 7.39-3/5 minutes. Alex McDonnell and Harry LaFleur, on other makes of machines, took second and third places.

The next event, the 5-Mile Consolation event was taken by Ray Yohey and his Harley-Davidson in 5.47 minutes.

The final event covered 15 miles, with the race the first ten miles any man's race, and was won by Lewis and his Harley-Davidson, in 13.44-2/5 minutes. Fifer, who won the 5-Mile Open, took third place.

Drop in and say "Hello" to the Harley-Davidson dealer in the towns you visit on your vacation tour.

Let us know what you think of the Enthusiast.



Play Safe!

WHY TAKE A CHANCE? You only have one pair of eyes and you want to take care of them. Wear the genuine Resistal Goggles and you'll be safe. Resistal Goggles are mighty comfortable and easy on the eyes. There is a binding of soft chenille around the edges of the shatterproof lenses. The adjustable headband and leather covered bridge are some of the big comfort features of these goggles.

DG Model **\$6.00**

NAK " **5.00**

WYD " **3.50**

Jumbo " **3.00**

Staff " **2.50**

At Factory

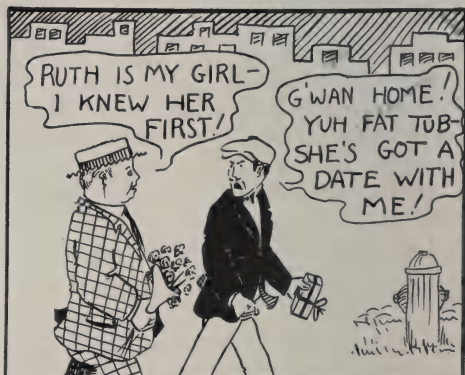


**"Try on a Pair at
Your Dealers"**

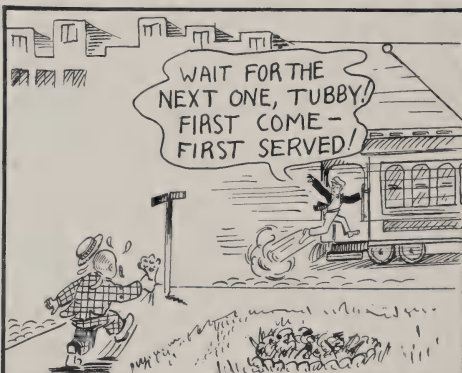
LOVE~A FAST GAME! BUT A HARLEY-DAVIDSON FILLS THE BILL



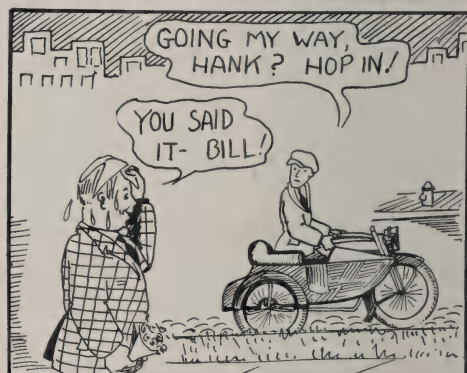
TWO SHIEKS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT-
AS YET FAIR RUTH HAS PROMISED NAUGHT!!



THEY BOTH DECIDE TO CALL ONE DAY;
AND VOICE THEIR THOUGHTS UPON THE WAY.



JIM BRINGS HIS LONG LEGS INTO PLAY-
BUT HENRY ISN'T BUILT THAT WAY!!



A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED-
BUT A GREATER FRIEND IS HIS TRUSTY STEED!!



HANK BEATS THE CAR THERE BY A MILE-
AND JIM IS LEFT WITHOUT A SMILE!!



OUR HERO'S HEAD IS NOT ALL BONE -
FOR LO.' BEHOLD! HE DRIVES HIS OWN!

332.00
H A P E

The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast



September, 1924

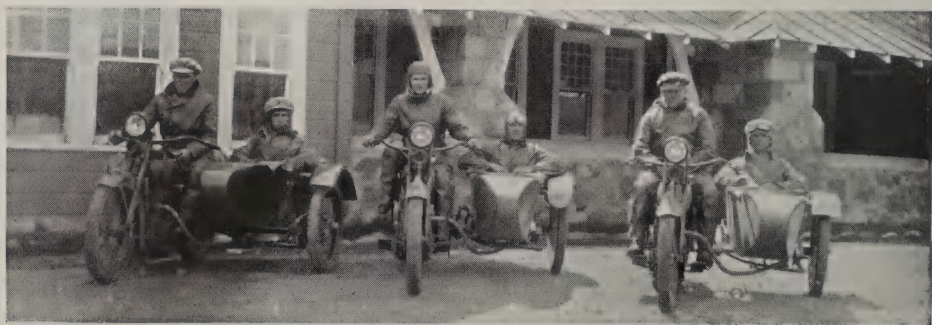
Everybody Happy? We'll Say So!



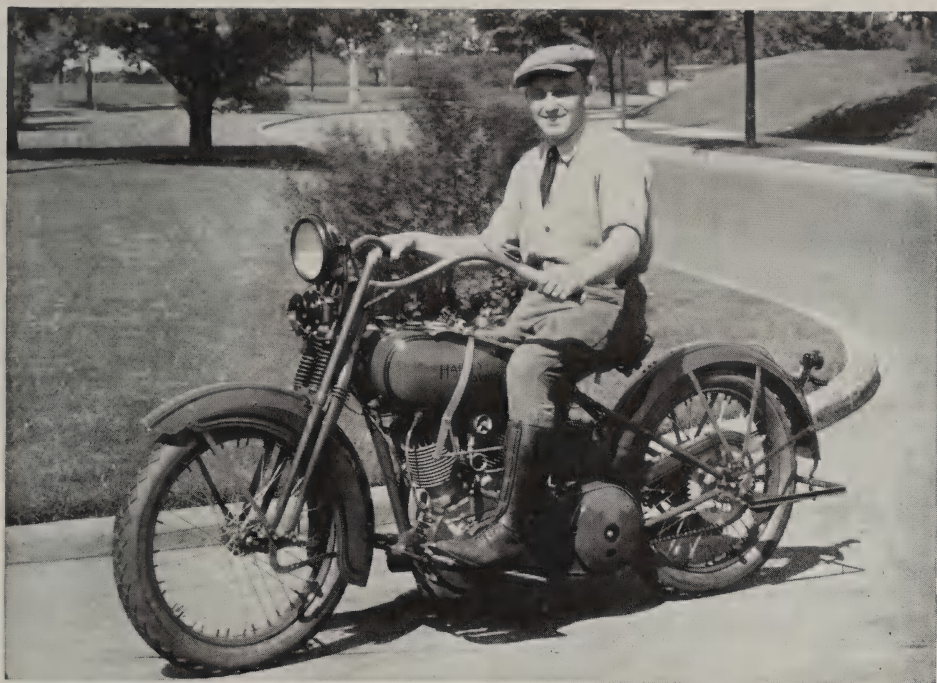
A happy bunch of ten who recently made a tour of 600 miles from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, with three double-passenger sidecar outfits. Here they are 150 miles from home, camping at an old sawmill on the way to Shawano Lake.



"You bet we're happy," says this bunch of Stroudsburg Motorcycle Club members from East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. "We always are when we're out on a run." This photo was taken at Bushkill, Pennsylvania, while enroute to Port Jefferson, New York.



Three merry riders from Melbourne, New South Wales, Australia, enjoying a little trip up into the mountains. Here they're 7,000 feet above sea level in front of the famous Hotel Kosciusko. From left to right: E. Engbrigtsen, A. Hauser, and W. Shepherd.



Ain't you fellows jealous of your Uncle Frank—sitting on this brand new 1925 model—with the trimmin's and everything? Never mind, though. Wait until you get astride one of these new babies. Boy! you'll get the thrill of a lifetime.

All the Dope on the 1925 Model, And Then Some

By Frank

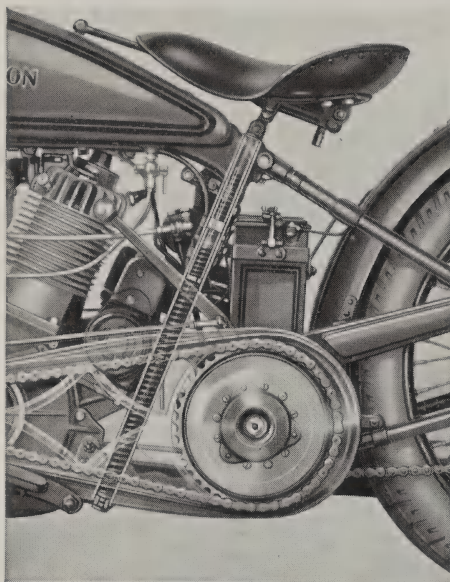
FELLOWS! I'm gettin' highbrow. Pretty soon I'll start wearing celluloid collars an' everything. How come? Well, the Advertising Manager found out that I was one of the boys (how I hold my age) who rode one of the first 1925 models and he said I should spill the beans to you fellows through the Enthusiast. Now writin' Frank's Mail Bag stuff is like fried chicken to me but when it comes to the newspaper stuff, I get stage fright.

The only thing that sold me on this idea was the fact that you fellows had to be told about the new 1925 job by some one who had been working with it—watching it grow. Yes, sir, just like a child—watching it develop. First from blue prints to crude stock, then to the experimental department and from there

it blossoms out into a new born joy wagon. After it gets kicked, cussed, abused and petted like a dog by the heartless testers, it must either die in the making or else be a sticker and turn out finally a real he-man motorcycle.

I just wish I could tell you of all the things that happen to a new model before it is even considered worth its salt by the Management. I guess, however, I'd better tell you something about the machine and stop writin' poetry.

Well, when I was told to take out the first 1925 model and give her battle and report how I thought you fellows would like her, I couldn't have been made any happier if I was presented with the factory. I was as happy as an Alabama pickaninny with a big, red, ripe, juicy watermelon.



Stand back! Boys, just put your optics on this cushion seat post design and construction. Now you can ride without warping your old backbone. Look at that long main cushion spring. The two buffer springs at the top mean something, too.

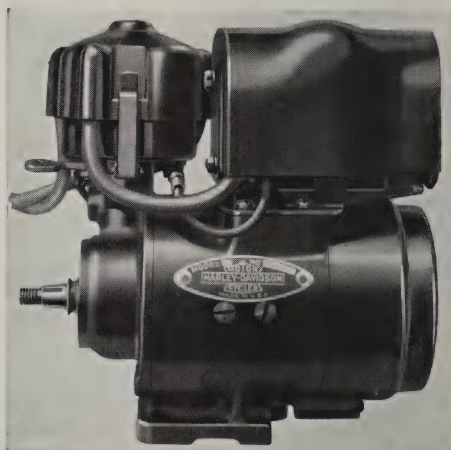
Ridin' motorcycles is what I am most fond of, and I'm here to tell the world that I sure did ride that 1925 baby and nothin' else but.

Before I set out to ride the new job, I looked her over carefully and studied every new feature. I couldn't help but smile and think what you fellows would say when you first set your lamps on her. Boy's there's not an unnecessary change on the whole machine; every improvement was made for a real purpose. If anybody asked me last season what could be done to improve the Harley-Davidson, I could have thought of but two or three things, but when the engineers turned out the new 1925 model with about 30 improvements on it, I just figured that brains are a wonderful thing when used properly. Boys, I am beginning to see that engineers are necessary in this world.

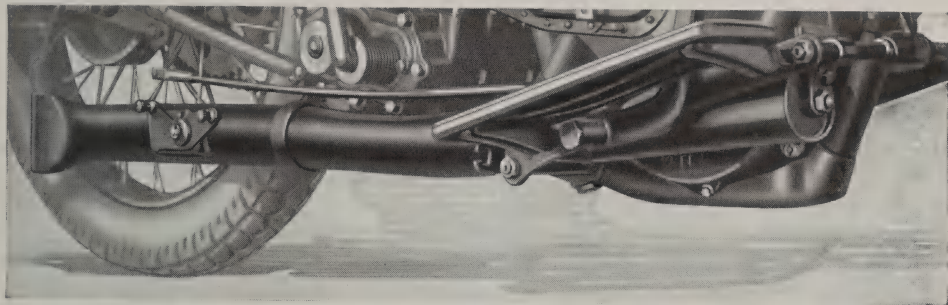
I pushed the whiz bang off the stand and straddled it, and just imagined that I was tearing out through the open country. Oh, boy, it sure did feel good to put both my dogs (what racing boys call

feet) flat on the ground and set back in a comfortably shaped saddle, and hold onto a pair of handlebars that were built for real comfort and control. But the time when I lost all consciousness (get that word, steno) was when I started the motor, pushed in the clutch and showed a wicked tail light to the City of Milwaukee. The new tank holds four gallons, three pints of gas and a gallon and one pint of oil, so I had nothing to worry about as far as fuel was concerned, and I just kept on ridin' and ridin'. I know where there are some good and bad roads in Wisconsin, so I gave the old girl a chance on both; in fact, I got into some pretty tough going, but she handled so well that I just craved more of that kind of stuff. Control, balance, you said it! I never have ridden anything that handles like the new job. In fact, I pulled into turns much faster than I would have done otherwise, because I just figured that the new low center gravity of the new job and its roadability would get me around in good shape and boys, it sure did.

I covered about a hundred and fifty miles and was just gettin' set for a lot more when I happened to think I hadn't had any feed and that I'd better get near



Every picture a story, yes, sir. This one shows the generator, the heart of the Harley-Davidson Single Unit Electrical System. A healthy, clean lookin' job, I'd say. The new metal coil cover shows up good in this picture.



Do you see what I see in this picture? A real he-man long, tubular muffler. Look at it, boys, and grin. See the muffler cut-out. It works slick. This view shows the road clearance of the machine, too. Huncadory, I'll say.

a filling station (restaurant). The result was that I drove all the way back to Milwaukee and forgot about my nose bag. Boys, really, I hated to stop ridin' long enough to eat.

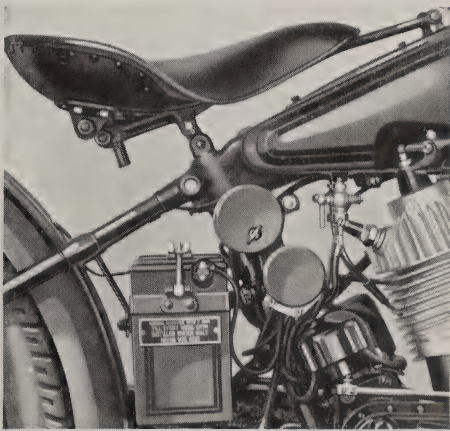
Now, fellows, it takes a whole lot to get an old bird all riled up and enthusiastic over somethin' he has been playin' with for about twenty years, but that's just what happened to Uncle Frank in this case. I've been ridin' motorcycles for over twenty years, and it has been a long time since I got het up over new ideas. When I reported my first ride and experiences, they thought I acted like a kid with a new toy, or a brand new motorcycle rider who just has his first thrill of motorcycling. I reckon I did talk kinda loose and reckless, but just you wait until you straddle one of those he-man babies and you, too, will want to shoot the whole works. Yes, sir, there's a real thrill awaiting you.

I wasn't satisfied with just ridin' solo, so I hooked on a sidecar to a 74" and took it out (of course I had company). The first thing I noticed with the job hooked up as a sidecar combination, was that it was more stable, that is, it seemed much easier to control because the side pull on the handlebars was eliminated. The motorcycle acted just as if it was ridin' solo and was so easy to get along with that I gave my sidecar passenger a real thrilling ride, forgetting that I had a sidecar hooked on the machine. Boys,

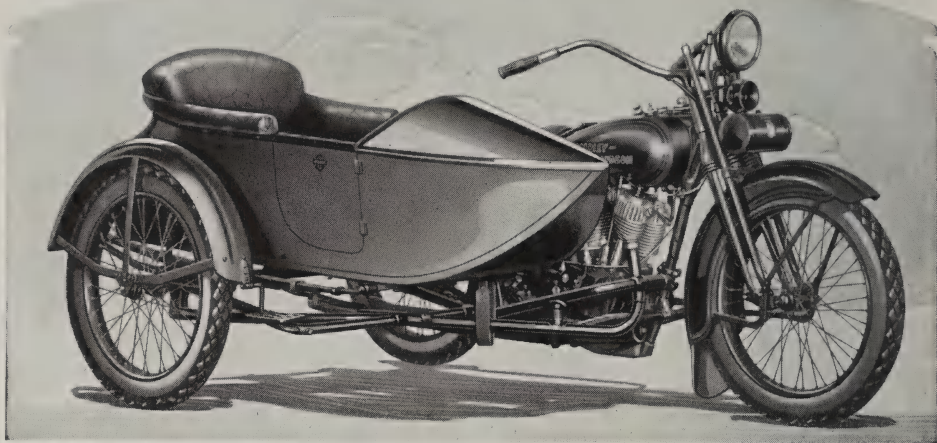
she's a wow! (I mean the new machine, not my passenger.) My sidecar passenger says, "Frank, the new job is a lolla-poloosa."

I think that you fellows might be interested in knowing just what I saw when I looked over the 1925 job thoroughly—that is, all the little details just as they appeared to me.

Of course, the first thing I noticed, was a new frame that made for a lower riding position. This means that you short wheel base fellows can now put your feet flat on the ground. The new frame



Lookit, lookit! The battery box is lowered, makin' it easy to fill the battery cells with distilled water. The box is now nearly vertical which is, of course, better for the battery. Boys, just lamp that seat and seat bar construction. A real drop forging. Notice how the seat can be raised or lowered? Spiffy stuff, eh? Of course, you see that metal coil cover.



Say, fellows, don't this picture give you itching palms? Just picture the wife or sweetie in that sidecar, with you on the seat. Imagination—say, Frank, just can't make his thoughts behave. You see, I've got the best of you fellows so far 'cause I've already ridden the new combination. Show this picture to the lady and I'll bet you'll ride a new 1925, pride of all outdoors.

construction also gives the same engine clearance as the old style frame. Hot dog! Scrumptious pickin'!

Next, the frame itself is much stronger and better in every way than the earlier models. It has a heavy drop forged head and is designed generally to give a very low center of gravity, which means easier ridin' and better balance and control over the whole job.

The lower frame truss is of heavy crucible steel and ties up the motor and transmission in such a way that the drive chain can't get out of alignment. The front frame tube has two special outside reinforcements besides the regular inside reinforcements. Zowie! Sweet Stuff!

Then there are the new tires. Now they are big 27x3½ inch. The 1925 Harley-Davidson is designed exactly for these tires and they give you lots of clearance, low riding position and perfect control over your machine. There is no bouncing around all over the road at high speed. You solo riders especially are going to bear me out. These new, big 27x3½ inch tires are the last word on all this tire talk. I almost forget to tell you the valve stems are car size. Now you can take the air anywhere.

Next was the improved cushion seat post with longer cushion spring, a shock absorber spring and a buffer spring to take up any severe action. I like the way this assembly is put together because it is so easily adjustable to any rider's weight. Both the fat and lean boys will like this job. An Alemite fitting means perfect lubrication of the cushion seat post. Yes, sir, nothing else but.

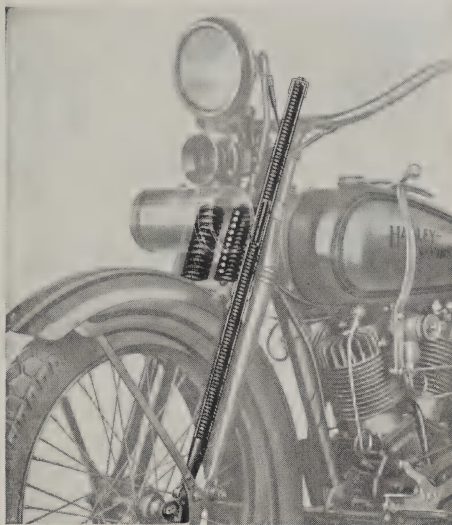
The next thing that came to my attention was that long speedster type, one piece tubular muffler. It's more efficient, quiet and is fitted with a positively operated cutout. Has a fine tone. Hot diggity dog!

The large bullet type tanks makes the job look like she was all stream line and rarin' to go. Lookin' at the new job from most any angle gives you a feeling that makes you want to get on and give 'er the gun. The new tanks hold over four gallons of gas and over a gallon of oil. They give plenty of knee room and are not top heavy. The filler caps are up front and the gear shifting bracket and lever is also up front, being out of the way of your left knee, and makes it easier to shift the gears. Good stuff, fellows!

The new type bucket saddle is adjustable to six positive riding positions. The bucket part is form fitting and the saddle is mounted on a seat bar that is fully 4" longer than the old style bar. This gives much greater leverage and smoother action when taking the rough stuff. Alemite lubricated. Comfortable? You guessed it the first time.

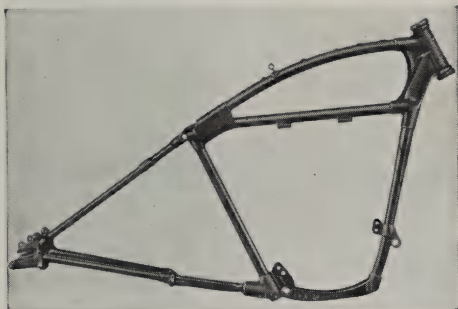
And say, those handlebars! You're boss of the machine with the new bars and you ride all day and don't get that old time wrist fatigue. They're mighty classy looking, too!

The transmission gear box has been reinforced on the drive side and a longer roller bearing is now used on the main gear. The transmission main shaft bronze



Did you ever see anything keener than this cushion fork construction? This phantom picture shows up the forks in great style. You can also see the left side adjustable head lamp bracket. Nifty, eh what?

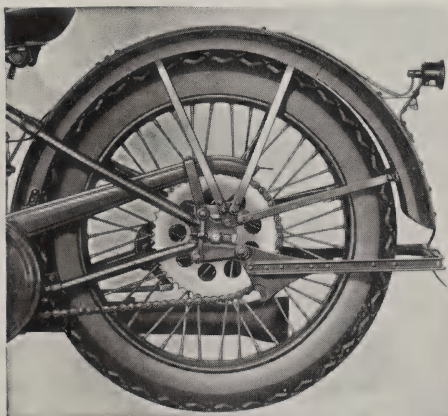
did not try to get away from me. A close inspection showed that the transmission had been dropped about 3" and the center of gravity, of course, went down and that's what made for the better balance and easier starting. The new transmission location will make motor



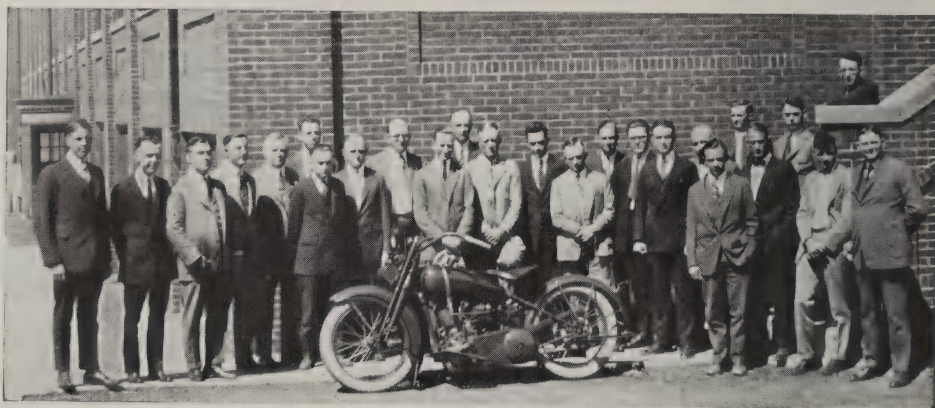
Look who's here! The backbone of the new 1925 Harley-Davidson pleasure craft. Study the design and construction carefully and long. Can you improve upon it? Now you can see where that low seat position and low center of gravity come from. Look at that drop forged head. See how the crucible steel truss ties up the motor with the drop forged transmission bracket. Just lamp the steel seat post cluster. Don't overlook the front frame tube external reinforcements. What's that on the lower frame bar? Why, they are real cylinder supports welded to the frame bar. Sweet daddy!

bearing has been lengthened, making a bigger and better bearing at this point. Oh, yes, the main transmission roller bearing is Alemite lubricated. And what's more, an oil drain plug has been fitted to the gear box so you fellows can change oil and flush the box without having to tear up the machine.

Whoa! Back! When I first started the motor, I knew something had been done to the starter, because I had perfect control and balance and the machine



Yes Sir, here's a broadside view of the rear wheel. Notice the 27x3 1/2" tire and clearance it has in the mudguard for use of tire chains. You will also observe that the mudguard has been lengthened. That's good. See how the stand has been shortened to help set the machine up. The rear chain guard has been raised, too. Ain't nature grand?



Here's the way the Sales and Advertising departments are backing up the new model. The photo was taken on the occasion of the Annual Sales Conference the second week in August. Left to right: Warde Johnson, Charles C. Wilcox, Verne Guthrie, T. A. Miller, William Davidson, W. M. Higgins, Ed Sommers, Walter Davidson, F. G. Coolidge, D. E. Stephens, C. W. Cartwright, Jr., William S. Harley, J. A. Keenan, Arthur Davidson, F. B. Hurst, F. V. Jelinske, L. H. Unbehau, I. W. Schroeder, J. Payne, Harold Hirthe, F. T. Egloff, J. S. Balmer, R. L. Wilton, L. H. MacDonald, and W. E. Kleimenhagen.

starting a simple matter for you short guys.

It's pretty hard for me to say which of the improvements are most important, but I'll get them all out in time and you fellows can help me settle this question.

There are more Alemite oiler fittings which mean more carefree miles and an easy method of lubrication without getting all smeared with grease. The seat post is Alemite lubricated. The saddle bar has an Alemite fitting. The left side transmission main bearing is now Alemite lubricated. The foot brake pedal has an Alemite fitting. Sixteen in all on the motorcycle, and eight in the sidecar. You count 'em!

There are motor improvements that mean something. The left crank case has been made stronger and the left side roller bearings have been enlarged. Light Iron Alloy pistons, such as are used in DCB motors, are now being used in both the 61" and 74" 1925 motors. The balance of the motor is perfect and its performance is certainly wonderful. It has the pep and power. Let's go!

The headlight brackets are now adjustable, meaning that you can focus the light and set it to meet with the requirements of the law and you know it will "stay put".

The fork springs have been changed

to make the machine easier riding.

The tool box on the electrically equipped models is supported on the cushion forks and is a real handy affair. The box is easy to get at being of tubular shape, can be packed without any trouble, so that the tools will not rattle and do a skeleton dance.

The rear mudguard is longer and has more clearance over the tire. This means that no splash will come up from the rear wheel, besides, the longer guard improves the appearance of the machine a whole lot.

The new tail lamp and mounting complies with requirements of the law in all States.

The metal coil cover means that you'll have better protection for your ignition system in all kinds of weather. Ring the bell again!

The rear stand is shorter and more rugged. This shorter stand means that the machine will be easier to set up after you are through riding, if you are a solo hound. Another thing that has been done to help the little fellow! The rear chain guard has been raised and made more substantial and the slapping or rattling of the rear chain is now eliminated.

Upon opening the tool box, I found

(Turn to page 17)

Wins National Championship and Breaks Two Records at Rally

WHAM! They sure did things up brown in the races at the National Rally at Toledo, Ohio, held July 26th. The Harley-Davidson boys uncorked a powerful brand of "soup" that put them across the line to a sizzling finish.

Jim Davis, the Buckeye Comet, streaked around the one-mile dirt track at record-breaking speed. Not content with winning the 10-Mile Solo race in record-breaking time, Davis picked off the big prize event of the rally when he shattered the record in the 25-Mile National Solo Championship. Davis was closely followed by Ralph Hepburn, the Frisco Flash, and Eddie Brinck, both riding their Harley-Davidson speed-boats. In the 25-Mile event, although greatly outnumbered at the start, the only three motorcycles to finish were Harley-Davidsons. It sure was one big day for the Harley-Davidson rally boosters. Here's the way things stacked up when all was over:



Congratulations were in order when Laeser, riding a Harley-Davidson, finished first in the recent Swiss Grand Prix, one of the biggest events of the year in Switzerland. Borselti was his sidecar passenger.

10-Mile 30:50 Solo event: 1st, Jim Davis, Harley-Davidson, 7 minutes, 45-4/5 seconds, (a new M. & A. T. A. record); 2nd, Johnny Seymour; 3rd, Ralph Hepburn, Harley-Davidson.

25-Mile 30-50 National Solo Championship: 1st, Jim Davis, Harley-Davidson, 20 minutes, 10 seconds, (a new M. & A. T. A. record); 2nd, Ralph Hepburn, Harley-Davidson; 3rd, Eddie Brinck, Harley-Davidson.

The former 10-Mile, 30:50 record made by Johnny Seymour at Grand Rapids, Michigan, last year was 8 minutes, 15-3/5 seconds, almost half a minute slower than Davis's time at Toledo. The former 25-Mile 30:50 record was made by Davis at Milwaukee last year, and his new time is 25 seconds faster than the old mark.

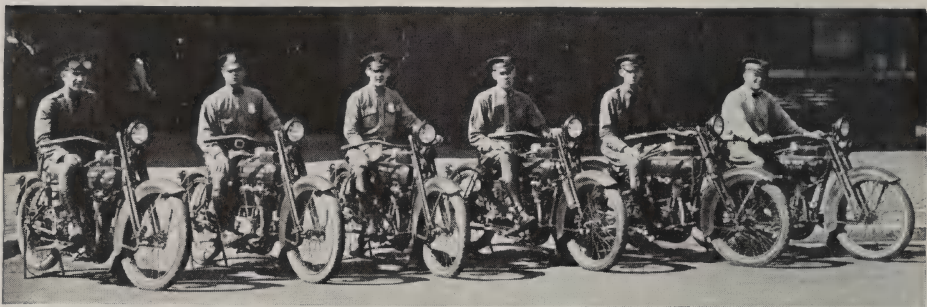
Larry Doyle Shines at Shamokin!

Steering his Harley-Davidson speed-plane over the bumps down in Shamokin, Pennsylvania, August 3rd, Larry Doyle picked off the 61 and 80 Cubic Inch events in easy fashion. He was followed by J. Snikosky, also on a Harley-Davidson, who grabbed the second honors in both events. T. C. Eckert made it a clean sweep for Harley-Davidson when he won first place in the novice event.

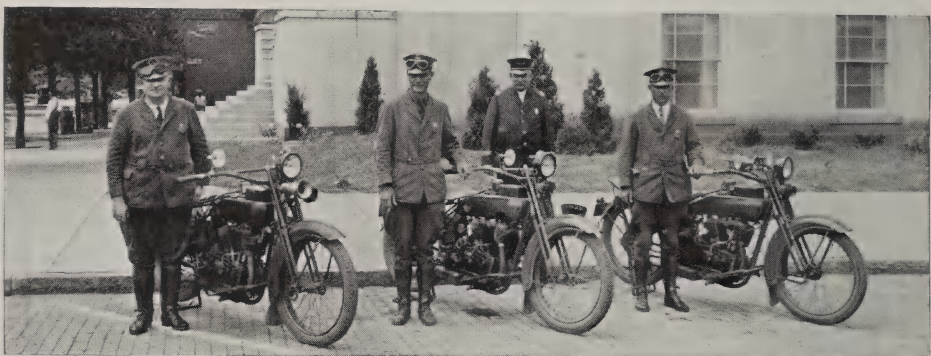


Art Bartold of Rochester, New York, did some whirlwind work with his Harley-Davidson when he climbed off with first place in the 80 Cubic Inch Open event in the recent Syracuse hill climb.

Speed Regulation's Their Job



Let anybody try speeding in St. Joseph, Missouri, and one of these six motorcycle police is promptly on his trail. "We use Harley-Davidsons exclusively," says H. A. Ruesch, Secretary of the Board of Police Commissioners, "because we have found from experience that they give the satisfaction expected of them."



Here are the three motorcycle officers who make life miserable for speedsters in and around La Grange, Georgia. From left to right, they are: Officers J. G. Davis and H. T. Rosmond, Lieutenant W. P. Hicks, and Officer G. C. Cole. They use Harley-Davidsons exclusively.



Meet San Francisco's "Flying Squadron" of motorcycle police. They represent the latest and most successful move in the co-operative public safety campaign that is being waged in that city by the Police Department and press to enforce the traffic laws.

Davis, Hepburn and Brinck Clean Up Championships at Milwaukee

WHIZZING around the One-Mile oval to the tune of two National Championships, the Wisconsin State Title and 14 out of 18 places, the Harley-Davidson boys sure cleaned up in the old home town.

With Jim Davis, the Columbus Cyclone starting the fireworks by copping the 15-Mile 30-50 National Solo Championship and the 10-Mile 30-50 Open event, the Harley-Davidson speedsters went down the line and pulled in all the big races. After Davis came Eddie Brinck's turn and he came through with the 10-Mile State Title in a brilliant dash. To put the finishing touches to a big day, Ralph Hepburn, the Los Angeles speedster, took the gruelling 25-Mile National Sidecar Championship in a brainy race. "Hep" was the only rider to stick in the race continuously and he won easily by several laps. All in all it was a perfect exhibition of the speed, dependability and consistency of the Harley-Davidson and the sparkling riding of that dazzling trio, Davis, Hepburn, and Brinck.

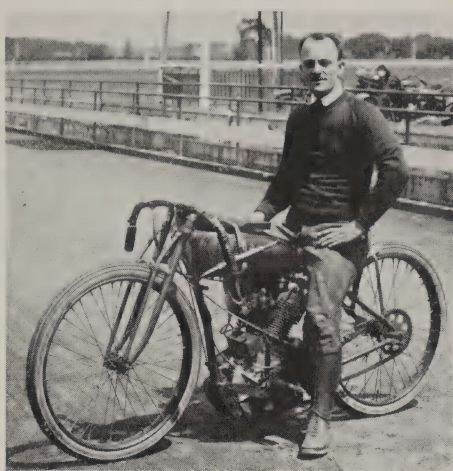
Here's the summary:

15-Mile 30-50 National Solo Championship: 1st, Jim Davis, Harley-Davidson, 12:15-2/5 seconds; 2nd, Ralph Hepburn, Harley-Davidson; 3rd, "Red" Parkhurst, Harley-Davidson.

10-Mile 30-50 Solo Event: 1st, Jim Davis, Harley-Davidson, 8:03-2/5 seconds; 2nd, Eddie Brinck, Harley-Davidson; 3rd, "Red" Parkhurst, Harley-Davidson.

10-Mile 30-50 Solo State Championship: 1st, Eddie Brinck, Harley-Davidson, 8:43 seconds; 2nd, Ralph Hepburn, Harley-Davidson; 3rd, "Red" Parkhurst, Harley-Davidson.

25-Mile National Sidecar Championship: 1st, Ralph Hepburn, Harley-Davidson, 22:10-4/5 seconds.



Meet Eddie Brinck, Dayton, Ohio's race tornado, who came to Milwaukee for the races and rode off with the 10-Mile 30-50 Solo State Championship.

Peoria Celebrates First Climb with Harley-Davidson Winning

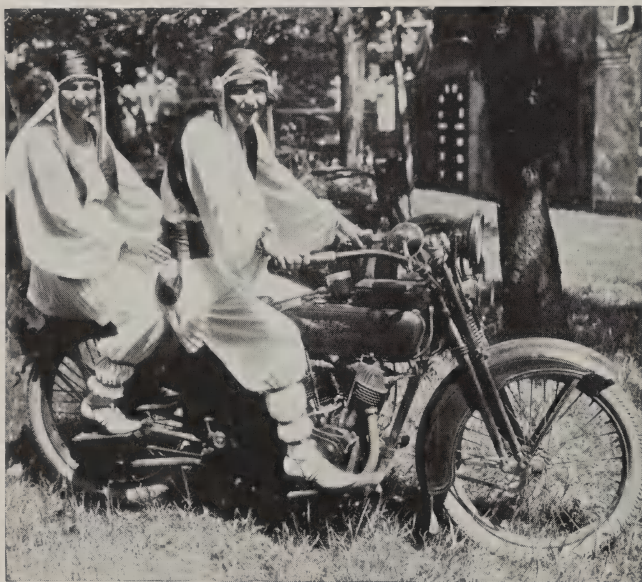
THE Peoria Motorcycle Club of Peoria, Illinois, held its first hill-climb on Sunday, July 13th. About 1500 people attended and saw the Harley-Davidson motorcycles take every place. Owing to a recent rain the hill was very slippery and practically impossible to scale. Out of the four makes of motorcycles entered the Harley-Davidsons were the only ones to place in any of the events.

In the 61 Cubic Inch event, first place was grabbed by Carl Beck and his Harley-Davidson, with Ray Beck and Walt Lonicker, also mounted on Milwaukee-made machines, taking second and third places respectively.

First place in the Free-for-all event was copped by Eddie Voss and his Harley-Davidson. Ray Beck followed, taking second place and Carl Beck, third.

"I made the trip from Niagara Falls, New York, to Kalamazoo, Michigan, a distance of about 450 to 500 miles, in twenty-four hours, and on eleven gallons of gas and one and one-half gallons of oil," writes Sherman Weeks of Kalamazoo.

Harley-Davidson's a Win



Two prominent society women of the East, who put their stamp of approval on the Harley-Davidson when they chose it to attend the Arabian Nights Fete that was held for the benefit of the Bayshore Hospital at Bay Shore, Long Island, New York, recently.



There's no doubt about it that at that "Million Dollar" smile on her face, she was giving the new model a stamp of approval, giving the new model a stamp of approval.



Wherever the maximum in speed, durability, efficiency, and economy are called for, the Harley-Davidson is chosen.

ner, at Home and Abroad!



the 1925 machine's a winner. Look
"lap" Jameson of the Service Depart-
out. Also, that pleased expression



Here are two winners. Walter Thormeier, winner of the Champion-
ship sidecar races held at Berlin, Germany, recently, and the Harley-
Davidson he did it with. Second place was also taken by a Harley-
Davidson rider.



That is why this fine-looking Motorcycle Squad of Mexico City, Mexico, is mounted on Harley-Davidsons.

Frank's Mail Bag

"Is there anything you want to know about your Harley-Davidson? Tell me what it is and I'll try to help you out. I'll answer all questions with a letter. Questions that are of general interest to our other Enthusiast readers will be printed on this page of mine. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."

—Frank.



The Oxygen Flame for Carbon Removal

I have gotten a lot of good from your mail bag, Frank, and I have a personal question I wish you would answer.

Can I have the carbon removed from my 1924JDCA motor by the oxygen flame process? Will this process damage my motor in anyway? I want to be sure before I have it done.—J. B.

Well, J. B., old dear, you done the right thing by asking me first, before you tried out the oxygen carbon removing process. It won't work on motorcycle motors without overheating the pistons, cylinder heads or valves. On a water-cooled car motor it can be done, but the operator must know his stuff. Lots of car motors, too, suffer from this job.

The heat of the flame produced by oxygen and hydrogen in a cylinder is intense and localized. The pistons are more often distorted or warped and the valves, unless heated perfectly, will warp because of this intense heat.

Boys, stick to carbon scraping and your motor will give you longer and better service.

A Tip on Drive Chains

There's a noise in my chains that I can't locate. It's sort of a grinding noise like something was running dry. You bet I lubricate my chain with Harley-Davidson chain lubricant. Now, Frank, how come?

—F. O'D.

That's the idea, if any of you fellows forget your age or wedding anniversary, just write Uncle Frank and he will straighten you out. Yes, sir, I'm a regular Santa Claus. F. O'D., you win the

cast iron shoe strings.

Of course, you know badly worn chains and sprockets will cause a grinding noise. Chains with broken rollers will also be noisy. A chain that has been running in one direction for a while, then reversed on the sprockets will be noisy. Try and replace your chains to travel on the sprockets in the same direction. Chains that are too tight will be noisy. Allow about one-half inch up and down free motion of the chain between the center of the sprockets. A new chain and a worn engine sprocket will be noisy, or vice versa.

You must try and set the rear wheel so the sprocket and chain will be in alignment. Use a string or some kind of gauge to check the job. Measuring the wheel rim from either side of the frame will not help any. I sight down the sprocket and chain to get my job aligned.

Now here's something you must get. The speedometer bevel gears, if dry, will cause a noise just like tight or worn chains. Don't let the speedometer fibre gear mesh too tightly with the big drive gear. I'll bet you never thought of the speedometer as a possible noise maker.

To Fit 1924 Muffler on 1923 Machine

Frank, I've got a 1923 model machine and I need a new muffler. Now, can I put a 1924 muffler on my machine?—I. W. S.

Steno, let's tell I. W. S. he sure can fit a 1924 muffler to a 1923 model machine; in fact, the 1924 muffler can now be obtained with brackets to fit all twin cylinder models back to 1915. Hot ziggety damn!

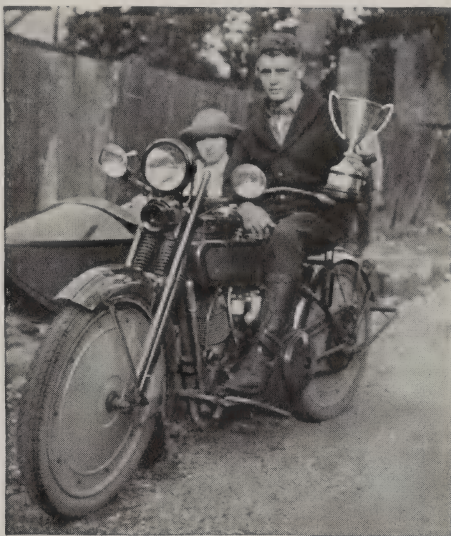
Win 11 Out of 15 Places in Run at Wheeling, West Virginia

When the dawn streaked the east and lit up Wheeling, West Virginia, recently, fifteen riders were just finishing the all night, 331-mile endurance run. And of these fifteen finishers, eleven men, including all the winners were Harley-Davidson riders. In the solo class, Frank Mowery and Oscar Hymes both finished first with a perfect score of 1000 points. Mowery was given the Harley-Davidson trophy cup as preference because of his earlier start. Wilbur Stiles, also on a Harley-Davidson, finished third with 999 points. In the sidecar class, Clarence Boring led the field with a perfect 1000. He won the cup offered in that event, leading his nearest Harley-Davidson team-mates, Ray Lazear and Arthur Drummond, who came in second and third respectively.

Alfred Norkett of Vashon, Washington, stopped at the factory in June on his way to England. He was making the trip across country with his 74" 1924 model Harley-Davidson. Upon his return from England, Ireland, and Scotland, in October, he intends to Harley-Davidson over the Southern route from Florida back to the Pacific Coast.



We don't know what makes Frank Mowery, who finished first in the solo class in the Wheeling run, look so solemn unless it's because he feels that this posing all alone in front of the camera isn't much fun, especially with a group of interested spectators taking it all in.



Clarence Boring and Miss Dorothy Green, his sidecar passenger, were the proud winners of the sidecar class in the recent Wheeling, West Virginia, endurance run. They led the field with a perfect 1000.

David, Russian Rider, Wins More Victories for Harley-Davidson

Paul David, who has been winning many events for the Harley-Davidson in Russia this last year, recently won another noteworthy victory when he won both the solo and sidecar classes in the 1-kilometer speed contest that was held near Moscow. His time for the solo event was 35 seconds, and for the sidecar 37.9 seconds, record times for these distances in Russia.

David made still another winning when he finished first in the 235-Kilometer endurance run held in the Republic of Ukraina near Kharkoff, June 8th. David completed the course in 5 hours, 35 minutes and 50 seconds without any trouble or damage to his Harley-Davidson. The next best time was 6 hours and 20 minutes. The course chosen was a mixture of everything,—prairie, sand, village roads, mud, pathways, and cornfields.

A cablegram received from Fredrich Vise, our dealer in Germany, July 18th, informs us that Harley-Davidson riders won first prize in the big German Eifel race July 17th.



This interesting race scene shows the start of the championship sidecar races held at Berlin, Germany, recently. The winner, Walter Thormeier, riding a Harley-Davidson, covered the 68.8 kilometer distance (41.7 miles) in 45 minutes and 21 seconds.

'Twas a Big Day in Baltimore for the Harley-Davidson

SCALING up the big bump down in Oyster town, Maryland, the Harley-Davidson mountain-climbing crew carved off all the choice slices of wins and left nothing but the wish-bone. The first course served was duck soup to the Harley-Davidson hill-jumpers. They finished 1, 2, 3 in the 80 Closed Club event with Arthur Lotz of Baltimore making the fastest time.

Next on the menu was the 61 Cubic Inch Open. Ben Westerfield, famous Harley-Davidson star, took the biggest helping when he easily won this event in 10



"Here's a photo showing my son, J. H., Jr., and myself taken on one of our fishing trips," writes J. H. Rodgers, Sr. of Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, and adds: "I sure have great sport with my Harley-Davidsons. I am the proud owner of two, a 61" and a 74"."

seconds flat. The last course was pie for Frank Kotmaier, who gobbled up the 80 Cubic Inch Open event with his hill-hopping Harley-Davidson. He showed "Red" Wolverton just how to do the trick.

All in all it was a grand banquet for the Harley-Davidson hill-eaters and they smacked their lips at the end of a perfect day. Summary:

80 Cubic Inch Closed Club: 1st, Arthur Lotz, 11-3/5 seconds; 2nd, Ben Westerfield; 3rd, Thanner, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

61 Cubic Inch Open: 1st, Ben Westerfield, 10 seconds; 2nd, Witzel, on another make of machine; 3rd, Thanner.

80 Cubic Inch Open: 1st, Frank Kotmaier, Harley-Davidson, 9-2/5 seconds; 2nd, "Red" Wolverton, 9-4/5 seconds, riding another make of machine.

Hepburn Wins Everything at Crown Point, Indiana

Ralph Hepburn, the sunkist sheik, took the crown away from Crown Point, Indiana, August 3rd, when he flew around the Hoosier oval, winning every race on the program. "Hep" fell into a bunch of sweet clover when he trotted out his trusty Harley-Davidson and romped away with the shekels. The 1-Mile Time Trial, the 3-Mile, 5-Mile, and 10-Mile races all fell before his onslaught.

All the Dope on the 1925 Model

(From Page 8)

that some new tools had been put in and, fellows, they are real tools, too. One of them is a double end offset wrench that fits the rear axle and the front axle nuts. Another wrench has been provided to fit the transmission oil filler cap and the nuts that hold the transmission in the frame bracket.

I didn't think that there could be much done to the 1924 sidecar to improve it, but I noticed that little things were changed to make for a better all-around job. The major improvement was that a regular honest-to-goodness sidecar step had been fitted to the sidecar chassis or frame so that when you step on it, it is solid and does not give under your weight. Of course, the 1925 sidecar will have the 27x3½" tire.

Well, fellows, I can't think of anything more to say about the new job, but if I was a real writer and could sling the stuff like Bud Swift or "Hap" Hayes, I believe that I could write about four volumes on the new machine. My final dope is to beat it over to your dealer and get a big eyeful of his 1925 demonstrator. Then take it out for a spin and I know you'll agree with me, it's the greatest motorcycle that ever rolled on wheels.



"You bet they've got some goodlooking girls around here," says Fred Russell of Welland, Ontario, Canada, and sends us this photo to prove it, and asks us if we noticed the girl rider. "She's a regular speedster," he informs us, "and belongs to our motorcycle club." Fred tells us further that the club members were all in line for the Toledo Rally.

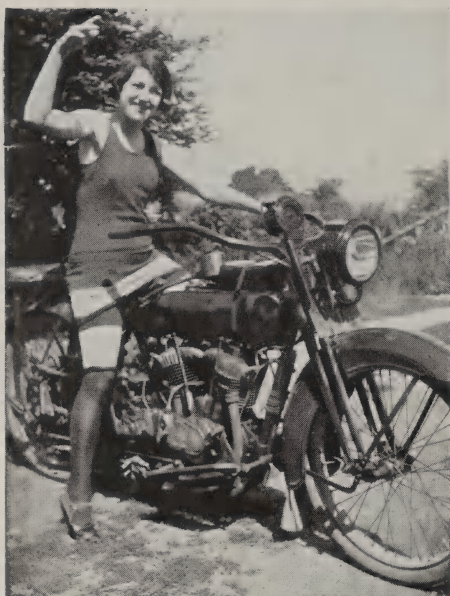
They certainly were there, too. We counted seventeen of them.



"Here's a photo of yours truly and his Harley-Davidson," William Hines of Granite City, Illinois, told us when he sent us the photo shown below. "Notice—I have my camera along. I don't believe in going anywhere without it because a Harley-Davidson certainly gets you to places where there's some real scenery." Bill adds that he has had his Harley-Davidson for some time and that he thinks as much of it as he always did.

Harley-Davidson Riders Win Big Australian 24-Hour Trial

In the 24-Hour Reliability Trial held in Sydney, Australia, recently, F. Howarth and H. Hodgson again demonstrated the durability of the Harley-Davidson, when they finished first and second. Moreover, their Harley-Davidsons were the only machines that secured full points for reliability and mechanical perfection, hill-climbing and fuel economy. An especially difficult feature of the run was two hill climbing contests, when the riders were required to maintain not only the average speed schedule but also to exceed it by two miles per hour—a task which many of the contestants found too hard.



All ready for a dip and spin. The "old swimming pool" is always near by with a Harley-Davidson, pretty Miss Helen Rushing of Portland, Pennsylvania, tells us. Jay Quick, who has been riding Harley-Davidsons for 17 years, sent us the photo.

Harley-Davidson Riders Win Big Victories in Holiday Races

AT THE famous Dixie Rally races down in Macon, July 5th, the Harley-Davidson riders picked off the juiciest Georgia peaches when they won four out of the five events. The big three-day rally was a wonderful success and had the folks from down below the Mason-Dixon line all on their toes.

The next report came in from way down east in Rochester, New York, where a young tornado, named Bratt, scorched the track when he overwhelmed all competition by speeding to a win in every event on the schedule with his mile-eating Harley-Davidson.

Not to be outdone by any of their fellow riders, speedy Ralph Hepburn, the "California Sheik", with Eddie Brinck and Hader, his fast-flying team-mates, took the crowd at Hamilton, Ohio, off their feet when they came in 1-2-3 in four events. "Hep" and Eddie divided the honors, each winning two firsts and two seconds with Hader taking four

thirds. Here's the summary of the holiday races:

Macon, Georgia. Twin Cylinders. Mile Dirt Track

5-Mile Novice: 1st, J. B. Bates, Harley-Davidson, 4:54-1/5 minutes; 2nd, Clarence Springs, —, 4:57-1/5; 3rd, L. Zeiger, Harley-Davidson, 5:05.

5-Mile Open: 1st, Tex Richards, Harley-Davidson, 3:57; 2nd, R. E. Sligh, Harley-Davidson, 3:58.

5-Mile Police: 1st, J. B. Bates, Harley-Davidson, 4:46; 2nd, Clarence Springs, 4:57; 3rd, L. Zeiger, Harley-Davidson, 4:58.

10-Mile Open: 1st, R. E. Sligh, Harley-Davidson, 7:57-2/5; 2nd, Nemo Lancaster, —, 8:04; 3rd, Jack Hainey, Harley-Davidson, 8:37.

Hamilton, Ohio. Single Cylinders. 1/2-Mile Dirt Track

July 4th

1st Five-Mile Event: 1st, Ralph Hepburn, Harley-Davidson, 6:00-2/5 minutes; 2nd, Eddie Brinck, Harley-Davidson; 3rd, Hader, Harley-Davidson.

2nd 5-Mile Event: 1st, Eddie Brinck, Harley-Davidson, 6:09 1/2 minutes; 2nd, Ralph Hepburn; 3rd, Hader.

1st 10-Mile Event: 1st, Eddie Brinck, 12:19; 2nd, Ralph Hepburn; 3rd, Hader.

2nd 10-Mile Event: 1st, Ralph Hepburn, 12:22 minutes; 2nd, Eddie Brinck; 3rd, Hader.

Consolation Event: 1st, Wesle, Harley-Davidson.

Harley-Davidsons Only Ones to See Top in Quaker State Climb

Thompson, Pennsylvania, was the scene of another Harley-Davidson hill-climb victory recently. Out of the four makes of machines entered, the Harley-Davidsons were the only ones that went over the top, and here's the way they finished:

1st, Truesdell, Harley-Davidson, 18 seconds; 2nd, Zaverl, Harley-Davidson, 19-2/5 seconds; 3rd, Silver, Harley-Davidson, 22 seconds; 4th, Whitbeck, Harley-Davidson, 23 seconds; 5th, Bodie, Harley-Davidson, 27-2/5 seconds.



It takes this group of Seattle, Washington, and Vancouver, British Columbia motorcyclists to pick out the beauty spots. Here they're shown on a Sunday outing at North Vancouver, on the Marine Drive.

Harley-Davidson Wins All Events at Famous Mt. Rainier Climb

THUNDERING up Paradise Valley with a barrelful of "soup", the Harley-Davidson hill-hurdlers copped off the big North Pacific Sectional Championship at Tacoma, Washington. With many of the nation's hillclimb stars in action, the competition was about 110 in the shade.

In the first big event of the day, George Faulders, Sacramento speedster, sky-rocketed up to victory in the 61 Cubic Inch Expert. Famous "Dud" Perkins was second and Cody Evans took third, making it a clean sweep for Harley-Davidson. The next event was the 80 Open and again a field of stars were ready. Each of them were off with a roar and a cloud of dust, plunging up the mountain-side to the tape. George Faulders, riding his 61 cubic inch Harley-Davidson, caused the sensation of the climb and carved his John Henry in the hall of hillclimb fame by copping this event from the 80" machines: Summary:

61 Cubic Inch Expert: 1st, George Faulders, 24-1/5 seconds; 2nd "Dud" Perkins; 3rd, Cody Evans, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

80 Cubic Inch Open: 1st, George Faulders, 31-4/5 seconds; 2nd, Orrie Steele, riding another make of machine, 36 seconds; 3rd, "Dud" Perkins.

61 Cubic Inch Novice: 1st, John Corrigan, Harley-Davidson; 2nd, Bertucci, Harley-Davidson.

80 Cubic Inch Novice: 1st, Oppie; 3rd, Merrifield, both riding Harley-Davidsons.

Reports reach us that the Motorcycle Hillclimb Championship for lower Austria was won recently by Luky Schmied riding a Harley-Davidson. Schmied also made the best time of the day.



"This is how the H. Thompson and Fred Snyder families step out on Sunday trips," H. Thompson who handles Harley-Davidsons in Columbus, Ohio, informs us. The white commercial outfit shown in the photo is used by Thompson as a service car.



Here's Fred Knoth of Los Angeles, pointing out the California and Oregon State Lines to you. Fred recently made a 4000-mile trip to Denver, Colorado. The story of his trip appears below.

1200 Miles of Paved Road Great, Says Los Angeles Rider

"JUST imagine riding over 1200 miles of paved road at one stretch. It sure was great."

That's the remark Fred C. Knoth of Los Angeles, California, made about the trip he recently took with his Harley-Davidson from Los Angeles up the Western Coast on his way to Denver, Colorado, his former home town. According to Fred, the road is paved all the way from Los Angeles through San Francisco, Portland, Oregon, and right up the coast to Seattle, Washington.

From Washington, Knoth and his friend, R. M. Briggs, who accompanied him went on to Butte, Montana, and then down to Yellowstone National Park. Here they camped and fished to their hearts' content, and enjoyed all the advantages offered at this national playground and then moved on to Salt Lake City, Utah. From here, they crossed over the Continental Divide, to Colorado and Denver. They covered 4000 miles in all and when they reached home his tires, Fred said, still had California air in them.

Let us know what you think of the Enthusiast.

The Harley-Davidson Continues to Clean Up in Hillclimbs

AND still they keep on coming—now it's another big batch of hillclimb victories! You simply can't keep these Harley-Davidson riders from going over the top.

First, to start things right, the Golden Gate of 'Frisco swung open to let "Dud" Perkins and his bunch of hillclimb stars shoot through. Led by the famous "Dud" who not only ran away with the 80 event, but smashed his former hill record by four seconds, the Harley-Davidson crew took every place on the program.

The same day back in the middle west, Gus Taylor and V. C. Lane wiped up in all the big events at the St. Louis, Missouri, climb. Copping three firsts, three seconds and two thirds, the Harley-Davidson boys didn't leave much on the platter.

Then came Muskegon, Michigan, where the hills are steep and sandy, but the olive green machines and their riders came through for their usual lion's share of the honors—six out of nine places.

The same old story over again at Virginia, Minnesota, where every winner of every place rode a Harley-Davidson.

The finishing touch was the wire from Reading, Pennsylvania, the home of the original low gear record, where a star bunch of hillclimbers were all set to do their stuff. The competition was never hotter, but when the smoke cleared away the Harley-Davidson colors were at the top. Light up your pipe and take a good long look at what your make motorcycle is doing. Summary:

San Francisco, California

80 Cubic Inch Novice: 1st, Nelson Bettencourt, Harley-Davidson, 26-2/5 seconds; 2nd, H. S. Meyer, Harley-Davidson; 3rd, S. Kirkwood, Harley-Davidson.

61 Cubic Inch Expert: 1st, Bill Crane, Harley-Davidson, 18-2/5 seconds; 2nd, George Faulders, Harley-Davidson, 19 seconds; 3rd, Dudley Perkins, Harley-Davidson, 19-1/5 seconds.

80 Cubic Inch Expert: 1st, Dudley Perkins, 16-1/5 seconds; 2nd, W. A. Mattson, Harley-Davidson; 3rd, George Faulders, Harley-Davidson.

Illustrated Daily Herald Sweepstakes: 1st, Dudley Perkins, 15-4/5 seconds (a new record for the hill); 2nd, W. A. Mattson, Harley-Davidson.

St. Louis, Missouri

61 Cubic Inch Amateur: 1st, V. C. Lane, Harley-Davidson, 13 seconds; 2nd, Gus Vogel, riding another make of machine; 3rd, E. Collins, Harley-Davidson.

61 Cubic Inch Open: 1st, Gus Taylor, Harley-Davidson, 9-1/5 seconds; 2nd, V. C. Lane, Harley-Davidson, 13-3/5 seconds.

80 Cubic Inch Open: 1st, Gus Taylor, Harley-Davidson, 8-4/5 seconds; 2nd, V. C. Lane, Harley-Davidson, 9-1/5 seconds.

80 Cubic Inch Amateur: 1st, Henry Fricke, riding another make of machine; 2nd, V. C. Lane, Harley-Davidson; 3rd, J. Greunder, Harley-Davidson.

Muskegon, Michigan

Novice Event: 1st, Ed. Hanson, Harley-Davidson, 135 feet, 2 inches; 2nd, Arley Bowles, Harley-Davidson; 3rd, H. Phillips, Harley-Davidson.

61 Cubic Inch Expert: 1st, Oscar Lenz, Harley-Davidson, 167 feet, 9 inches.

80 Cubic Inch Open: 1st, Barney Dykstra, riding another make of machine, 183 feet, 9 inches; 2nd, Oscar Lenz, Harley-Davidson; 3rd, Dan Raymond, Harley-Davidson.

Virginia, Minnesota

61 Cubic Inch Event: 1st, R. Paulson, Harley-Davidson, 7-3/5 seconds; 2nd, C. Snyder, Harley-Davidson; 3rd, G. Nettle, Harley-Davidson.

80 Cubic Inch Event: 1st, W. Herrett, Harley-Davidson, 6-1/5 seconds; 2nd, R. Paulson, Harley-Davidson; 3rd, C. Snyder, Harley-Davidson.

Reading, Pennsylvania

Novice Event: 1st, Coach, Harley-Davidson.

61 Cubic Inch Professional: 1st, Ben Westerfield, Harley-Davidson, 14-1/5 seconds; 2nd, Larry Doyle, Harley-Davidson; 3rd, John Grove, Harley-Davidson.



"What d'you think of the fish that live around Wadsworth?" asks R. J. Hood, our dealer at Wadsworth, Ohio. "Fishing's sure great with a Harley-Davidson to get you there."

Harley-Davidson is Victor in Three Switzerland Climbs

THINGS have been coming pretty much the Harley-Davidson way in Switzerland this year. Three big hill-climbs were held there recently, and the Harley-Davidson cleaned up in all three of them. In the Donzelle Hill Climb held near Geneva and the Alvis climb held near Zurich, Charles Laeser, who is considered the best sidecar rider in Switzerland, won first place in both of the expert Sidecar classes with his Harley-Davidson outfit. Here are the results of the three climbs:

Donzelle Hill Climb:—Amateur Solo Class: 1st, Ceresole, Harley-Davidson. Expert Solo: 1st, Carmine; 2nd, Schopper, both riding Harley-Davidsons. Amateur Sidecar: Bellarin, riding another make of machine. Expert Sidecar: 1st Charles Laeser, Harley-Davidson.

Alvis Hill Climb:—Amateur Solo Class: 1st, Ceresole; 2nd Gallera, both riding Harley-Davidsons. Expert Solo: 1st, Blickensdorfer; 2nd Carmine, both on Harley-Davidsons. Expert Sidecar: 1st, Laeser; 2nd, Torricelli, both riding Harley-Davidsons. Laeser also made a record climb.

Climb at Neuchatel-Chaumont:—Amateur Solo Class: 1st, Ceresole, Harley-Davidson. Expert Solo: 1st, and record for the hill, Carmine, Harley-Davidson.

Sixty-one cubic inch motors were used in all of the events.



"The other day my wife and I rode out to the lake in our two passenger sidecar outfit. A couple friends of ours went along in a low priced automobile. Coming back from the lake, their car broke down and we carried the bunch home in my sidecar. Here is a picture taken of the rescue car on the way home. I'm the man on the saddle," writes Ed. Pax, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Italian Riders Win Important Race and Break Records

IN the big race held on the Cremona track in Italy recently, Harley-Davidson riders finished in one-two-three order, made the fastest time for a lap, and established a new 10 kilometer record. First place was captured by D. Rogai, who covered the 321.864 kilometers (199.877 miles) in 2 hours, 36 minutes, and 20 seconds, or an average speed of 123.456 kilometers per hour (75.666 miles). E. Winkler came in second on his Harley-Davidson with a time of 2 hours, 42 minutes, and 12 seconds. L. Del Re was the winner of third place in 3 hours, 20 minutes, and 12 seconds. The record for the fastest lap (60 kilometers to a lap) was made by Winkler in 27 minutes and 37-3/5 seconds, or at an average speed of 135.150 kilometers per hour (83.928 miles). Winkler also established a record for 10 kilometers, covering the distance at the remarkable speed of 150.77 kilometers per hour or 93.628 miles. A still more remarkable speed was made by Winkler on June 4th when he established a new Italian record for a flying kilometer at the speed of 165 kilometers per hour or 102.465 miles with an 8-valve machine.

Take All Places in All Events in Clarksburg, W. Va., Climb

JULY 13th was no jinx for the Harley-Davidson hillclimboppers, so they zipped up the young mountain down in Clarksburg, West Virginia, and swamped all competition by taking the first three places in all three events. In the 74 Novice event, Kirk and his slope-eating Harley-Davidson climbed off with first place, Poundstone and his Harley-Davidson, second place, and Boyce, also mounted on a Harley-Davidson, third.

In the 61 Expert event, Kirk again came to the front with a time of 21-1/5 seconds, John Grove, the Pennsylvania hillclimb wizard, second with 22 seconds, and Poundstone, third, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

In the 80 Open Event, Grove got busy and shot up the hill in 17-4/5 seconds. Kirk came next with his Harley-Davidson, and Poundstone again took third place.

Visit Factory While on 10,000 Mile Publicity Tour

Two visitors at the factory Saturday, August 2nd, were Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Kingsley of Norwich, Connecticut. Mr. Kingsley, who is representing the H. H. Allen Rubber Corporation on a publicity tour, expects to cover 10,000 miles with his 1924 Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit before he returns to Connecticut. From Milwaukee, he was scheduled to go to Madison, Wisconsin, then to Des Moines, Iowa, Lincoln, Nebraska, Denver, Colorado, Yellowstone Park, Salt Lake City to Los Angeles, and return via the Southern Route through Texas. "A motorcycle is just the thing for a trip of this kind," said Mr. Kingsley, "because you sure buck up against many different kinds of roads, but the Harley-Davidson, I have found, is always equal to whatever it is called upon to do."

Have a good time on your vacation trip? Take any photos? Tell us about it and send us some photos and we'll print them in the Enthusiast

Harley-Davidson Hillclimbers Hop to Victory in Herkimer Climb

RIDING their rip-snorting, hill-flattening Harley-Davidsons skywards, the boys from "little old New York, reeled in a big line of wins in the hill-climb held at Herkimer, New York, recently. From Dekoker winning the 80 Open with a 61 Harley-Davidson, to Stauring's win in the 61 Novice and Drumm's in the 80 Novice, it was one big day for the Harley-Davidson riders. The only incident to mar the day's events came in the 61 Open. The winner of this event was protested because it was claimed that the timing mechanism did not function correctly. An offer of \$200.00, it was reported, was made if the time could be duplicated or bettered, but the proposal was refused. Here's the summary of the big doings:

61 Cubic Inch Novice; 1st, G. Stauring, Harley-Davidson, 11.29 seconds; 2nd, H. Scheibel, 13.35 seconds; 3rd, D. Drumm, Harley-Davidson.

80 Cubic Inch Novice: 1st, D. Drumm, Harley-Davidson, 12.3 seconds; 2nd, H. Scheibel, —, 14 seconds; 3rd, G. Stauring, Harley-Davidson.

61 Cubic Inch Open: 1st, Orrie Steele, —, 5.65 seconds. (this is the time that was made under protest); 2nd, Remington, Harley-Davidson, 8.67 seconds; 3rd, George Lehner, Harley-Davidson.

80 Cubic Inch Open: 1st, George Dekoker, Harley-Davidson, 7.7 seconds; 2nd, Orrie Steele, —; 3rd, Remington, Harley-Davidson.

John J. Connors of Portland, Oregon, stopped at the factory for a visit on August 2nd, on his way to his old home in Brooklyn, New York. He hadn't been home for ten years, and was working his 1924 Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit overtime trying to get there as soon as possible. Arthur McOmm was traveling with him as his sidecar passenger. "It's a wonderful trip from the West, from a scenic standpoint," Connors told us, "but there's a lot of room for improvement in the roads here and there."



"How do you like this photo of myself and girl friend?" asks Frank H. Strout of Harvey, Illinois. "It was taken in Urbana, Illinois, while attending the State University this spring. See what she's doing to me? That's the way she puts me in my place when I suggest that I drive my bus for a while. She says that there is just one thing she likes to do better than driving a car, and that is riding my Harley-Davidson. How's that for a real enthusiast?"

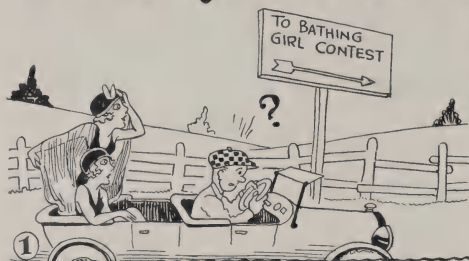


"For genuine pleasure, there's nothing that can beat the sport of motorcycling," says J. W. Mackarel of Liverpool, England, when he sent us the photo shown above. "The whole family agrees with me. We spend many happy hours with our Harley-Davidson. During the summertime, we often go out with rod and tent for the holidays, and we certainly enjoy ourselves." J. W. says further that with the extra compartment they have built on the sidecar, every member of the family has a comfortable place to sit.

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Nobby Ned

IF YOU WANT A PRIZE FOR SPEED,
CHOOSE A HARLEY-DAVIDSON FOR YOUR STEED!



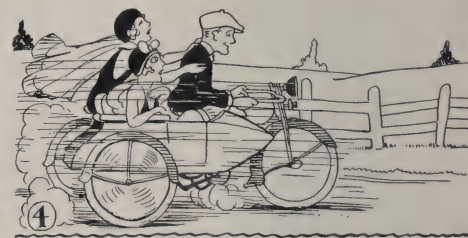
1 EN ROUTE TO THE INTERSTATE BATHING BEAUTY CONTEST - WITH 2 FAIR CONTESTANTS - WILLIE BROWN'S AUTO STOPS FOR NO REASON AT ALL!



2 ALSO EN ROUTE TO THE BATHING GIRL CONTEST - NOBBY NED, HARLEY-DAVIDSON SPEED KING SIGHS THE BEAUTIES IN DISTRESS!



3 "OH, MISTER, WE'LL SURE BE LATE TO THE BATHING GIRL CONTEST - OH, WHAT'LL WE DO?"



4 "YOU WON'T BE LATE IF YOU RIDE WITH ME!" - CHIRPS NOBBY NED!



5 AND THEN - PRIZES TO THE FAIR!



6 AND DOES NOBBY NED LIKE TO POSE BESIDE HIS MOTORCYCLE WITH BEAUTIFUL BATHING GIRLS? - HE DOES!



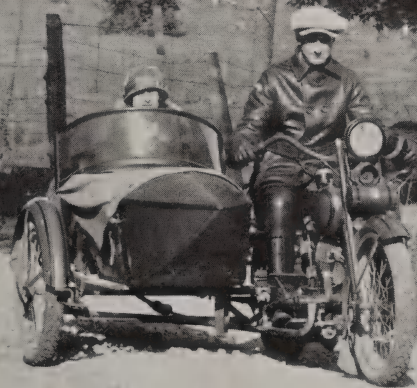
7 "THANKS" SAYS WILLIE BROWN (ON THEIR WAY BACK) - "FOR TAKING THE GIRLS TO THE CONTEST!"



8 "DON'T MENTION IT!" SAYS NOBBY NED - THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE!

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The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast



October, 1924

Under October's "Blue Skies"



Of course, up here in the North even October's mildest Indian summer days are a bit chilly for bathing suits, but that's no reason why we can't get out in a bunch like these Portsmouth, Virginia, riders do and enjoy the wonderful fall weather.



Goshen, Indiana, riders are always enthusiastic about another Sunday picnic. "You can just bet we aren't going to miss any fun in October," C. C. Amsler, the live-wire Harley-Davidson dealer, says. This photo shows the bunch on one of their recent outings.



If you can't make it watermelons like these fortunate Atlanta, Georgia, riders, why not a steak or wiener roast? Anyhow, the Atlanta boys sure enjoyed themselves at the watermelon cutting H. P. Buttrick of the Buttrick Motor Company, Harley-Davidson dealers, invited them to recently.



The view from Crown Point far up the mighty Columbia and across into Washington was enchanting.

My Motorcycle Trip through the Northwest Wonderland

By Worth C. Knowles

OPPORTUNITY for touring some of America's most scenic regions does not come often and when business interests demanded that I visit the Pacific Coast and Northwest this summer, I immediately made arrangements to enjoy the trip through some of the great West's picturesque regions by Harley-Davidson. Accordingly, the sidecar outfit was overhauled and I commenced the assembling of equipment which included everything from a waterbag for desert use to a shovel and rope in the event that highway difficulties were encountered. It is my belief that no trip is worth while without a camera, so in addition to that instrument there was plenty of film, two tripods and several auxiliary lenses for use in desert and mountain scenes.

The first day took me through miles of desert and a region familiarly known in Western Colorado and Southern Utah as the "Rimrock country." For hours I saw no living thing except prairie dogs and occasionally a jack rabbit. At one of the first fueling stations, Cisco, Utah,

gasoline was priced at thirty-five cents a gallon, despite the many oil wells about the region. Approaching Thompsons, Utah, I dismounted to adjust my sun-helmet which I found to be unusually comfortable in the glare of desert heat.

Glancing behind, I noted a trail of moisture in the dust which ended strangely at my sidecar. Investigating, I learned that my five-gallon can of gasoline had become punctured and forthwith I filled the tanks from the leaking can and when it was empty threw it away, deciding that the Harley-Davidson's tanks, if filled whenever opportunity offered, would suffice. My decision proved correct during the entire tour, though at some points fuel stations were a hundred miles apart. That night found me at Price, Utah, 190 miles from Grand Junction and the hour only 5:30 o'clock. Though I did not know it at the time, much of the worst highway had been covered in that day's run.

The second day took me to Salt Lake City, the largest metropolis between Denver and Portland and the home of



Sixty-two years ago a band of bloodthirsty "red-skins" staged a massacre here. It was too "spooky" to stay long.

the Latter Day Saints. During the morning I passed through Castle Gate, a coal mining town which received nation-wide publicity recently when more than one hundred miners lost their lives in an explosion. Beyond this place the road traversed through picturesque canyons with several terrific grades. The Harley-Davidson pulled them all on high and intermediate despite the high altitude and

scarcity of oxygen which affected the carburetor. I reached Soldier Summit without difficulty, though this mining town is situated at a point 9,000 feet above sea level. Pavement came to meet me at Provo and from that place to the Mormon metropolis the outfit rolled smoothly, swiftly and quietly as if on wings, giving me a chance to enjoy the scenery.



Water tastes good out of a dirty canvas bag on a southeastern Utah desert when the mercury stands at 107 in the shade and no shade.

The House of Hopper, Harley-Davidson distributors in Salt Lake City, received me royally and after leaving the outfit in their charge to be inspected and filled with real Harley-Davidson lubricant, I engaged a room at the palatial Hotel Utah and after a cooling shower slipped from dusty riding togs into Palm Beach cloth and thirty minutes later was lost among the evening's joy-seekers on Main Street. The next day was spent sight-seeing, visiting the capitol, the Mormon museum and listening to the great organ in the tabernacle. In the afternoon I visited Saltair, an attractive bathing resort on the shore of Great Salt Lake. The water was fine, but I found that though the saline solution floated one easily and without effort

on the bather's part, it had its drawbacks. One could not dive without getting the salty water in the eyes and with the salt percentage at twenty-two its effect was unpleasant.

Through Utah and Idaho

In the afternoon of the fourth day I left Salt Lake for Ogden and Brigham. This road proved to be entirely paved and the Harley-Davidson devoured miles like magic, so that reaching Brigham I found that I would have time to drive to Logan before nightfall. The pavement ended here and the road led over the mountains and through beautiful canyons. In Logan, where I halted for the night, I found that all the young men and in fact all the members of the masculine sex were growing burnsides, beards and moustaches. I felt that my attempt to produce a small moustache was feeble indeed when I observed the effects of ardent cultivation for a bearded festival day not far off.

The fifth day, which chanced to be Sunday, I crossed the Idaho-Utah line in the morning while following along the foot of the rugged Wasatch range. On this run I passed a corner poster which indicated the route to Jackson's Hole, famous big-game country south of Yellowstone Park in the Teton Mountains.

The next object of interest to me proved to be a grotesque heap of rocks along the Snake River. These, I learned, were the scene of an Indian massacre in August, 1862, and as I paused to take a picture I may have glanced furtively about to see if some surviving redskin of the bloody days was contemplating my scalp from behind a nearby boulder. In Pocatello I mailed postcards to tell the friends at home that this point was only 170 miles from the west entrance to the desirable Yellowstone Park, and for that reason, of interest to them. Leaving Pocatello, I traveled over miles of prairie with only jack rabbits for company. They were big, mule-eared fellows and sat at intervals along the highway. When I approached they "gal-

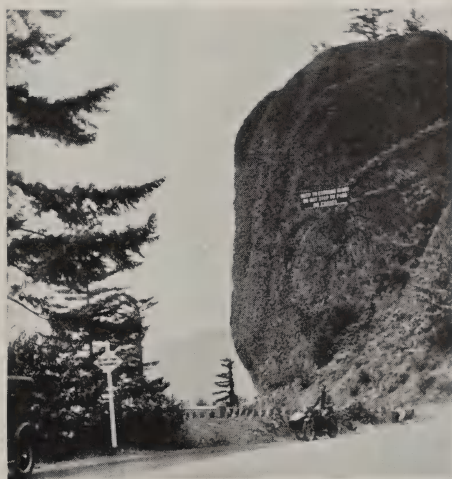


With other tourists, we saw Multnomah Falls on the Columbia River Highway.

loped" away into the sagebrush without comment, though I could imagine that they were displeased to have their afternoon siesta so rudely disturbed.

That night I spent in Burley, Idaho, and here a rancher practically begged me

(Turn to page 16)



Shepherd's Dell, a beauty spot on the Columbia River route.



Here's the Harley-Davidson sidecar team that went to the National Six Days Trial and came home with the Sidecar Trade Team Award. Left to right: A. R. Constantine, Johnny Balmer (on machine), J. T. Blandford, and George "Usco" Ellis.

"Hap" Hayes Covers the National Six Days Trial

NO doubt you fellows have heard something about the Six Days bone-shaking contest and the way Harley-Davidsons digested the lion's share of the honors, but I think I can give you a little more inside info on this contest, since I was one of the participants.

First of all, the object of such a trial is to prove the worth of motorcycles in general, and secondly to check up on riders so the hot stove league can be kept in session throughout the winter season.

The course of the Second National Six Days Trial was laid out by old time motorcycle riders, and I'm here to tell the world that they did not miss any of the detours in the six states we went through. As far as road conditions are concerned, we covered all kinds from smooth boulevards to hard dirt roads, fine gravel, coarse gravel, loose gravel, sand, brick, oil, clay, and the prize winner was an 80 mile detour over an old

road in the Kentucky hills. This baby was strewn with rocks, I should say boulders, with plenty of sharp turns and no bridges. Once or twice we went touring through some streams of water, and proved that Harley-Davidsons are in some way related to ducks when it comes to running water.

The rules in general called for a 20 mile an hour running schedule. This means that some of the journey was a joy ride, but take it from me there were times when the throttles were held wide open, or open as far as possible, in order to get back on schedule, or try and maintain 20 miles an hour under conditions that made such a thing next to impossible.

The secret checks were added twice daily, and sometimes three times daily, to keep the boys down to that ever persistent humdrum of making one mile in every three minutes. Just imagine, fellows, of looking a watch in the face for

six days and watching the seconds. Yes sir, the seconds, tick off three minutes, for practically every mile that showed up on the speedometer mileage. This sort of thing made the 48 riders keep their respective positions, and it formed a procession 15 miles long. Can you imagine how such a sight would have appeared to someone from an airplane?

Everybody Was Represented

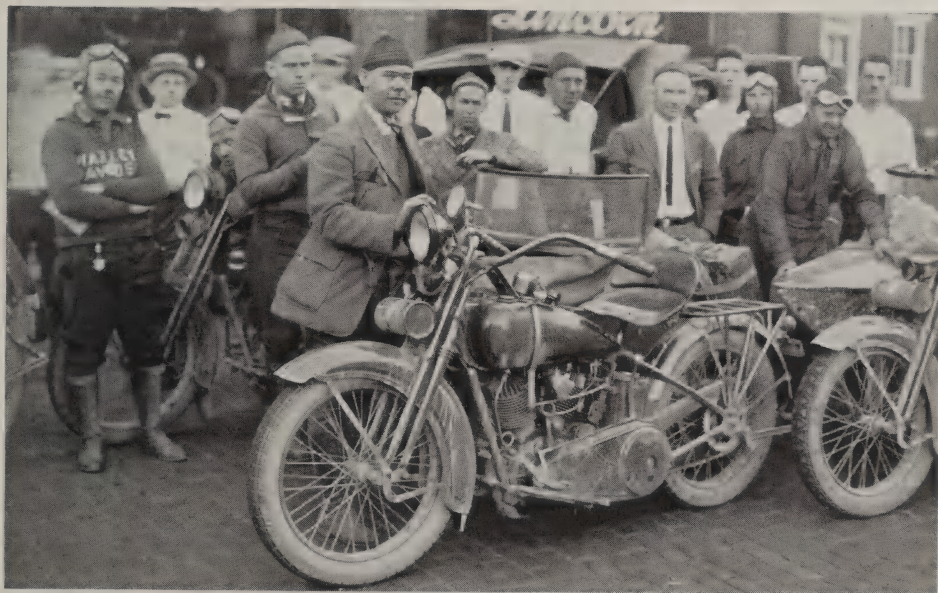
At the line-up for the start there were 48 entrants—26 of these being Harley-Davidsons, and 4 of this number were 1925 model Harley-Davidsons. The contest brought old and new riders together. There were veterans with past endurance run and motorcycle race records, and also new men who have been riding less than a year or two. There were men from the factories, some representing clubs, some representing dealers, and others private owners going in for sort of a vacation on their own hook.

This particular Six Days Trial settled one thing for sure in my mind, and that is the fact that the Harley-Davidson motorcycle is far better mechanically than any of the riders were physically. How do I make this out? Very simple.



Howard Lemon of Columbus, Ohio, is going around sporting a nice diamond medal these days as his award for winning first place in the Sidecar Trade Class. Earl Hardgrove is his sidecar passenger.

26 Harley-Davidsons started, and 26 Harley-Davidsons finished. What happened in the meantime was up to the riders entirely, because it was the figure work and head work of the boys competing with each other for the final scores. Take the Cincinnati check, for instance. Owing to poor marking of



It was a tired but happy gang that checked in at the night control at Dayton, Ohio, the fifth day out. Johnny Balmer, who is standing right in the foreground, felt particularly good piloting a new 1925 outfit that was the envy of the bunch.



B. J. Rathbun gave the crowd that turned out for the hillclimb that was held at Angola, Indiana, this summer some real thrills when he mounted his Harley-Davidson, and shooting up the steep slope, "brought home the bacon" in the 74 Cubic Inch event. Every event was won by the Harley-Davidson.

the streets, it was difficult to find the checking station, and for this reason some of the drivers were penalized for coming in a minute or two late. This was certainly no fault of the machine.

The first day took us from Cleveland to Detroit, over good and bad roads and through heavy mean traffic. There were not many perfect scores lost on the first day. The second day from Detroit to South Bend was a little more strenuous, due to the fact that we had gravel and sand roads and some foxy detours and a couple of secret controls that were placed with malice aforethought. Yes, when we pulled in South Bend for the night at the end of the second day, we knew that we had tucked away some hard miles. Our machines were working beautifully, and so we could at least go to sleep without a worry. On the morning of the third day—did I say morning? I'll tell the world I said morning—three o'clock in the morning we got up and made the usual preparations for checking out at 4 A. M. The third day was a cuckoo, because we did not pull in the night control at Louisville until after dark, so you fellows can see that we spent nearly 300 miles quite profitably. The detours and choppy roads encountered on the third day began to tell on the perfect scores. On this day we went through many very large towns, which,

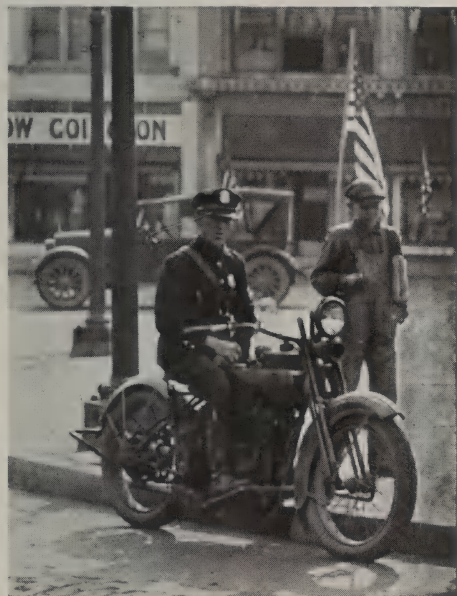
of course, meant that our possibilities of becoming lost were very great. No sir, there was no fire whistle or great disturbance at the local checks to call in the lost, wandering sheep. It was merely up to us to find it. I want to say, however, that two or three of the motorcycle clubs on the third day helped us considerably to get in and out of some of the towns. Uncle "Hap" is here to say that if it had rained on the third day, the hotels in Louisville would have lost a lot of good cash customers. When that clay down in the southern part of Indiana and the northern part of Kentucky gets wet, I'm telling the world that it's slippery, and in some cases sticky.

Roads Are Tough on Tires

The fourth day we left Louisville rather early in the morning and had pretty good going for about 20 miles—then the fun began. The "rocky road to Dublin" or the roughest cobble stones you ever traveled over would be cement boulevards as compared to some of the stuff we had to ride on. Tires sure did get abuse the fourth day. Here and there we would see the boys fixing up the rubber. More than once I felt good over the fact that my 27x3½" tires and new stronger rims were tested under just such conditions, and that I could feel

(Turn to page 18)

"Speed" is Their Middle Name



"Speed" was no name for it when five minutes after a \$5,000 diamond robbery was reported at police headquarters, Springfield, Missouri, Motorcycle Officer Ralph McKenzie had run the thief to earth and arrested him.



"No 'speed king' gets away from me now since I have a 1924 JDCA Harley-Davidson," Motorcycle Officer T. J. Crutchfield of Raleigh, North Carolina, says, adding: "For speed and economy, the Harley-Davidson sure has them all beat."



"If one wants speed and endurance," says Sheriff Wm. Cole of Whitman County, Washington, "they can get it with a Harley-Davidson. We've caught some mighty fast cars on the roads." Left to right: Traffic Officer J. A. Williams, Sheriff Cole in the sidecar, and Traffic Officer D. B. Rigg.

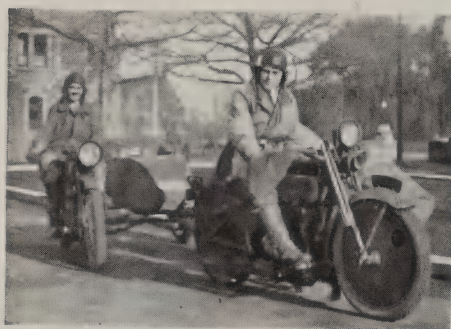


Meet "Blind John" Vandelin of Sacramento, who used to ride a Harley-Davidson. John hasn't been able to ride for years, but he's still loyal to the Harley-Davidson. Read all about him in the story opposite.

It Was All Grove at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, Climb

John Grove, the Chambersburg tornado, pulled out his trusty Harley-Davidson hill-plane and smothered competition at the Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, hillclimb, August 24th, when he volcanoed up over the peak and won the three prize events of the meet.

"Smiling" John gave his closest rivals, "Red" Wolverton and Mitzel, a free lesson in hill-hopping when he took the former's measure in the 80 Open and the latter's in the 61 Open and the 61 Professional. It was regular Grove-Harley-Davidson day.



H. L. Piper (on first machine) and B. Crawford, who won first and second places respectively in the Three Days Trial that was staged recently by the Pioneer Motorcycle Club of New Zealand.

Blind, but Still Loyal to Old Pal, the Harley-Davidson

ONE OF the most interesting and frequent visitors at Frank Murray's, the Harley-Davidson dealer's store in Sacramento, California, is John Vandelin or "Blind John", as he is known thereabouts. John, whose photo is shown opposite, was at one time a Harley-Davidson rider, and covered many miles with his motorcycle before he became blind. He went blind suddenly some years ago, and since then has earned his living by selling newspapers.

John has never forgotten the Harley-Davidson, and Murray's store is one of his daily haunts. The boys around the store are favorites of his, and he always makes it a point to get the paper to them as soon as it is out.

There's an interesting story that the fellows at Murray's tell regarding John. One day, so the story goes, when John was finding his way through the store, Tom Ryan, the jovial traffic officer of the Sacramento County Department, said: "Look out, John, or you will run over that —," mentioning another make of machine and referring to a Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit standing nearby. John turned around and went back to the machine and felt it all over carefully, and then turning back, said: "That isn't an —; that is a good, old Harley-Davidson. You can't fool me."

When the photo shown here was taken, John was tickled at the chance to get astride a Harley-Davidson again. "Feels like old times," he explained.

Stage Overwhelming Victory at Andrews, Indiana

Rushing up the Hoosier hill with lots of speed and soup, the Harley-Davidson hillclimbers ran away with every event and practically whitewashed all competitors. They won first, second and third in the 61, 74 and 80 cubic inch events and first and third in the 37 cubic inch event. 11 out of 12 places! Some hill-shooting!

Let us know what you think of the Harley-Davidson Enthusiast.



These four New York State Troopers were appointed the Prince of Wales' escort during his recent visit to Long Island. Sgt. Douglas S. Bock is on the Harley-Davidson, and in the back, left to right, are Trooper Leo Brett, Corporal Andrew Grimes, and Trooper J. M. Taylor.

Wham! A Big Landslide Win in Jackson, Michigan

TOUCHING off the fuses on their sky-rocketing Harley-Davidsons, the gang over in Jackson, Michigan, sure pulled off a cyclone of Harley-Davidson wins. A first in every big event and 13 out of 18 places. Some red-hot win for the Harley-Davidson Wolverines. Here's the way they did it:

61 Cubic Inch Expert: 1st, Wm. Wanderer, 7-2/5 seconds; 2nd, Chas. Levings-ton; 3rd, Oscar Lenz; all riding Harley-Davidsons.

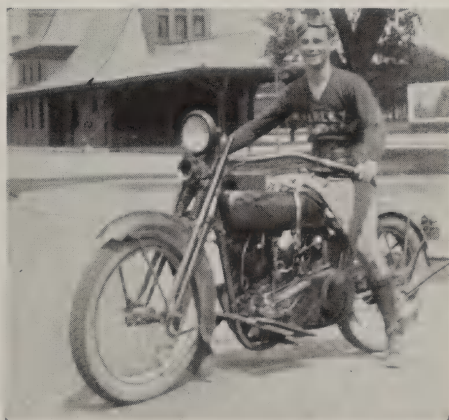
74 Cubic Inch Expert: 1st, Wm. Wanderer, 8 seconds; 2nd, Oscar Lenz; 3rd, Ram Amar; all riding Harley-Davidsons.

80 Cubic Inch Expert: 1st, Oscar Lenz, Harley-Davidson, 6-4/5 seconds; 2nd, Adolph Lamaigre, —; 3rd, Wm. Wanderer, Harley-Davidson.

Closed Club Event: 1st, Wardell Thayer, Harley-Davidson, over top; 2nd, Bruno Teske, Harley-Davidson; 3rd, Elmo Huttenlocker, Harley-Davidson.

Novice Event: 1st, Elmo Huttenlocker, Harley-Davidson, 8 seconds; 2nd, John Chock, and 3rd, Claire Whitmore, both riding other makes of machines.

37 Cubic Inch Event: 1st, Deny Berns, —; 2nd, Jack Dibling, Harley-Davidson; 3rd, Edward Anderson, —.



In Lincoln, Nebraska, "Smiling" Pete Witt-struck has them all going for speed. His most recent burst of speed was in a three-mile match race when he made over a hundred miles an hour with a 1924 stock model Harley-Davidson and won by 300 yards.

Putting the Harley-Davi



Guess this must be how the expression "Get your goat" originated. "Getting the goat," though, John Hogg, Los Angeles, California, says, was a stiff test of the Harley-Davidson because roads in mountainous northern Mexico are nothing but rock-strewn pathways.



Here's the way they go out and get the goat. Also, here's the way they carry them. "freezing works." Some load for the fine despite it, this rider from Barraba



No, there isn't another "flu" epidemic. Neither are these riders World War veterans about to stage a sham battle. They're New Jersey State Troopers, and they wore the gas masks in preparation for possible conflict between the mob and the Ku Klux Klan when initiation ceremonies were held at Trenton recently.

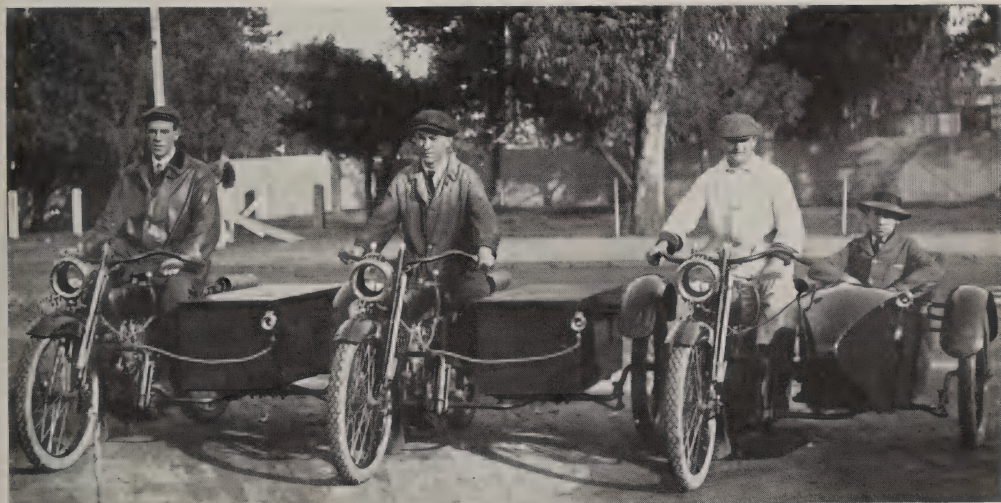
lson to the Supreme Test



rabbits in Australia, hundreds at a time. market or to what Australians call the Harley-Davidson, but the motor stands up New South Wales, tells us.



Testing the new 1925 model. Just a sample of the kind of roads, testers sent out from the factory last winter with three 1925 models and Arizona as their playground, "bucked up against" with the new job. "Put 'er over the hurdles," Bill Harley told them, and they sure did.

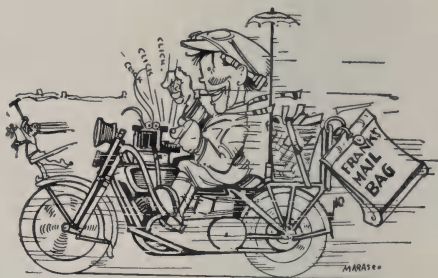


These three Harley-Davidsons delivered by Cornell Limited, Harley-Davidson dealers at Adelaide, Australia, to the Adelaide Telephone Department for telephone linemen, are evidence of the satisfaction Harley-Davidsons have given in other Australian municipal and governmental departments.

Frank's Mail Bag

"Is there anything you want to know about your Harley-Davidson? Tell me what it is and I'll try to help you out. I'll answer all questions with a letter. Questions that are of general interest to our other Enthusiast readers will be printed on this page of mine. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."

—Frank.



Piston Fitting

I want to put oversize pistons in my motor and I want to know what size to order and just how such a job is accomplished. My motor has run about 12,000 miles and has seen some pretty hard service, so I think I should give it a treat. My motor is a 1923 74 cubic inch cast-iron piston job.

—J. B.

Here goes for your lesson in astronomy: Harley-Davidson cylinders are taper ground, that is, the top diameter of the cylinders is smaller than the bottom diameter of the cylinder. On your motor the cylinders were taper ground .007 inch.

Pistons in your motor should have about .0025 inch clearance, that is, when in the top end of the cylinder, the piston must have .0025 inch freedom. To get accurate measurement, the cylinder bore must be measured about $\frac{1}{2}$ " from the top with an inside micrometer and the piston between the second and third ring with an outside micrometer. The piston measurement should be .0025 inch smaller in diameter than the cylinder for the proper fit.

You can see, J. B., that you must have some classy tools and the knowledge to use them if you are to do this job.

After 10,000 or 12,000 miles of service, it is generally a good policy to have the cylinders reground and oversize pistons fitted. You can have your Harley-Davidson dealer handle the cylinders for you. Some dealers do cylinder grinding in their own shops, while the majority refer the cylinders to the factory for such work.

If you do not have your cylinders reground, follow these instructions for ob-

taining the proper size pistons to use in your particular motor.

After the proper size pistons have been obtained, great care must be used to fit them to the connecting rods without warping them out of shape. The pistons must be fitted to the pin with a slight press fit, and must be within .0005 inch of round (true).

The piston rings should be fitted to the cylinders so they have a gap of .028 inch when inserted in the bottom end of the cylinder bore. The rings should also be fitted to the piston grooves so they can be rolled around the groove without excessive freedom or perceptible binding.

1925 Models

I got the first 1925 machine that came to my dealer and I just can't help writing you and saying that you didn't over-rate the new machine in your story one bit. Boy, she does all you said she would and more, too. Believe me, those 27x3 $\frac{1}{2}$ " tires and the new low saddle position are knockouts.

—J. E. R.

By golly, J. E. R., you win the gallon of used gasoline. I always knew I was good (hot dog), but now I'm going to write stuff for the Saturday Evening Post.

I told you birds the 1925 was good, and it will take only one ride to prove what I said is true.

Leaking Manifold Joints

What would cause my motor to hit on one cylinder until it becomes hot; then it hits on both cylinders? My machine is a 1922 JD model.

—W. K.

Air leaks, I'd say, are the cause of your trouble. Tighten the manifold joints and if necessary fit new packing

washers. The carburetor must be tight against the manifold. The inlet and exhaust tappets must be set right.

If the inlet valve stems have more than .004" clearance in the guides, air will leak in and cause trouble until the motor is hot.

Filling Battery

Frank, what makes my battery overflow and make a mess of things in general?

—R. V. P.

Go easy on the distilled water, R. V. P., when you fill the cells. Put only enough water in each cell to just cover the plates and wooden separators. Raise the saddle so you can see what you are doing; then your battery will work O. K.

Attaching Sidecars

I am undecided and so want some of your golden advice. I am almost in the idea of buying a sidecar, but this morning a fellow said that a sidecar would ruin the machine, and the tires on the machine would soon cut around the rim. Is this true? I am going to let the judge decide for me, so please give me justice.

Respectfully submitted into your capable hands this the night of September 15th, and it will be torment to my mind until I hear the verdict, so don't keep the prisoner waiting.

—J. F.

Well, well, well, now Uncle Frank is a Solomon. J. F., the set of solid wood cylinders goes to you.

The verdict is that the prisoner shall be condemned to purchase a sidecar for his machine, and to further his cruel treatment he is to enjoy the pleasure such as thousands of other happy owners are doing with their sidecar outfits.

Connect the sidecar to your machine according to instructions in the Hand Book and your old war horse will never suffer a mite nor will the tires rim cut from such service.

This fall, there will be wonderful scenery out in the country and the ladies rather enjoy such stuff. Nuf said.

The 1925 Harley-Davidson catalog is being printed in 11 different languages.



George DeKoker, who has been stirring things up a bit in Eastern hillclimbing circles, made a record-breaking climb in the 80 Open event at Syracuse, New York, recently. Read the story below for details.

DeKoker Breaks Hill Record at Syracuse, New York

George DeKoker, riding his Harley-Davidson in sensational fashion, burst up the steep hill that the Syracuse Motorcycle Club fellows picked out for their hill climb September 7th, and won the 80 Open event, taking but one record-breaking climb. DeKoker's time was 9-1/5 seconds. Although Dekoker was the hero of the meet, the riding of George Lehner, Albany's speed-boy, was a feature of the Harley-Davidson clean-up. Lehner won the 61 Expert event, easily going over in 10-2/5 seconds. Fine work, boys!



"Here we are, all lined up, ready for our first ride as a club," writes Harry D. Warr, president of the newly-organized Rose City Motorcycle Club of New Castle, Ind.



This interesting Harley-Davidson float with the two pretty *Senoritas* in the sidecar proved the main attraction in a recent parade of decorated machines in Aguascalientes, Mexico. The motorcycle was entered by *Senor Salvador Guzman*, who drove the outfit past the line of interested spectators.

Grove and Bunch Grab All Honors at Martin's Creek Climb

IT WAS a gala day for the Harley-Davidson down at Martin's Creek, Pennsylvania, when at the hillclimb held there recently, the bunch of slant artists astride Milwaukee-made machines grabbed all first places in the six events. "Smiling" John Grove showed some more folks of his native state what he can do in the way of bucking hills and ran off with the three main events of the day, the 80", 61" and 74" Expert, and likewise made the best time of the day. Next, E. Perini, not to be outdone by John, got astride his hill-sloping Harley-Davidson, and copped first place in the Closed Club event, with J. Tucci, also riding a Harley-Davidson, following with second place.

In the 80" Novice, Harley-Davidson-mounted riders finished in one-two-three order, A. McConnel taking first place, M. Carshage, second, and J. Tucci, third. In the 37" event, A. Lotz was the Harley-Davidson rider who copped first place.

My Trip Through the Northwest

(From page 5)

to aid in his hayfield for a few days. He complained of labor shortage and offered unusually high wages.

However, my time was limited, so the following morning I left for Boise, Idaho's capital and the last large city on my route before reaching Portland. Near Burley I saw great fields of clover and at Twin Falls I viewed Shoshone Falls and later saw the Thousand Springs. Beyond Twin Falls I found the temperature was 107 in the shade and I was riding in the sun! This did not seem to affect me, however, nor did it manifest itself in the operation of the Harley-Davidson. In fact, the motor seemed cooler than I and I felt grateful that it was air-cooled when I met auto-tourists with radiators boiling dry and water scarce. It grew cooler as I passed through Glenn's Ferry and Mountain Home, but despite this I was glad when the business section of Boise loomed ahead and I had parked the vehicle to make myself comfortable for the night at the Owyhee Hotel.

In Boise I remained the next day until six o'clock in the evening, having decided to travel the hot stretches in the cool of night. I reached Baker, Oregon, at midnight and put up at The Antlers, remaining there until evening when I started towards Pendleton and LaGrange, the route traversing the Blue Mountains. Though I regretted touring so scenic a region in darkness, I found considerable satisfaction in driving by the powerful light reflected by the headlight and a Kay-Bee spotlight.

I Enjoy the Night Riding

What I failed to see that night was made up to me in the piney ozone which I breathed as I rode, and the cool breeze which swept down the canyon roads and set about a whispering in the great forests of spruce and pine which surrounded me. Here and there the gleaming whiteness of a waterfall or a bit of rapids attracted my attention and several times I paused to enjoy the silence of the night, the strange sounds of wild things abroad in the dark and the ever-present aroma of pine woods. Finally, on the edge of this region, which is known for its lumber production, I halted, unpacked food and after a hearty lunch by the campfire, made a comfortable bed in the sidecar, where I slept beneath the stars until four o'clock. Then I drove on through Pendleton where I met another Harley-Davidson rider and it was here that I found a main branch of the far-famed Columbia River Highway which was to lead me into the heart of the Northwest.

At Umatilla, where the river by that name empties into the Columbia, I glimpsed that stream for the first time—a great, blue expanse of quietly moving water, separating Oregon from Washington and supporting in its lower reaches some of the greatest salmon fisheries in the world. All day I followed the Columbia and the brown reaches of hills which bounded it on the Washington side.

From The Dalles to Portland, a distance of ninety-five miles, through Hood River, Cascade Locks and Troutdale, the

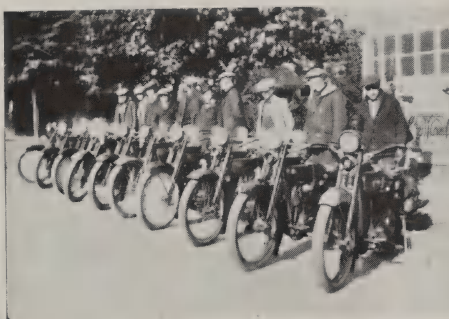
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"How's this for a nice load?" asks Don Warren of Flint, Michigan, adding: "We shot this big fellow the first day of the season last year about 150 miles from home. We still have our Harley-Davidsons, so we expect to equal that record again this year."

Oscar Lenz First to Conquer Steep Lansing, Michigan, Hill

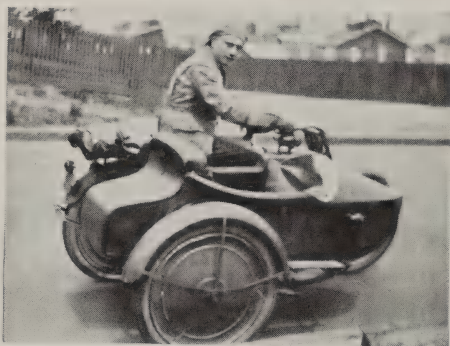
OSCAR LENZ, Lansing's pride, humbled nature at Northville, Michigan, Sunday, September 7th, when he guided his Harley-Davidson up and over the heretofore unconquerable Wolverine mountain. All the afternoon many attempts were made to hit the peak, but none succeeded. The 80 Cubic Inch Open event was the last act on the day's program, and incidentally the cue for Lenz to do his stuff. And Oscar did. He went over in a cloud of dust and set the record at 6-3/5 seconds. Lenz's Harley-Davidson was the only machine to take a look at the top. The 37 Cubic Inch State Championship was won by Baker and the State Championship Novice event was won by Terske, both riding Harley-Davidsons.



"Here's the spick and span Harley-Davidson division of the Long Island Motorcycle Association," writes President Theo. Stubbmann of Brooklyn, New York. "There are fifty-nine members in the club altogether."



"Here's a photo of my brother, Winfield M., in the sidecar and myself on the most reliable and economical motorcycle in the U. S. A.," says Wray Mahoney of Rising Sun, Maryland, adding: "We were ready to go on a Sunday evening trip of fifty miles or more when this photo was taken. We often start out on a trip of this length in the evening, and don't consider it anything at all with our Harley-Davidson."



"This photo was taken in Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania," writes John Zubkoff of Plainsville, Pennsylvania, "when on my way home from New York, where I had been visiting some friends. I had a wonderful trip. Everything went along just fine, and I certainly intend to take another trip just like it as soon as I can. My machine is a 1918 magneto model, and I've had lots of pleasure out of it, but one of these days I'm going to try out the new electric model."

"Hap" Hayes Covers Trial

(From page 8)

pretty safe as far as tire trouble was concerned. Just as we were getting used to rotten roads we came into the famous detour of 80 miles through the Kentucky hills. Hot dog! You can imagine that we gave the natives a thrill because few automobiles ever travel over this old road. We were right in the heart of the moonshiners' heaven. This detour, which ended about 20 miles out of Cincinnati, was so bad that a number of the boys did not have time to get in the city of Cincinnati to look around for the checking station. Of course, there was a nice juicy checking station right out of Cincinnati, which proceeded to pull down the consistency scores in great fashion. On the night of the fourth day we parked at Dayton—tired, but a happy gang. You know how motorcycle riders are; nothing seems to break their spirits.

Heat Makes Us Sleepy

On the fifth day we left Dayton early in the morning, as usual, for Pittsburgh, and although the roads were very good, the heat was intense. More than one driver fell asleep and drove off the road or flopped because of the heat and monotony of driving constantly at 20 miles per hour. We pulled into Pittsburgh after dark, and the Pittsburgh Club did everything in their power to make the gang comfortable. Free eats, hotel, a party at their club house, and everything. Yes, the Pittsburgh Club did things up pretty.

The sixth day we had pretty good going from Pittsburgh to Cleveland. However, the roads were exceedingly rough, and if anything would shake machinery to pieces those roads surely would. Three secret checks were stuck in on the sixth day to make things lively, and another flock of consistency scores went to pieces.

In the afternoon at 4:30, we pulled into Cleveland mighty glad that it was all over. Yet I believe most of the riders would have entered another such run the following day.

I want to tell you, boys, that the way those 1925 jobs handled was marvelous. The two sidocar outfits were always rolling along beautifully and right on time. Of course, the referee with his cleverly placed secret checks outguessed the boys once in a while. The two 1925 solo jobs were the talk of the run from the way they handled down in the Kentucky hills and in the sand.

Here's What We Did!

Summed up, Harley-Davidson made the following splendid showing:—

1. Won three out of four Team Awards in Heavyweight Class.
2. Won Sidocar Trade Team Award, the Firestone cup, with John Balmer and George Ellis riding 1925 models.
3. Won Solo Heavyweight Private Team Award, Alvin Blocker and W. Ranpach.
4. Won Sidocar Private Team Award, the Harley-Davidson Team cup, J. Yake and J. Schwartz.
5. Won first, second, third Individual Awards, Sidocar Trade Class, Howard Lemon, diamond medal, John Balmer, turquoise medal, C. O. Holten, garnet medal.
6. Won first, second, third Individual Awards, Sidocar Private Class, J. Yake, diamond medal, Joe Maser, turquoise medal, C. Anderson, garnet medal.
7. Won first and third Individual Awards, Solo Heavyweight Private Class, Alvin Blocker, diamond medal, Ralph Kewley, garnet medal.
8. Won third Individual Award Heavyweight Trade Solo Class, J. J. Beretele, garnet medal.
9. 13 gold medals for perfect scores won by Harley-Davidson riders out of a total of 23 for all makes.
10. 3 diamond medals for consistency won by Harley-Davidson riders out of total of four in Heavyweight Class.
11. 2 turquoise medals for consistency won by Harley-Davidson riders out

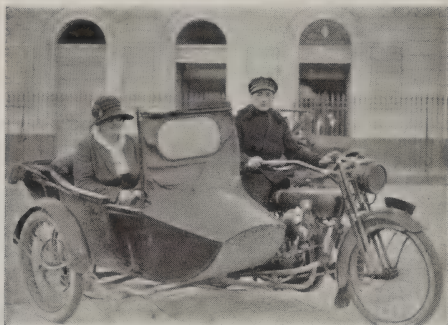
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"The fair rider in the photo I am sending you," says Howard A. McManus of Brooklyn, New York, "is Miss Helen C. Glassgen of Brooklyn, and with her, are her two pals, myself and the Harley-Davidson. All I can say further is to repeat the words of many other happy Harley-Davidson riders, which is: 'Had another wonderful big trip; not a bit of trouble. Everything was dandy; fine as can be.' That's sufficient to show what I think of the Harley-Davidson, isn't it?"



"My wife and I made a trip through New York State to Buffalo, covering a distance of 1,850 miles," John A. Cox of Waterbury, Connecticut, informs us. "My wife drove a 1923 E motor and I had a 1920, both sidocar machines. The first day we went from Waterbury to Binghamton, New York, a distance of 255 miles. I don't think many women drive this far in one day. The next three days we averaged 200 miles a day, reaching Buffalo. On our entire trip, we experienced no difficulty with either machine."



A good part of the transportation problem in Genoa, Italy, especially during the tourist season, is solved by motorcycle taxi-cabs. There are 115 in use altogether, and they are all Harley-Davidsons. This photo shows one of the cabs with a passenger.

"Hap" Hayes Covers Trial

(From page 19)

- of total of four in Heavyweight Class.
12. 4 garnet medals for consistency won by Harley-Davidson riders out of total of four in Heavyweight Class.
 13. Every one of 26 Harley-Davidson riders who started finished on time. Thirteen finished perfect.

Just think of it! Harley-Davidson won more team awards, more gold medals, more diamond medals, more garnet medals than all other makes combined! Yes sir, boys, it was a grand and glorious Harley-Davidson demonstration.

Harley-Davidson Takes 7 Out of 9 Places in Augusta, Ga., Climb

Old Black Joe and his tribe sat up and took notice when the Harley-Davidson hillclimbers got busy at Augusta, Georgia, September 7th, and hummed along the southern cotton fields for their usual victory. With Sligh and Whittle leading the scoring, General Lee's boys lived up to their reputations and went over the top to a "right smart" win. Summary:

61 Cubic Inch Event: 1st, Sligh, Harley-Davidson, 8-1/5 seconds; 2nd, Bates, —; 3rd, Abels, Harley-Davidson.

74 Cubic Inch Event: 1st, Whittle, Harley-Davidson, 7 seconds; 2nd, Sligh, and 3rd, Abels, both riding Harley-Davidsons.

Break Records and Win Events in Switzerland Climb

IN THE big hillclimb held at Monte Bre, Switzerland, recently, Harley-Davidson riders made a wonderful showing, breaking two records and winning all the main events of the day. Visioli was pronounced the hero of the hour, when he broke his own record for the hill which he made last year by clipping 2-2/5 seconds off his previous time in the Expert Solo event. Mattavelli, also riding a Harley-Davidson, won the Amateur Solo event, with two other Harley-Davidson riders, taking second and third places.

In the Amateur Sidecar climb, Carlo Centenara and his Harley-Davidson won first place and established a new record, while the Sidecar Climb for Professionals was won by Ulisse Torricelli on a Harley-Davidson, who likewise broke a record when he clipped off almost 15 seconds from his last year's record.

Harley-Davidson Racing Stars Win at Philly!

PHILADELPHIA, home of the Liberty Bell, rang out a joyous welcome to the Harley-Davidson racing meteors on Labor Day. Davis, Hepburn, Ellis and Brooks carried off the big wins, taking 8 out of 12 places, including three firsts, four seconds and one third. Summary:

10-Mile Solo: 1st, Davis, Harley-Davidson, 10:32 seconds; 2nd, Ralph Hepburn, Harley-Davidson.

15-Mile Solo: 1st, Hepburn, Harley-Davidson, 14:37 seconds; 2nd, Davis, Harley-Davidson.

10-Mile Sidecar: 1st, Ellis, Harley-Davidson, 11:17 seconds; 2nd, Brooks, Harley-Davidson.

15-Mile Sidecar: 1st, Lanham, riding another make of machine; 2nd, Ellis, Harley-Davidson; 3rd, Brooks, Harley-Davidson.

Harley-Davidson motorcycles are now used by over 1,700 police and sheriff departments in the United States.

Harley-Davidson Wins in Climb at Plymouth Rock, Mass.

PLYMOUTH Rock rocked as the Harley-Davidson hillclimb pilgrims tore up the steep incline and won all the big events of the day at the climb held near the historical spot Labor Day. Led by Remington, who scooped up the 61 and 80 cubic inch events, the Mayflower boys landed safe and sound at the top. Walter Lyons, another Harley-Davidson hill demon, won the coveted Plymouth County Championship, easily defeating his nearest rivals. Summary:

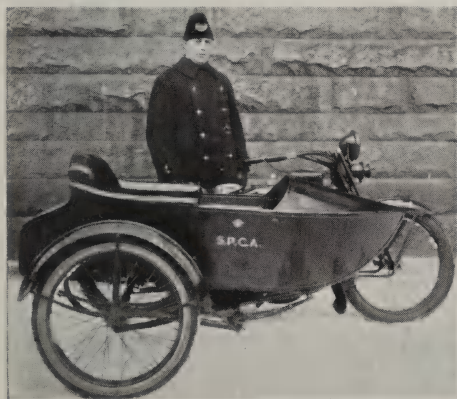
61 Cubic Inch Expert: 1st, Charles Remington, Harley-Davidson, 5.07 seconds; 2nd, Cadrette, —; 3rd, William Brindle, Harley-Davidson.

80 Cubic Inch Open: 1st, Remington, Harley-Davidson, 5.20 seconds; 2nd, John Snow, Harley-Davidson.

Plymouth County Championship: 1st, Walter Lyons, Harley-Davidson, 7 seconds.

Truesdale "Goes Over" in Climb at Thompson, Pa.

Harley-Davidson was again victorious, when Truesdell won the hard fought hillclimb staged down in Thompson, Pennsylvania, recently, by going over in 23 seconds flat. Truesdell rode the only machine to see the top, though he was closely pressed by Bodie and Silver who won second and third places respectively.



With this Harley-Davidson outfit enlisted in the services of the Canadian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, dogs or cats in Montreal, Canada, aren't likely to be subjected to cruel treatment very long. The motorcycle and sidecar are used for patrol and emergency calls. The driver is George Rafter.



Four or five passengers more meant nothing to Pete Foeckler of the Harley-Davidson factory, Milwaukee, when he started out on a 60-mile trip to Mayville, Wisconsin. He just improvised this trailer, attached it to his Harley-Davidson, and away they merrily rolled.

Harley-Davidson Riders Break South African Road Record

OUT of the four machines that broke all previous time records in the big South African Durban-Johannesburg Motorcycle Marathon Road Race held recently, three of them were Harley-Davidsons. E. G. Murray, whose time of 9 hours, 5 minutes, and 17 seconds was the best time of the three, also established a new record for the distance between Newcastle and City Deep, by covering the 185½ miles in 3 hours, 57 minutes, and 53 seconds. Taylor's time was 9 hours, 36 minutes, and 38 seconds, while Gibson's time was 9 hours, 45 minutes, and 26 seconds.

The Durban-Johannesburg Road Race is one of the biggest motorcycling events of the year in South Africa, and always brings out the best riders on all makes of machines.

Harley-Davidson is Victor in Honesdale, Pa., Climb

The Harley-Davidson boys down in Pennsylvania sure do knock off a raft of hillclimb wins all the time. On August 24th, it was over in Honesdale, where George Coach and his brother Joe from Wilkesbarre grabbed first and second places respectively with their hill-smashing Harley-Davidsons. Frank Homets of Honesdale went over a close third in his first hillclimb and Ed Bush and N. H. Bodie finished in fourth and fifth places to make a clean sweep for Harley-Davidson.



Not much of the Harley-Davidson is shown here, but Glenn E. Gentner of Steins, New Mexico, says it certainly played a big part in helping him and his partner get the big haul that you see in this photo.

Grove Makes the Best Time at Paterson, New Jersey

"Smiling" John took signal honors at the "Skeeter Town" climb when he let his competitors Orrie Steele and Willie Brazenor watch him skim over the top in the 80 Open, making the best time of the day. The other Harley-Davidson scorers were Marion, 1st, and Curtiss, 3rd in the 80 Novice; Weinstein, 2nd, and Solomon, 3rd in the 61 Novice. As usual the majority of the honors went to Harley-Davidson.

Only DeKoker Sees the Top in Rochester, New York Climb

George DeKoker, riding his Harley-Davidson in the 80 Open Event at the recent Rochester, New York climb, rode the only machine that went over the top and won the event in 4-2/5 seconds. All other makes of machines failed to go even three quarters of the way. Another demonstration of the speed, stamina and ability of the Harley-Davidson!

A cablegram just received from Friedrich Vise, our dealer at Aachen, Germany, informs us that a Harley-Davidson rider just won the championship for Germany in a big racemeet at Breslau.

My Trip Through the Northwest

(From page 17)

scenery is enchanting. The grandeur of Multnomah and Wahkeena Falls with the Oneonta gorge and tunnel is unexcelled and their beauty cannot be justly described by words or camera.

Several wonderful glens with picnic grounds and high lookouts over the Columbia's blue waters are available and through this region film slipped through the camera like motion picture celluloid. The route is entirely paved and from the Dalles to Portland the views obtainable on either the Oregon or Washington side of the river are entrancing. High cliffs, silent dells, all framed by majestic pines, absorb the traveler's attention and though my Harley-Davidson guides easily I had several narrow escapes from driving off the road on the many curves, so absorbed was I in viewing the magnificent panorama of the Columbia.

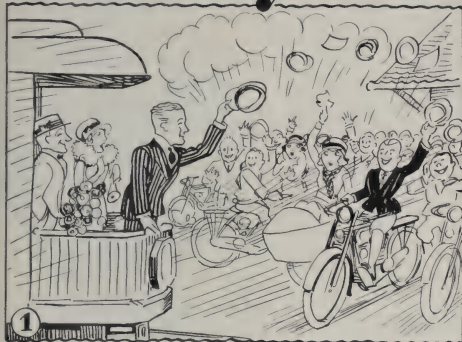
Crown Point, twenty-six miles out from Portland and the highest place on the upper Columbia route offers an inspiring view of the river and highway in both directions. Here is found a cafe, observatory and parking space where one may spend many pleasant hours sitting and gazing out over the blue waters and onto the pine-clad hills of Washington.

Eventually, I reached Portland where I was greeted by a genial member of the Motorcycle and Supply Company, Inc., Harley-Davidson distributors. Already, I was enchanted with the Northwest's scenic splendors and contemplating many tours through the region of pines and snow-capped peaks which only a Harley-Davidson can make possible with its perfect performance, economical operation and pleasurable mode of transportation.

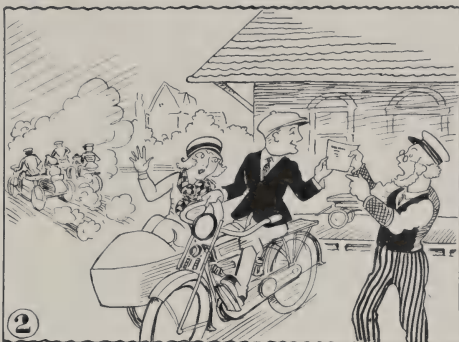
Larry Doyle, Penn State's pride, easily won the two big climbs at Williamsport when he spun up the Quaker Hill and gathered in the 61 and 80 cubic inch Expert events, making the fastest time of the day. Joe Snikosky, also on a Harley-Davidson, took second place in both these events.

Nobby Ned

THE PRINCE NEVER KNEW
SPEED 'TILL HE SAW NOBBY NED
STRUTTIN' HIS STUFF!



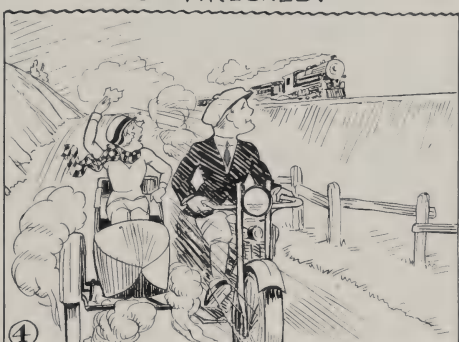
FOLLOWING A VISIT TO A HARLEY-DAVIDSON
MOTORCYCLE PICNIC - H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF
WALES WAVES 'GOOD-BYE' FROM THE
REAR OF THE EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS!



THE BELATED MESSAGE! THE STATION
AGENT SHOWS NOBBY NED A TELEGRAM SAY-
ING THE BRIDGE IS WASHED OUT 20 MILES
BELOW! THE EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS WILL
BE WRECKED!



NOBBY NED TO THE RESCUE!
THE EXPRESS HAS A 2 MINUTE START!
NOBBY NED AND HIS SWEETHEART MUST
OVERTAKE IT!



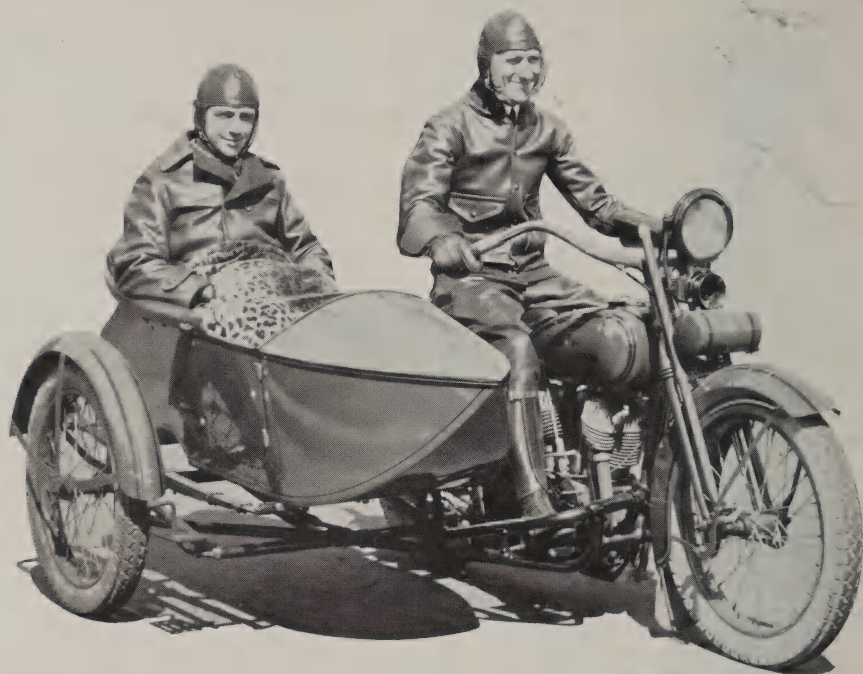
NOBBY NED GAINS!
NO TIME MUST BE LOST - THE FATAL
BRIDGE IS STILL AHEAD!



IN THE NICK OF TIME!!
THE EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS AND ITS
CELEBRATED PASSENGERS ARE
SAVED!!



- AND THEN - THE PRINCE KNIGHTS
NOBBY NED, "KING OF SPEED" AND HIS
SWEETHEART, "QUEEN OF
HEROINES!"



Keep warm with these togs!

THESE are the days of big riding joy. When the corn is in the shock and the frost is on the pumpkin, motorcycling is at it's best. But the air is nippy and you want to be warmly dressed. Leather togs is what you want to turn the wind and keep you comfortable. There's style and lots of class to these togs. Slip into them at your dealer and you will be all set for fall and winter riding.

COATS

Genuine leather coat, 35 in. long, double breasted, heavy woolen cloth lining, slant pockets. Color mahogany.

Price, MX-321.....\$22.00

JACKETS

Leather sport jacket, heavyweight cloth lining. Two wide patch pockets. Made of brown leather.

Price, MX-322.....\$14.75

MITTS

Genuine black horsehide leather mitts, wrist strap. Choice of fleece or lamb lining.

MX-311 One finger fleece lined.....\$4.25

MX-312 Regular fleece lined.....\$4.00

MX-316 One finger Lamb lined.....\$5.75

MX-317 Regular Lamb lined.....\$5.50

BREECHES

Genuine leather breeches. Heavy moleskin cloth lining. Double seat, five pockets. Mahogany color.

Price, MX-325.....\$16.50

HELMETS

Made of soft mahogany color leather. Chin and side flap. Fitted with slip buckle. With either chamois or sheepskin lining.

MX-290 Chamois lined.....\$4.00

MX-293 Sheepskin lined.....\$5.00

PUTTEES

Spring and strap style puttees. Very durable, good looking and comfortable. Highly polished mahogany shade. Sizes 14-17.

KX-270 Spring front.....\$5.00

KX-266 Strap Style.....\$5.00

SIDECAR ROBE

Heavy, handsome leopard pattern sidecar robe with muff. Size 54 x 66 inches. Price, JX-517.....\$15.00

38.05
HADE

The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast



November, 1924

The Big Hunting Season is On!



With the first crisp days of November, J. F. Calhoun, of Mattoon, Illinois, and his pal James Fitt, are frequently off at dawn with the Harley-Davidson to a good hunting spot miles away. This picture shows the result of one morning's sport, 36 miles from home.



What wouldn't you give to come home from a deer hunt this month with your sidecar filled with a big 198-pound buck like this one? Frank Swada of Big Rapids, Michigan, who shot this big fellow in Upper Michigan, can show you how and where to get them.



"Not such bad shooting," says John Ford of Los Angeles, California, who was out on the Salton Sea marshes with his Harley-Davidson the first morning of the season.



No need to ask if we enjoyed our stay at Joe Drinkwater's "Ark Hotel" on Great Central Lake. Take a look at the surrounding scenery and judge for yourself. Vancouver Island abounds with such scenic spots.

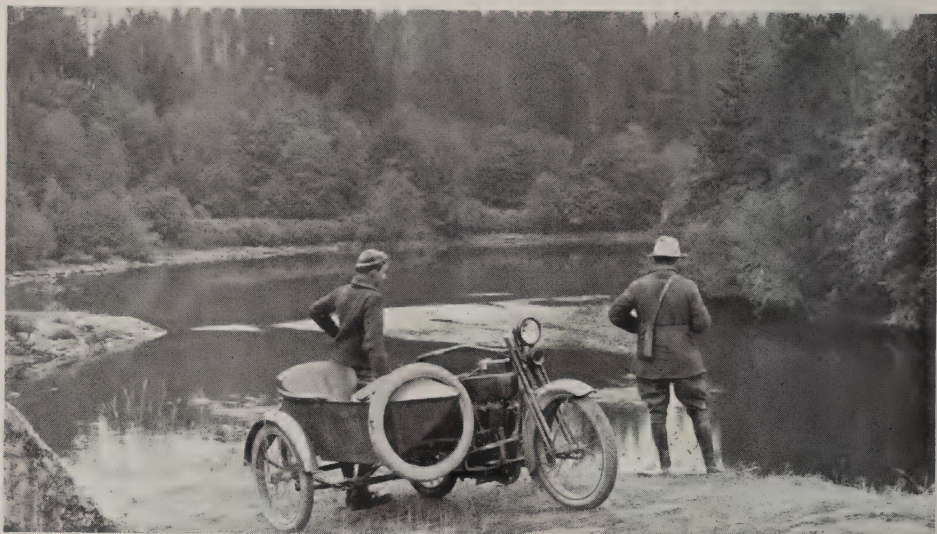
Seeing Vancouver Island through American Goggles

By John E. Hogg

PROBABLY every motorcyclist has dreamed pipe dreams of the land where he'd like to tour—a land of good roads, magnificent scenery, virgin wilderness, good fishing and good hunting, hospitable people, warm crisp sunshine and gentle showers. The realization of this dream is not easy to find because all these things are seldom assembled in any one piece of territory. Yet, there is a vast island, far greater in area than many of the states of the United States; not an American country to be sure, but an English-speaking one, nevertheless—where all these things, and even more, are available to the American motorcycle tourist. This island is the Canadian Island of Vancouver, part of the Province of British Columbia, and just about five hours by fast steamships from the American seaport of Seattle. It's a five dollar round trip boat ride from Seattle to Victoria, the British Columbian capital. A

motorcycle goes along as excess baggage at a flat rate of one dollar, or two dollars for a sidecar outfit.

Although Canada is an English-speaking country, and Canadians are pretty much the same as Americans, the motorcyclist who tours across our northern boundary does not have to remain long on Canadian soil to realize that he is not in the United States. Americans are thoroughly welcome in Canada, however, and the customs and immigration red tape incidental to crossing the border have purposely been made just as simple as possible. One must satisfy the Canadian authorities that he's not a fugitive from justice in the United States, and that he has sufficient means to prevent his becoming a public charge. The customs regulations are easy. A tourist's permit for one's machine must be obtained, but it's issued right on the dock where the ship lands. There are



Here we were looking for fishing indications preparatory to bringing out the tackle. Even if we hadn't caught a fish, we wouldn't have minded lingering in a beauty spot like this. The scene is on the Alberni River near Alberni.

no fees to be paid, and the whole process is practically painless. After that, there's nothing to do but "gas up" at \$.32 per gallon—but it's the British Imperial gallon, equivalent to five American quarts.

And, speaking of quarts! That reminds us to mention that in British Columbia the government has taken over the liquor business, and established a chain of liquor stores where all brands of alcoholic cheer are dispensed by the bottle in limited quantities to reputable persons. If you're thirsty when you land in Victoria, you go to the nearest Government liquor store, swear that you're not an habitual drunkard, and get your permit to buy such liquid refreshments as you desire. The permit is good for a year, or until revoked, and entitles the holder to purchase alcoholic liquors—as the permit says: "for beverage, medicinal, and culinary purposes." The Good Lord only knows what else it might be used for! At any rate, when you buy your bottle from the government stores, there's no guess-work about what's in it. It's the REAL STUFF, and doesn't taste like shellac, hair tonic, or horse liniment.

The writer is not in favor of trying to mix alcohol and gasoline. Nevertheless, a visit to a free country is thoroughly enjoyable.

We motored around Victoria, which is a picturesque city of about 40,000 population, and for all the world a bit of old England transported to the American Continent. We called on Dick Shanks, the enterprising Harley-Davidson dealer, whom the writer got acquainted with ten years ago in England. He gave us all sorts of information about the island, and sent us on our way with the admonition to call on him if we needed anything.

The road leading northward up the island from the provincial capital has been generously signposted—and what a revelation the island road system is! The first few miles are excellent concrete pavement which terminates upon a seemingly endless smooth, hard, gravel road. The roads are well drained, and are constantly patrolled by workmen on bicycles who give immediate attention to little ruts and holes that are starting to form.

The road goes uphill and down, around hair-pin, and S-turns, until all sense of

direction is lost. The country on all sides is a dense forest of coniferous trees, with little farms, and peaceful villages every few miles. Leaving Goldstream, a little town about 20 miles up the island from Victoria, and nestled at the foot of the Malahat Mountains, the road enters Niagara Canyon. This is a deep water-worn gorge leading nine miles back into the range and is a place of rare scenic beauty. Up from the roadside and the edge of the roaring stream that the road follows, tower great jagged walls of nearly perpendicular rock, almost completely covered with velvety green moss. About midway up the canyon the road crosses the stream on a trussed suspension bridge at a point where the walls of the gorge are so close together that the trees at the top almost overlap. It was noon when we got to the suspension bridge, and stopped to eat our lunches. We had only about 60 miles to show for the forenoon's touring because we'd just been loafing along looking at the country—getting an eyeful with every turn in the road.

A little beyond Niagara Canyon brings the pine fringed indigo surface of Saanich Sound into full view. The road goes on up Malahat Pass topping the summit at an elevation of 1500 feet, and overlooking a panorama that beggars description.



You get plenty of chance to ride through cool, sun-kissed pine forests on Vancouver Island. This photo was taken in the Douglas Fir forests between Parksville and Alberni.

The road dangles around the mountain-sides, from which one looks straight off into the clear blue waters of the sound. Across the Straits of Georgia beyond, the Canadian and American mainlands are in full view, with the snowy top of Mt. Baker, 14,000 feet high, towering into the distant background. At this juncture it rained. We put on our "tin

(Turn to Page 17)



You'd take pride in looking over beauties like these, too. They're proof that fishing is mighty good on the Alberni River.



Here Art Cornet of Indianapolis, Indiana, is showing the big crowd that turned out for the Entronuse Motorcycle Club's annual frolic at Marion, what you can do with a Harley-Davidson outfit in the sidecar hurdle race. Art won first prize in the event. Read the story below for details of the big doings.

Indiana Riders Have Big Time at Marion Celebration

FROLICKING to their heart's content over 200 riders furnished some real thrills for the crowd of 5000 that turned out for the annual Motorcycle Frolic and Field Day of the Entronuse Motorcycle Club at Marion, Indiana, September 21st. Games, races, and contests of all kinds were held, and prizes were plentiful. Riders who took part in the events came from seven different states. Ohio, Wisconsin, Alabama, Idaho, Kentucky, Michigan, Illinois and Indiana were all represented.

One of the first contests to be pulled off, the sidecar plank riding event, proved a real thriller, and was won by C. C. Amsler of Goshen, riding a Harley-Davidson. Next came the solo plank riding event, which was won by Yale Palmer of Marion, and after that the sidecar hurdle. Art Cornet of Indianapolis captured first prize in this event. Closely following these two contests, came the barrel dodging sidecar and solo races. Herb White of Muncie won the sidecar race and Newman Harper of North Manchester, the solo. Ray Newman and Ray Hornick dashed off with first places in the solo relay race, and Tom Underhill, the Harley-Davidson hillclimb man, and Fred Scott fea-

tured in the sidecar relay race. In the sidecar in air race, Fred Scott and A. Amsler got first place with a Harley-Davidson. Harry Neeley of Marion won the potato race, while Tommy Underhill won both the lunch and balloon races. Prizes were also given to the oldest and youngest motorcycle riders present, and to the tallest and shortest riders. Bert Shockey with a 1917 Harley-Davidson was awarded a prize for having the oldest machine present. The Kokomo Club won first place in the attendance contest.

The prize for the best looking machine was given to Ray Hornick of Dayton for his "Krazy Kat" motorcycle, a 1924 Harley-Davidson all "dolled up" with accessories of all descriptions.

Mrs. Nancy Bond of Marion was popularly voted the neatest woman driver present, while Herb White of Muncie received a similar decision in the male contest. A new 1925 Harley-Davidson was awarded to C. M. Wheeldon of Marion.

In the race of Premio Caballito, one of the most important races held this season in South America on the famous Moron circuit, Ambrosio Tomasini, piloted a Harley-Davidson around the track in 58 minutes less time than the winner of second place.

"Dud" Perkins Glistens in Climb at Marysville, California

THE Pacific Coast spotlight was again turned on "Daring Dud" Perkins, the Harley-Davidson hillclimb hero, at the Marysville, California, climb, held under the auspices of the Capitol City Motorcycle Club of Sacramento.

Hills, spills, thrills! The Harley-Davidson high-flyers double-barreled their way up the lofty Marysville mound and gave their 5,000 followers a real kick out of life. With plenty of the good old "soup" in regular working order all the places in the three events on the schedule were reeled in by the Harley-Davidson native sons. Over twenty riders competed and the only three to reach the top were Perkins, Faulders, and Elder, three Harley-Davidson men. Here's the summary of what they did:

80 Cubic Inch Novice Event: 1st, Eugene Rhyne; 2nd W. F. Slayton, and 3rd, Fred Randall, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

61 Cubic Inch Expert Event: 1st, Dudley Perkins; 2nd, George Faulders, and 3rd, Sprouts Elder, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

80 Cubic Inch Expert Event: 1st, Dudley Perkins; 2nd, George Faulders, and 3rd, Sprouts Elder, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

Overwhelms Competition in Climb at Duluth, Minnesota

The ancient ship "Competition" was sunk last week when the Harley-Davidson speed-boat rammed into her at Duluth, Minnesota. The olive green crew with maroon stripes sure put a crimp in the opposing tub. Led by Admiral Paulson and Captain Herritt the Harley-Davidson hillclimb pirates ran away with all the booty. Summary:

61 Cubic Inch Event: 1st, R. Paulson, 6-1/5 seconds; 2nd, E. Borski, and 3rd, R. Dower, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

74 Cubic Inch Event: 1st, W. Herritt, 7 seconds; 2nd, R. Paulson, and 3rd, T. Wilson, all riding Harley-Davidsons.



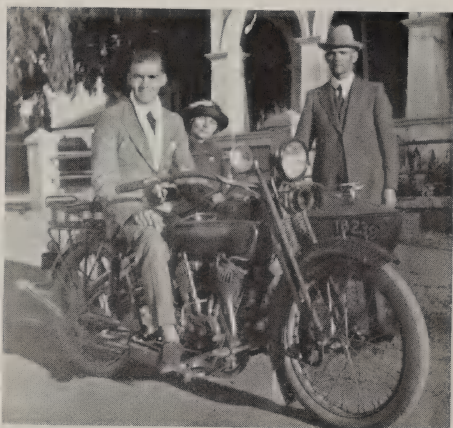
The Capitol City Motorcycle Club boys sure picked out a real hill for their climb at Marysville, California. Note the two chalk lines marking the course and incidentally the bunch of 1925 model Harley-Davidsons parked in the foreground.

Harley-Davidson Triumphs at McClure, N. Y., Climb

The Harley-Davidson hill-rovers galloped over 1-2-3 in the hillclimb here at McClure, New York, on Sunday, September 14th. Norman Bodie, Honesdale, New York, dealer copped off first place when he wiggled up over the top in 15 seconds flat. Frank Hometz, also a Honesdale star, took second in 17-2/5 seconds and "Pete" Truesdale had to be content with a 342 foot third. An enthusiastic crowd of hillclimb fans watched Harley-Davidson clean up again.



"Doesn't it look like we enjoy motorcycling?" asks Harry Richland of the De Lancey Motorcycle Club, New York City, about the photo shown above. "The photo," he explains, "shows some of the members on a recent week-end trip."

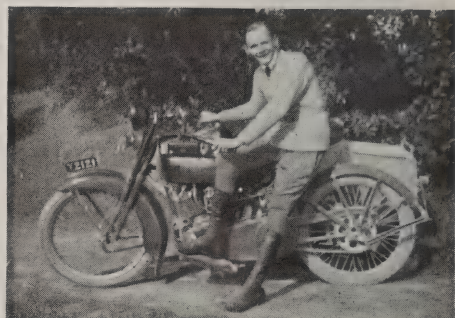


"Dad and Mother are as enthusiastic over Harley-Davidsons as their son," writes C. A. Larsen of Johannesburg, South Africa, and adds: "I have now been riding my own outfit for about three months, and its absolutely 'IT'. Weekends, 'the' young lady and yours truly are never at home. We are generally miles and miles out of Johannesburg somewhere in the peaceful country."



"There's no keeping these three youngsters home on a nice day," says Louis Garday, who works in the office here at the Harley-Davidson plant. "I guess they know every mile of country around Milwaukee," Louis adds, "because they certainly work their Dad overtime taking them around in the double passenger outfit. When one of them has to stay home for some reason or another, you can just bet that there's a big howl made. This photo shows the bunch of us out on a little excursion."

"I've traveled 10,000 kilometers (6,210 miles) with my Harley-Davidson and sidecar to date," writes Rolf Seelmann of Neustadt-Orla, Thuringia, Germany, "and during all this time it has been giving me the finest kind of service. I've made trips frequently from here to Vejle in Denmark, and have seldom opened my tool box. Weekends, too, I'm always out touring, and my Harley-Davidson, I find, is always equal to even the roughest roads we encounter."



"Life would sure be dull without my Harley-Davidson," says Hilliard Perrin of Brockville, Ontario, Canada, "because I spend all my spare time with it. When it comes to taking trips into the country, I find there is nothing like it for sport. Gee! it sure helps a fellow to enjoy life. Guess you can tell that I do, just by looking at this picture." We sure can, Hilliard, old boy. With "that smile that won't come off," we couldn't think otherwise.





Oh, boy! Is it any wonder that everybody sat up and took notice when these three pretty 1925 Harley-Davidson-mounted balloon girls arrived on the scene at the recent Marysville, California, climb? With their brightly-colored balloons, they sure put lots of "pep" into the landscape.

Harley-Davidson Wins 18-Hour Indiana Endurance Run

STARTING at midnight on Saturday, September 20th, at South Bend, Indiana, and finishing in the same spot on Sunday, September 21st, at 6 p. m., was the goal of the Second Annual 18-Hour Endurance Run of the South Bend Motorcycle Club.

Twenty-three riders competed in this gruelling grind and only nine finished, with six having perfect scores. Of these six perfect scores, the first four highest men were Harley-Davidson riders.

Earl Hodson of South Bend was the top man of the run. His perfect score of 1000 and his consistency score of 996 brought him a well-earned first place. He was closely followed by his teammates Ralph Webster, Frank Henkles and Lloyd Beeman, all of whom were but a few points behind Hodson.

The team event was also a Harley-Davidson victory, the prize going to Earl Hodson and Ralph Webster with a 2000 perfect score and a 1991 consistency mark.

Danish Riders on Trip 'Round the World with Harley-Davidson

Two young Danish motorcyclists, Mr. Heiberg and Mr. Swane, recently started on a trip round the world with a Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit. They will go via Berlin, Prague, and Vienna to Constantinople, then through Asia Minor, Syria, to Beirut, and Bagdad, through India, China, Japan, and via San Francisco through America to New York. They are carrying a complete camping outfit and expect to cover about 12,000 miles. The trip is being supported by the Royal Danish Automobile Club.



A group of Aachen, Germany, riders enjoying a two-day trip near Daun, 500 kilometers from home. Left to right: Mr. and Mrs. Martin Haan and son, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Schwarz, and Mr. and Mrs. Heutz.

We will appreciate suggestions on how to improve the Enthusiast.



"Gloves and turned-up collars are necessities when crossing the Continental Divide, even in June," says Ian Campbell of Evanston, Illinois, whose story of the trip he made with his Harley-Davidson from Oregon to Illinois appears in the opposite column.

Cleveland Climb Cardinal Clean-up For Harley-Davidson Boys

THE Harley-Davidson wrecking crew blasted their way to a slashing clean-up down at the Buckeye Metropolis; with Grove and McAbee leading the massacre, the verdant-hued vikings soared up and over to a galaxy of hillclimb wins.

In the 61 Professional, John Grove, Chambersburg comet, dexterously manoeuvred his Harley-Davidson over the summit to an easy win. In the 80 Open there came a big surprise when McAbee cajoled his two-wheeled hillclimb eagle skywards and nosed out Grove, his brilliant teammate. These two big feature victories, together with a win by Northrup in the 80 Novice and Williams in the Closed Club event, baffled competition and gave the Harley-Davidson boys a clean cut, convincing victory.

The boys in Marion, Ohio, organized a motorcycle club just recently, with twenty-one signed-up members.

"Motor Never Missed a Chug," is Rider's Comment on Trip

LAST June, when Ian Campbell took an M. A. degree at the University of Oregon, and received an appointment from Northwestern University of Evanston, Illinois, he promptly purchased a nineteen twenty-three used Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit and started East.

"Most people thought I was more or less of a darn fool for starting out on such a trip, all but the Harley-Davidson dealer—he said I'd get through without any trouble, and I did!" said Campbell. "Another University of Oregon graduate was my sidecar passenger. He weighed 180 pounds, and we carried blanket rolls, canvasses, personal equipment, a cooking outfit, some extra tools, and an extra casing. All that load for the 61."

Campbell said further that they took the Pacific Highway from Eugene to Portland, and from there went to Pendleton on the Columbia River Highway. Here they hit the Old Oregon Trail, going through Pocatello, Idaho, to Salt Lake City. Then, on the Lincoln Highway through Laramie, Wyoming, to Denver, and from there the U. P. Trail to Kansas City. They took the Pikes Peak Ocean to Ocean Highway across Missouri and Illinois to Danville, and then went north to Chicago on the Dixie Highway.

"We covered 3,080 miles and were fourteen days on the road," Campbell said. "We used fifty-seven gallons of gas, getting about fifty-two miles per gallon, and were forced to stop only once. This was to tighten the front chain, which had gotten too loose and jumped off."

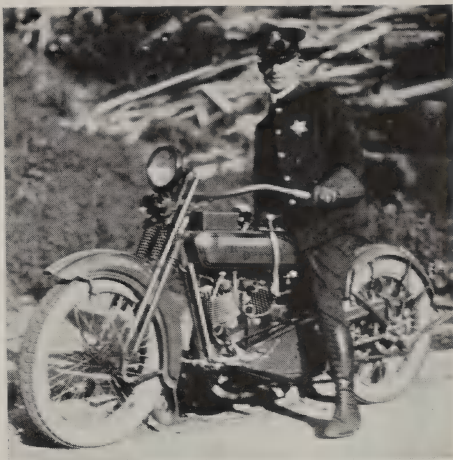
"Most of all I was surprised at the way the motor performed. Never missed a chug the whole way across. And the way it pulled! In spite of all that load, I didn't have to shift out of high to climb a hill until this side of Boise, Idaho. I suppose the best proof of the success or failure of such a trip is the answer to the question, 'Would you do it again?' Yes, I most surely would!"

Rides 22 Miles at 73 Miles an Hour to Capture Car Thief

A LONG stretch of road—a big car speeding along with its motor roaring—and “close on its wheels” an olive green motorcycle with a uniformed officer leaning low over the handlebars. That's the picture motorists traveling between Logansport and Burlington, Indiana, caught when Traffic Officer R. G. Short of the former city recently chased a car thief for 22 miles with his Harley-Davidson and wound up by capturing him in a cornfield a half-mile off the road.

Officer Short had just returned from his “beat” when he noticed the car mentioned leaving town at a high rate of speed. The driver's actions also aroused his suspicion and he immediately gave chase. Mile after mile slipped by. Cut-outs were opened wide. The hand on the speedometer kept going up, and finally hung around the 73 miles an hour mark. Suddenly, just at the outskirts of Burlington, the car came to a dead stop, and as Officer Short drew alongside, the driver jumped out and ran across the railroad tracks toward a cornfield.

Just at this moment, also, a state detective pulled up, and he joined Short in the chase through the field. A half-



Traffic Officer R. G. Short and his Harley-Davidson.

mile from the highway, they caught their man and placed him under arrest. Upon their return to Logansport, they were informed at the jail that the man was wanted at Columbus, Ohio, for car theft. He had stolen the car in Columbus, driven it to South Bend, thrown away his Ohio license there, and substituted a pair of stolen Indiana plates.

Officer Short's machine is a 1924 model Harley-Davidson. Regarding it, he says: “I have ridden all makes of machines, but for fast work and dependability, I find the Harley-Davidson far superior for police work.”

Gives Harley-Davidson Credit for Success as Motorcycle Officer

With a record of saving many lives, recovering 137 stolen machines, and catching innumerable speeders, Motorcycle Officer Peter H. Cassidy of the Department of Public Safety at McKeesport, Pennsylvania, attributes much of his success to the Harley-Davidson.

“I am always sure of landing my man when I start out with my Harley-Davidson,” he says. “I have always been confident, too, that when it is necessary for me to ‘step on ‘er,’ it will respond, because so far in the seven years I have worked for the City of McKeesport, the machine has never failed me.”



Motorcycle Officer Peter H. Cassidy.

Six Reasons Why the Ha



Life's one thrill after another for movie stars like William S. Hart, but Bill says ever since his first ride on a Harley-Davidson when his latest picture, "Singer Jim McKee", was filmed, he has known an entirely different and delightful sensation. Bill's the man riding tandem, and Bert Sprottle is the sheriff.



In California, they've discovered a fire fighting outfit." It's a Harley-Davidson engine and apparatus as is shown in the picture. It's a valuable when it comes to putting out fires protected by ordinary fire facilities.



"It's no trick to get your limit if you ride out with a Harley-Davidson," say these Salt Lake City, Utah, hunters.

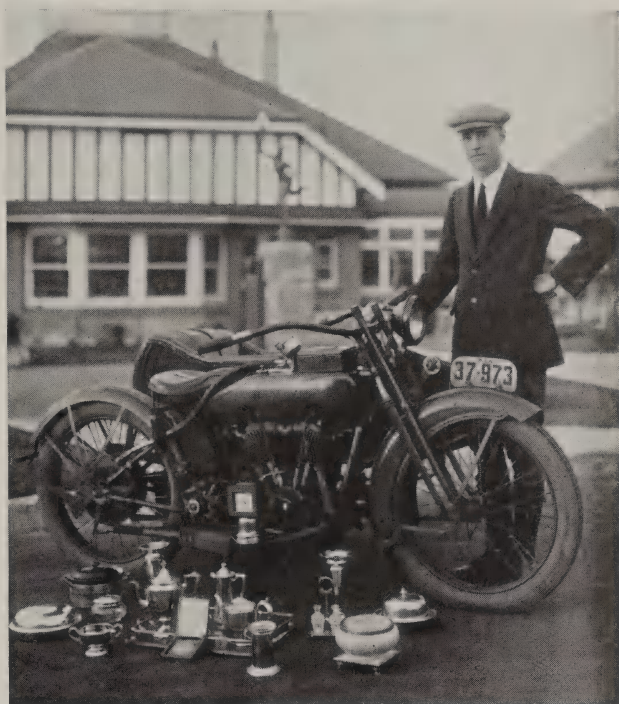


The popularity of the Harley-Davidson in Java is shown by the mounted riders who belong to the newly-organized club to leave Batavia for Soekaboemi on their first out-

Harley-Davidson is Popular



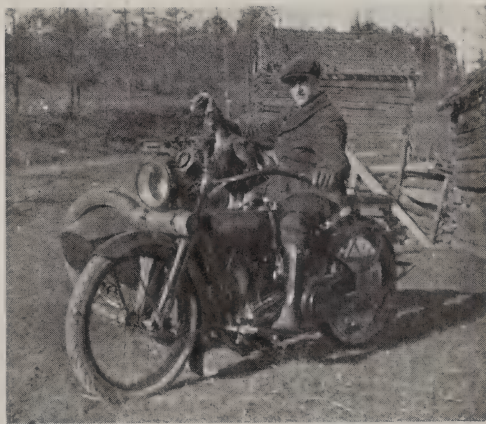
at one fellow terms a "Hell'n Maria" vidson equipped with a fire pumping he photo. The outfit has proven in- fires in farm buildings or villages un-



No wonder the well-known Australian rider, Frank Howarth of Sydney prefers a Harley-Davidson! Look at this collection of prizes he has won with his motorcycle through his consistent win- nings in races, reliability trials, and other forms of competition during the last year or two.



is proven by this line-up of Harley-Davidson- atavia Motor Club. This photo shows them ready . They are planning many similar enjoyable runs.

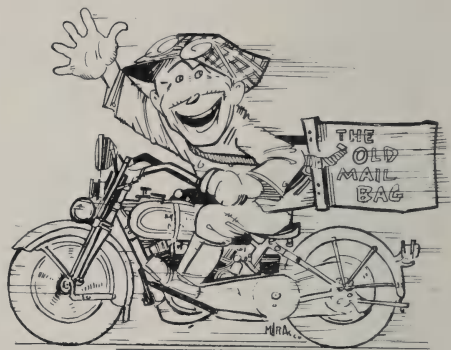


Here's Walter L. Johnson of Cherry Run, West Virginia, returning from a turkey hunt with a nice fat gobbler for his Thanksgiving dinner.

Frank's Mail Bag

"Is there anything you want to know about your Harley-Davidson? Tell me what it is and I'll try to help you out. I'll answer all questions with a letter. Questions that are of general interest to our other Enthusiast readers will be printed on this page of mine. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."

—Frank



Hear Ye, Hear Ye!

Uncle Frank must again ask you fellows to be sure and give the motor number when asking for information. Atta boy.

What have you got to say about battery care during cold weather? If I do not ride my machine this winter, how should I store my battery so it will be in good condition next spring?—F. N.

Good stuff, F. N., I'm glad some of you fellows are interested in your batteries enough to care for them during the extremely cold weather. If you use your machine for winter riding in localities where the temperature drops below freezing, you must pay more attention to the condition of your storage battery.

Remember a fully charged battery (gravity 1275) cannot freeze even in the most severe cold climates.

A battery that is one-half charged (gravity 1200) will freeze at a temperature of 17° F. below zero.

A discharged (gravity 1125) battery will freeze at a temperature of 18° F. ABOVE zero.

When you add water to your battery in cold weather, do so just before you take a ride so the water will mix thoroughly with the acid and not freeze when the machine is left standing idle.

Use a hydrometer to read the specific gravity (state of charge) of the solution in each cell weekly. If you do a lot of night riding, take care not to discharge the battery by using the lights unneces-

sarily. Use the dimmer bulb for parking and not the bright light. Go easy on spotlights if you want your battery to live through the winter. Winter days are short, so go easy on all the lights.

When you start your motor in extremely cold weather make all preparations beforehand, so the battery current will be conserved.

If you are not going to ride your machine during the winter months, then store it in a warm (temperate) place or else remove the battery and store it in a warm place. A battery that is out of service should be given a freshening charge every two months at least. Some Harley-Davidson dealers make a specialty of storing batteries for the winter—maybe your dealer can take care of your battery this winter.

What causes a motor to spit back through the carburetor even after it becomes warm? My motor, a 1924-JDCA, does this at low speeds and I want to stop it. My carburetor is a Schebler Model H.—R. E. T.

There are several things, R. E. T., I want you to try out in the hopes of eliminating the trouble. First of all, sticking inlet valves or weak inlet valve springs could be the cause. Extra loose adjustment of the exhaust tappets causes spitting or popping in the carburetors. A clogged or dirty muffler causes back pressure and incidentally spitting and popping in the carburetor. Improper carburetor adjustment or carburetor float level not set properly could be the cause of the trouble.

Check up the carburetor float level by removing the bowl, turning it bottom side up and measuring the distance from the top of the cork float to the edge of the bowl. For 74 cubic inch motors this distance should be between $\frac{3}{16}$ and $\frac{1}{8}$ inch. If necessary, the float lever can be bent to obtain the proper float level.

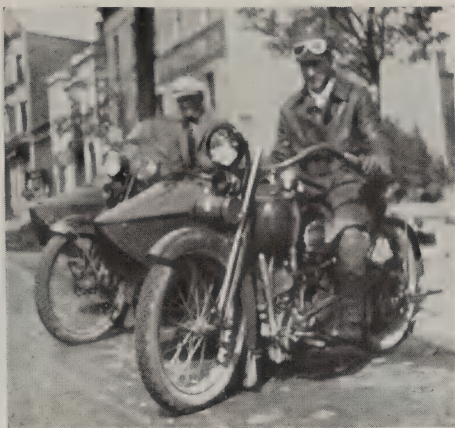
For you birds owning 61 cubic inch motors, the Schebler Model H carburetor float level should be $\frac{1}{16}$ inch.

My motor seems harder to start since the weather turned colder. I must release the compression before I can turn my motor over fast enough to start it. Do your stuff, Frank.—C. R. W.

Sounds like your clutch is not adjusted properly, C. R. W. The clutch should be adjusted so the discs are gripped firmly together when the hand or foot lever is in the extreme forward position, and when the hand or foot lever is shifted to the rear, the discs should release without dragging. How is all this accomplished? Easy.

Adjust your clutch as follows:

Set the hand operating lever to have from $\frac{1}{2}$ " to $\frac{3}{4}$ " free motion (in forward position) before it starts to release the clutch. This adjustment is made by tightening or loosening the nuts on the pull rod left end as may be necessary. If now the clutch does not hold tight, then tighten the six adjusting screws one-half turn each until the clutch is fully locked when the hand or foot lever is in an extreme forward position.



Earl Hodson and Ralph Webster, who pulled down the prizes in the Sidecar Team class in the 18-Hour South Bend, Indiana, Endurance Run, when they finished with a 2000 perfect score and a 1991 consistency mark.

Can the Alemite oiler fittings be put on 1923 and older model machines? What size drill and tap must I use to fit the Alemite oilers to my wheel hubs? Are the hubs hardened enough to make drilling difficult? Fix me up, Frank.—J. A. S.

The Alemite fittings are not interchangeable with the regular oiler fittings as used on the earlier model machines.

You can fit the Alemite oilers to your hubs, providing you can drill through the case hardened hub shell. Sometimes drilling hardened steel can be facilitated by using turpentine as a lubricant. It may prove to be a long and laborious job at best.

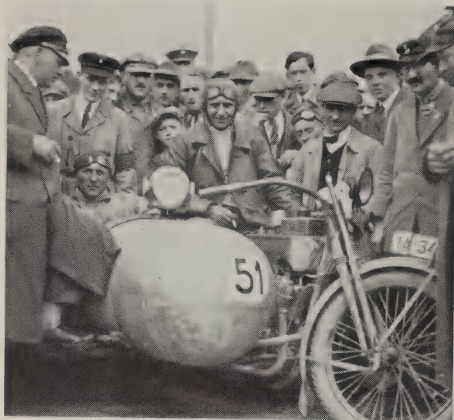
Use a letter "C" drill, or a drill .242 inch in diameter for making the holes. The tap for Alemite fittings is $\frac{1}{16}$ inch diameter, having 32 V threads to the inch.

Wins Harley-Davidson Medal

B. Warren Henwood of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, won the Harley-Davidson award medal at the hillclimb held in Coatesville, Pennsylvania, September 14th, when he steered his Harley-Davidson over in 8 seconds flat in the 80 Cubic Inch Closed Club event. 'Atta boy, Warren!



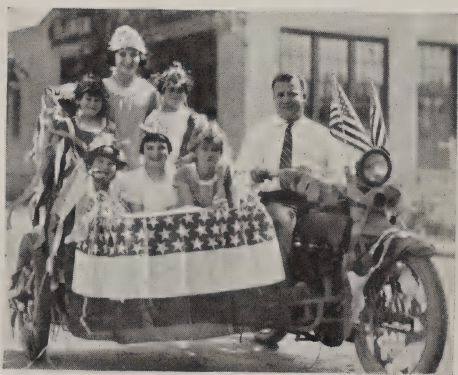
A. M. Maday of Silt, Colorado, his pal, and the big buck he shot last year on a deer hunt in the mountains. "I had a complete camping outfit with me," Maday informs us, "and the buck weighed over 200 pounds dressed, so you see I had some load, but the Harley-Davidson came through without a hitch."



Walter Thormeier, the German racer, receiving congratulations upon winning first place in the 600-mile road race that was held in Germany recently. He also won the first condition prize in the Sidecar Class and likewise the award for making the best showing of any make of machine in the over 500 c. c. class.

Harley-Davidson Wins in Austrian Tourist Trophy Race

Luky Schmid, famous European racing star, behind the handlebars of his Harley-Davidson motorcycle, triumphed over 25 competitors by winning the 1924 Austrian Open Class Tourist Trophy Race held at Vienna on August 31st. Schmid made the best time of the day, establishing a new record for the course. His nearest competitor was almost 15 miles behind him at the finish. The Austrian Tourist Trophy Race is a European classic and many distinguished military officers and racing men officiated.



This decorated Harley-Davidson outfit with its load of pretty girls was awarded first prize in a recent parade at Scottsville, New York. George Alexpoudakis is the proud owner and driver.

Smothers Competition at Fast Fresno, Calif., Races

DARTING around the wooden speedway with terrific speed and marvelous control, Ralph Hepburn and Jim Davis, the Harley-Davidson racing rajas, battered down competition before their flashing attack.

Fourteen fast furious Fresno feuds in five days resulted in twelve victories for Harley-Davidson. "Hep" and "Smiling" Jim, averaging over 100 miles an hour, were easily the big stars of the Golden State Carnival, each coming out with 5 scalps apiece and a mittful of seconds and thirds. A smashing victory for Harley-Davidson that will ring up and down the Pacific Coast.

On September 29th, Hepburn dashed off with first place in both the 5-Mile and 10-Mile events, with Davis taking second place in the 5-Mile, and third in the 10-Mile. The 5-Mile Consolation also went to the Harley-Davidson, Saregian taking first place.

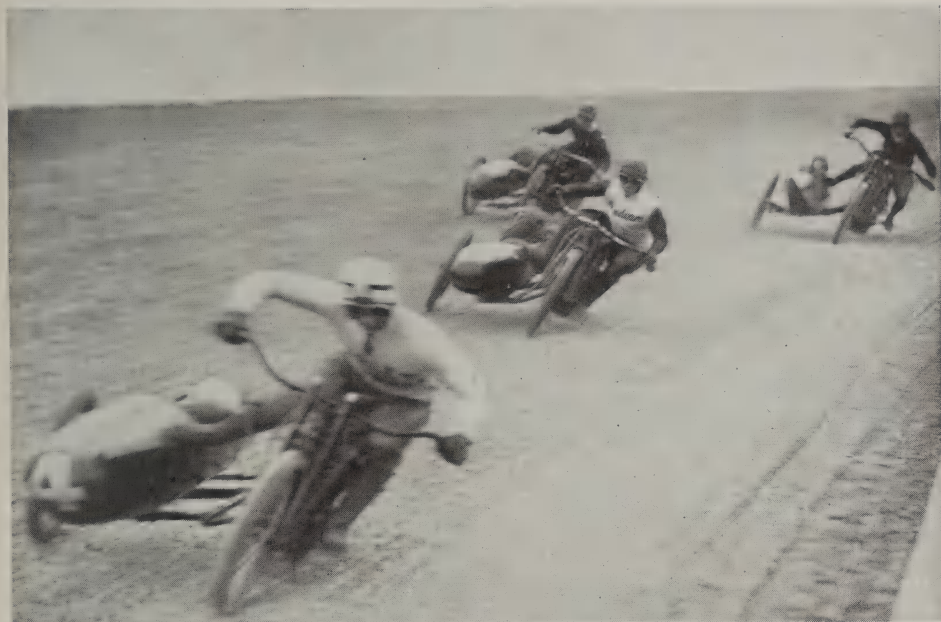
On September 30th, Hepburn again starred in the 5-Mile event, covering the distance in 2 minutes, 49-4/5 seconds, just 4-4/5 seconds lower than his time of the previous day. Davis took third place in this event and first in the 5-Mile Consolation.

On October 1st, Hepburn won the 20-Mile event in 12 minutes and 44 seconds, with Davis coming in second. In the 5-Mile event, positions were reversed, Davis taking first place, and Hepburn, second.

On October 3rd, Davis captured the 10-Mile event in 5 minutes and 45 seconds, the best time of the meet for 10-miles, and Hepburn came in second. Davis also won the 5-Mile event, with Hepburn taking third place.

On October 4th, Davis again took the 10-Mile event, while Hepburn rode off with the 5-Miles, with Davis coming in second.

Don't fail to read the new Enthusiast page, "Opportunities."



The crowd that turned out for the recent races at Syracuse, New York, got all the thrills they were looking for when Ralph Hepburn, the Golden State speed wizard, started tearing around the track in the 5-Mile National Sidecar Championship event. This photo shows him in the lead just before getting the checkered flag.

Seeing Vancouver Island Through American Goggles

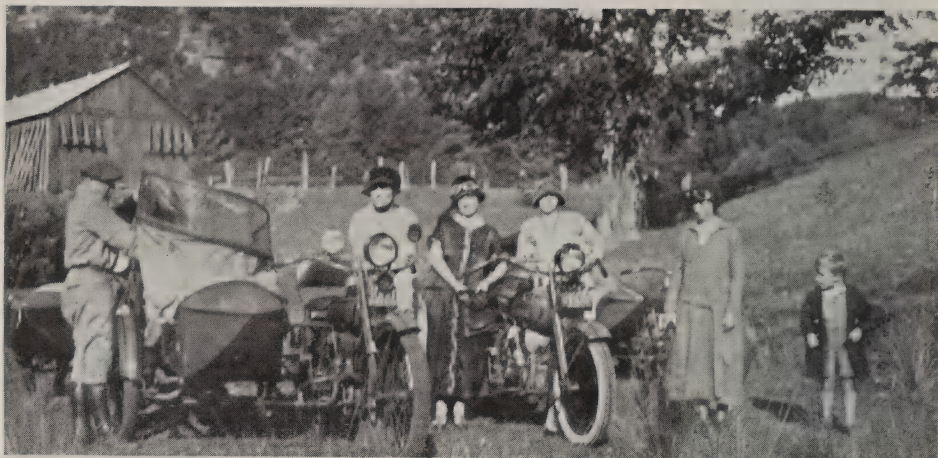
(From Page 5)

pants", slickers, and sou'westers, and rattled on down the north side of the pass. It rained pitchforks until we got to Cowichan Bay—where the Cowichan Bay hotel looked more comfortable than touring, or camping in the rain. We awoke next morning to find the rain still pattering down.

"Why not try salmon fishing today?" suggested the innkeeper, when we told him we'd probably spend the day with him. "Do they bite in the rain?" we asked. "Sometimes they do," he replied. "Some of the best catches have been made in rainy weather." The innkeeper graciously offered us the use of his rowboat, which was fitted with a "putput" motor. A few minutes later we were "put-putting" across the bay with trolling spoons trailing behind. We dragged those spoons all over the bay without getting a nibble.

The rain was cold and moist, as most rains are, and we were about ready to give up salmon fishing as a bad job when—"ZING-ng-ng-ng-ng!" went my reel. The rod bent dangerously and the reel began to smoke. I'd reel him in a few inches, and then Mr. Salmon would take a nose dive for the bottom of the sea. Gradually, however, the fish wore himself out. Thirty minutes after he'd taken the hook, Wieday, my sidecar passenger, reached over the side of the boat, and brought the fish to gaff. It was a 30-pounder, and he threatened to knock both of us overboard before we could "bean" him with a fish billy. Three hours more of fishing produced another fish of 32 pounds, and a third one weighing 28 pounds. We'd had sport enough catching them to last the rest of our lives. All the people about the inn that evening, ourselves included, had baked salmon for dinner—and Oh! Man, that's a dish for a king!

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The new 1925's certainly are becoming popular fast. Here's a group of 1925 machines that were snapped by Salesman F. G. Coolidge at the run held by Dyer & Everett, our Springfield, Massachusetts, dealers, recently. The riders and sidecar passengers were enthusiastic about the new features.

California Climb is Impressive Harley-Davidson Victory

THE Harley-Davidson boys from sunny California sure put the skids under all competition on the steep Patterson hill during the Modesto, California, hillclimb, September 14th. No whitewash artist could have done a better job. Putting everyone else in the background, the Harley-Davidson hillscramblers rambled away with every place on the entry blank. Four big events were four big wins for Harley-Davidson. Twenty-four entrants and the twelve winners were Harley-Davidson men. Summary:

61 Cubic Inch Novice: 1st, Rudolph Conrad, 364 feet; 2nd, George Decker; and 3rd, Bart Gasner, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

61 Cubic Inch Expert: 1st, Sprouts Elder, 442 feet; 2nd, Bill Crane, and 3rd, Van Demark, riding Harley-Davidsons.

80 Cubic Inch Novice: 1st, LeRoy Conrad, 378 feet; 2nd, Bill Slayton, and 3rd, R. C. Bucklin, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

80 Cubic Inch Expert: 1st, Dudley Perkins, 472 feet; 2nd, Bill Crane, and 3rd, Walter Mattson, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

Sensational Climb Victory in East for Harley-Davidson

SLAM! Bang! Wham! Talk about knocking 'em dead! Oh, boy, those Harley-Davidson flyers sure put it over competition at Somers, New York, September 25th.

Led by John Grove, the recognized hillclimb champion, the Harley-Davidson slant scramblers flashed up the shredded hillside, taking 10 out of 12 places, including all four firsts. Grove was the scintillating star of the meet, winning the 61 Cubic Inch Expert and the 80 Open events in championship fashion. In the 80 Open, John shattered his former hill record by 7/10 seconds when he soared over the summit in 11-7/10 seconds. The 61 and 80 Novice events were clean sweeps, the Harley-Davidson men coming in one, two and three.

In the 80 Cubic Inch Novice, Meiran took first place, Leavitt, second, and Curtiss, third, while in the 61 Cubic Inch Novice, Leavitt took first place, Weinstein, second, and Dodge, third, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

Third place in both the 61 Cubic Inch Expert and the 80 Cubic Inch Open events were captured by George Lehner and his Harley-Davidson.

Seeing Vancouver Island Through American Goggles

(From Page 17)

The next day was perfect. Never did the northwoods look more beautiful. The atmosphere was fresh and clear, and there was just a tang of frost in it to make us feel so good it almost hurt! Before noon that day we'd rolled on to Nanaimo, stopping a couple of times to snag a few hungry trout from streams alongside the road. We lunched and fueled at Nanaimo, and then toured on up the island to Parksville. At Parksville we took the fork of the road leading west, up over the great Arrowsmith Mountains, and across the island to Alberni on the Pacific Ocean side. At Cameron Lake, an emerald gem of fresh water in the heart of the mountains, and in a virgin wilderness, we got caught in another downpour of rain. So we pitched our tent, put the waterproof cover over our outfit, and camped until morning.

Find a Sportsman's Paradise

Fair weather again next morning, and with the surrounding mountains all covered with snow, we toured on up the pass, through mile after mile of primeval forest, and finally down the long slope in low gear, to the little lumber seaport of Alberni. From there we toured on northward over fourteen miles of narrow road that is next to a tunnel through the forest. The region about Great Central Lake is a sportsman's paradise. The lake teems with hungry trout, and the shores are alive with deer, black bears, grouse, panthers, and all sorts of feathered and small game. Best of all the hunting season had just opened. After getting our camp set up it began to rain again, but nevertheless, we donned our waterproofs, and set out through the wet underbrush of the forest with our shotguns. Less than a quarter mile from camp, right out from under our noses, a flock of birds roared skyward like Fourth-of-July whiz-bangs. Both of us banged away with our shotguns, and

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"How's this for a load of Christmas greens?" asks W. M. Darley of Monte Vista, Colorado. "Thought this photo would be especially appropriate for this time of the year. It doesn't show a very clean machine or nifty-looking outfit, though, but that's because in my work with the United States Forest Service, I have to go over a lot of bad roads. The outfit has been run four years with practically no repairs."



"My machine's a 61", but she can roar up a hill like a wild bear cat," says Richard Eichles of New York City, New York. "I bought the machine in 1922. Since I've had her I've traveled over 12,000 miles, and believe me, I've had loads of fun every inch of the way. And say, how's this? I ride back and forth to work each day, a distance of 50 miles round trip, on one gallon of gas. Of course, my sidecar is empty."



Clarence Potter, who is with the Motorcycle & Supply Company, Inc., our Portland, Oregon, dealers, made a raid on "Ye Family Album" recently and here's the result. The photo was taken way back in 1916, and shows Al Williams, their shop foreman, and Mrs. Williams on the 1911 Harley-Davidson he still uses.

Underhill Breaks Record for Hill at Marion, Indiana, Climb

"TEARING" Tom Underhill, the Hoosier hillclimb sensation, whirled up the sheer cliff of the famous Entronuse hill down in Marion, Indiana, winning both the 61 and the 80 cubic inch events, and breaking the hill record in the latter event. His time, 2-2/5 seconds, was 2/5 seconds faster than the time made previously by the well-known hillclimber, Orrie Steele, on another make of machine. The rest of the Harley-Davidson crew ran away with competition by winning every event and winning every place with the exception of one third. Summary:

61 Cubic Inch Open: 1st, Tom Underhill, 3-3/5 seconds; 2nd Ray Amos; 3rd, R. C. Snell, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

80 Cubic Inch Open: 1st, Tom Underhill, 2-2/5 seconds (new record); 2nd, Herb White; 3rd, Leon Arment, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

74 Cubic Inch Novice: 1st, Herb White, 4-1/5 seconds; 2nd R. C. Snell; and 3rd, Clarence Shaffer, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

37 Cubic Inch Open: 1st, Oscar Bond, Harley-Davidson, 7-3/5 seconds; 2nd, Dewey Runyon, Harley-Davidson.

Harley-Davidson Cleans up in Smoky City Climb

THE Harley-Davidson clean-up broom whisked away all competition at the big Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, hill-climb meet.

Sweeping up the dizzy incline with loads of speed, the Harley-Davidson hill-stormers thrilled the thousands of two-wheeled fans by winning the four big events on the program. Old King Speed himself was perched on the Harley-Davidson machines and they whizzed up and over in pronto time.

"Smiling" John Grove, Harley-Davidson's premier hill-artist DeLuxe, was again easily the big star of the afternoon's scramble. John came through in the blue ribbon event of the day, the 80 Open, by sizzling over the crest in 13-2/5 seconds, slicing 2/5 seconds off the old mark held by Orrie Steele and setting a new hill record among the steel growers. Lehman, also on a Harley-Davidson, skipped over the steep brow and bagged the 80 Amateur and the 80 Novice events by a good margin. Kirk of Fairmont, West Virginia, proved he is a top-notcher when he nosed out Grove, his teammate, in the 61 Expert in 14-4/5 seconds. Summary:

80 Cubic Inch Open Event: 1st, John Grove, Harley-Davidson, 13-2/5 seconds (new record); 2nd, Bodner, Harley-Davidson.

61 Cubic Inch Professional: 1st, Kirk, Harley-Davidson, 14-4/5 seconds; 2nd, John Grove, Harley-Davidson.

80 Cubic Inch Amateur Event: 1st, Lehman, 17-4/5 seconds; 2nd, Andrews, and 3rd, White, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

80 Cubic Inch Novice Event: 1st, Lehman, Harley-Davidson, 16-3/5 seconds; 2nd, Omert, —; 3rd, Hasek, Harley-Davidson.

It takes five weeks to ship Harley-Davidson motorcycles from the factory to our dealer in New Zealand.

Seeing Vancouver Island Through American Goggles

(From Page 19)

from the brush a few yards beyond we retrieved four fine grouse. Later in the day we bagged five more, and lost several birds that could not be located in the brush after they fell. Next day we borrowed a dog from Joe Drinkwater, an innkeeper, who runs a floating houseboat hotel on the lake, went out, and bagged ten birds apiece, the legal limit. All this time the rain continued without a let-up. Mr. Drinkwater told us we should have timed our visit to the island a few weeks earlier, the early summer months being virtually rainless. We agreed with him!

If We'd Only Had a Gun

Our third day at the lake—and more rain! We borrowed a boat from the innkeeper, and went fishing for trout in the lake. The fish were there all right, and they bit, too. Being without firearms in the boat, our chagrin may be imagined when rounding the point of a long peninsula that jutted out into the lake, we looked up to see a big black bear standing there eyeing us like an inquisitive pig. Oh! the game a fellow sees when he hasn't got a gun! We said all sorts of things about our foolishness in not having brought a gun along in the boat. Then I raised up in the boat, waved my hat at the bear, and yelled "Shoo, you devil!" The bear said "woof!", and headed for the tall timber.

From Great Central Lake we doubled back over our trail to Alberni and Parksville, and then set out to the north, heading for Campbell River. This portion of Vancouver Island is very sparsely inhabited, and the road from Parksville northward, about 85 miles, dwindles down to a mere trail through the virgin forest. The settlement at Campbell River is primarily a lumbering community. The logs are rolled down the hillsides into the water, assembled into rafts that look like floating islands, and

(See Second Column, Page 22)

Davis and Hepburn Win Two More Big National Championships

RACK up another pair of National Championships for Harley-Davidson. The two big speed Sultans, Jim Davis and Ralph Hepburn, cracked out a blazing victory at Syracuse, New York, Monday, September 15th, when they tore off the 5-Mile National Sidecar and the 8-Mile National Solo Championships in record-smashing time.

Starting the day off right, "Hep" stepped and hauled in the 5-Mile Sidecar Preliminary race, busting the world's record by skipping 'round in 4.04-31/100 seconds, over 15 seconds faster than the former mark made by Floyd Dreyer at Toledo, Ohio, in 1921. "Smiling" Jim Davis then trotted out his favorite steed and set up another new time when he breezed past the grandstand in the 8-Mile National Solo Championship in 5.59-39/100 seconds. Hepburn and Eddie Brinck were right behind him in this race and came in second and third, making it a clean sweep for Harley-Davidson.

When the third event, the 5-Mile National Sidecar Championship, was announced, Hepburn again faced the starting line. The Golden State whizz was off at the trigger-pull in a burst of soup. Ralph kept the race well in hand and slipped past the black and white banner a popular winner.



"Touring to Milwaukee and return with a 1924 Harley-Davidson outfit, cost Alva Swanson and his pal so little that they're planning on visiting the factory again next year with a 1925 model," Leon J. Landry, our Franklin, Massachusetts, dealer tells us.



Grant's Tomb, one of the big attractions for tourists in New York City. Here Mrs. A. R. Child and family are taking in the monument and surrounding scenery from their Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit. Mr. Child is now connected with the Harley-Davidson Motorcycle Sales Company in Tokyo, Japan.

Exceeds World's Three-Hour Record and Wins 200-Mile Race

FLYING along the wet and slippery Brooklands, England, track on August 23rd, R. E. Humphreys and his Harley-Davidson easily won the 61 Cubic Inch 200-Mile Sidecar race and smashed the world's three-hour 61 Cubic Inch Sidecar record by making a distance of 204 miles, 1318 yards. The former existing three-hour record was 199 miles.

Displaying the same sturdy endurance and remarkable speed that has made the Harley-Davidson a world-wide favorite, the famous American machine came roaring into the finishing line 18 minutes, 43½ seconds ahead of the nearest competitor.

Averaging 69.66 miles per hour, Humphreys was the only one to ride the race continuously, lapping his nearest competitor seven times and winning by over 16 miles! His time was the fastest of the entire meet, including all classes.

When the H. H. Imperial Prince Tafari of Abyssinia passed through Cairo Egypt, recently, he purchased two Harley-Davidsons from Moring & Company, the Harley-Davidson dealers there. The motorcycles will be used to escort him in his country.

(From Page 21)

are then moved by insect-like tugs that pull the rafts down the Straits of Georgia, principally WITH the tides, to Vancouver, and other lumber manufacturing centers on Vancouver Island, and the American and Canadian mainlands.

Campbell River, from which the community derives its name, is the outlet for Campbell Lake, Buttle Lake, and a whole chain of fresh water lakes in the mountain wildernesses of the north interior of Vancouver Island. The road, however, ends at Campbell River, and if one desires to hunt or fish in the lake country beyond he's got to hit the trail afoot. Just a few miles off the highway are the great Campbell River Falls, a water spectacle that compares favorably with Niagara. The volume of water that drops off the cliff is less than Niagara, but the height is greater.

We're Going Again

After two days of hunting, fishing and tramping, in the vicinity of Campbell River, with weather that was about fifty-fifty between rain and sunshine, we pointed the Harley-Davidson outfit southward, and told it to take us back to Nanaimo. It did—although we made the whole ride in a downpour of rain, getting into Nanimo late in the evening. We ate restaurant meals and slept in a hotel that night, and caught the steamer for Vancouver next morning.

In spite of the rain, our week with 600 miles of touring on Vancouver Island was a huge success. We found ourselves saying "Hey?" in asking questions, and "aroond", and "aboot", and a few other expressions that are typically Canadian. Nevertheless, of the island and its people, we have only kindly memories, and a desire to go back there again, with a Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit—when we can catch better weather, travel farther, and stay longer.

Don't overlook reading the new "Opportunities" page opposite.

Opportunities!

"It is not extraordinary circumstances, or rich friends, or large capital, that create the golden opportunities of life. It is something in the person that thinks and gets an idea, and seizes the first possible moment to do what he can toward developing it."—John Wanamaker.

WHAT will you be doing for a living a year from now—two years—three years? Does your present job offer increased earnings based on the amount of time and effort you are willing to put forth?

I'm merely suggesting something to you to think about before asking you a more important question—**HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL MOTORCYCLE DEALER?**

Having convinced the Editor of the Enthusiast that the most successful Harley-Davidson dealers are those who came from the ranks, so to speak, or motorcycle riders, he has consented to let me have a few words with you each month under the heading "OPPORTUNITIES".

In traveling about the country and through information gathered from various sources, I have compiled a list of dealer openings which provide excellent "opportunities" for the development of permanent and profitable Harley-Davidson dealer agencies. A great many of these openings would require only a very limited investment of capital. A letter from you indicating your interest in an agency either now or at some future time will enable me to place your name on our "agency application list." Simply let me know in what state or section of the country you would prefer to locate, the approximate amount of capital you will be prepared to invest, and any other information about yourself you believe would have a bearing on your application.

If you live in open territory, that is to say, territory in which we have no

dealer, it is quite possible a plan can be worked out whereby you will be enabled to spend your spare time in developing a business of your own. A great many of our present dealers began as "rider agents". Take for example Henry Cyr, who lives out at Carroll, Iowa. From nothing at all to start with, Mr. Cyr's motorcycle business has been developed to a point where it now requires practically all of his attention. Last winter Mr. Cyr found it well worth while to attend our factory service school.

Mr. Cyr's success can be duplicated by any intelligent wideawake motorcycle enthusiast who is in a position to spend a part or all of his time demonstrating Harley-Davidson motorcycles to prospective buyers. And don't overlook the fact that in the Harley-Davidson, you have the best selling motorcycle in the world, (proven by actual sales) backed by intensive sales and advertising helps.

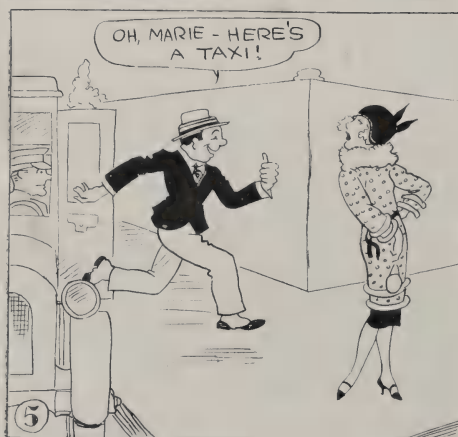
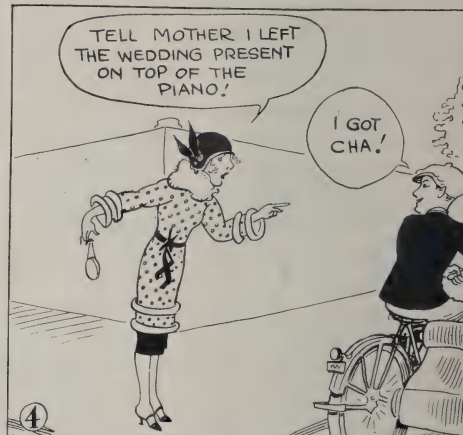
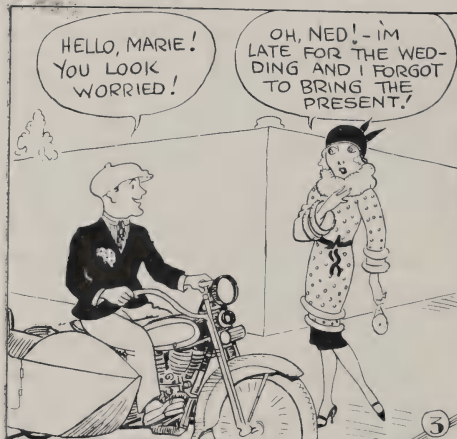
If the proposition interests you, drop me a line today—just mark your letter "Opportunity Desk", c/o Harley-Davidson Motor Co.



"Nothing beats being your own boss," says Henry Cyr of Carroll, Iowa, proprietor of this busy Harley-Davidson store and shop.

Nobby Ned

EVERYTHING COMES TO
THE GIRL WHO WAITS!
-IF HER FRIEND OWNS
A HARLEY-DAVIDSON!



228.05
MADE

The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast



December, 1924



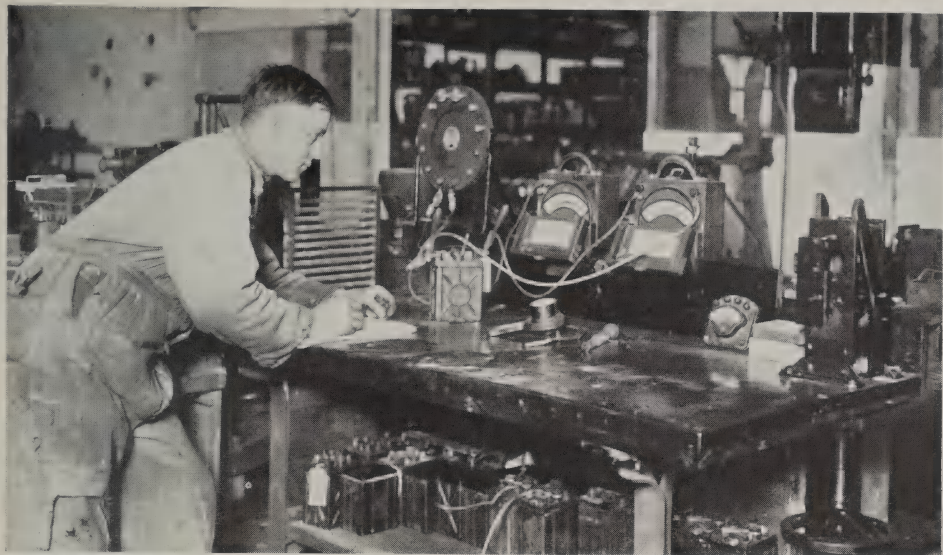
Greetings



and good wishes for a
very Merry Christmas
and a big New Year of
motorcycling joy, good
health, and prosperity.



HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



What's it all about? The test battery is being checked up for capacity. Look at all the instruments used on the job.

"Hap" Hayes Takes a Peek Into the Making of Your Battery

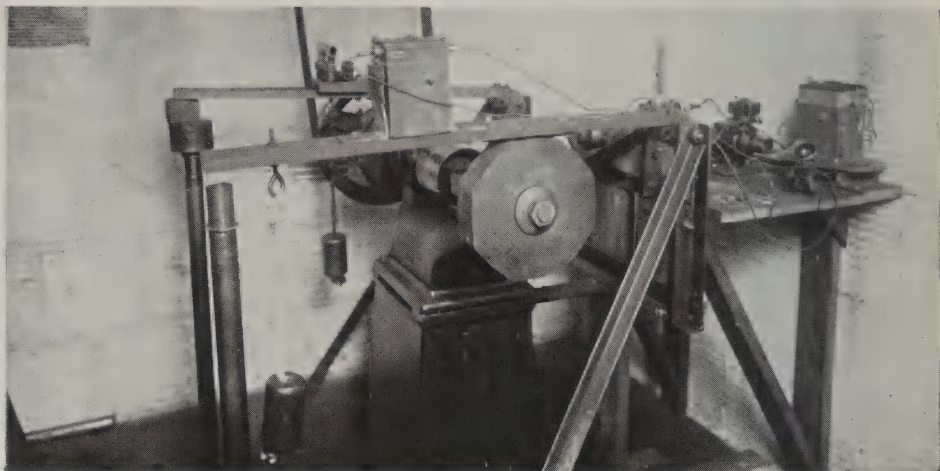
YOU fellows who have been here at the factory remember the door in the hall that is labeled NO ADMITTANCE? Remember how your curiosity was roused and you wanted to know what was going on in that room? Well, sir, that is the gate to the Experimental Department. It's a regular incubator where they hatch out ideas. A few days ago I was going through the hall and that door, the door to wonderland, was open. I got up heaps of courage and walked right in, just like that. The foreman saw me, but thinking I had permission from W. H., he figured I must have a pass so I got by with it.

You boys haven't any idea of what is going on in that Experimental Room. I saw a lot of things that made my eyes bulge out with curiosity. After roamin' around the place, I runs on to a riggin' that was giving a storage battery hell. Not knowing what it was all about I asked the boss if he would give me a little dope on it, and say, he just started

me off on a wild idea. Right there's where I decided that I was goin' to get together enough stuff to make a story for you fellows on how Harley-Davidson storage batteries are tested.

Say, there's a whole lot in makin' and testin' a storage battery, and I bet you never give the thing a thought. I know I never did. Well, I asked them enough questions to get everyone peeved at me, then I got hold of one of the engineers and picked up a lot of information so I am going to unload it right now.

First of all the Engineering Department maps out just what is needed to make a battery for the Harley-Davidson. It's got to be a part of the machine, and not an afterthought, too. As soon as the plans are cooked up, storage battery engineers are dragged in and the specifications and contracts are put down in black and white. I read through a bunch of stuff, but I don't know what it was all about. Blue prints always was Greek to me.



Here's the bumper, boys—see the bumps on the cam wheel? Well, when this rig is in motion the battery gets one awful shakin'. Figure out how many million shakes it gets in 100 hours. It's being charged and discharged, too, to reproduce motorcycle conditions.

They tell me that in the battery factories your battery gets more attention from start to finish than the big batteries. From the makin' of the plates to the finished job, they keep an eagle eye on them. But I'm not going to tell you how batteries are made for two reasons. First, because I don't know how, and second, if I did it would take volumes to do it. The last few days I have read battery books until I am blue in the face, and my coffee is beginning to taste like sulphuric acid. But I am goin' in heavy for the part that counts—the testing of a storage battery in our Engineering Experimental Department.

How They Go About It

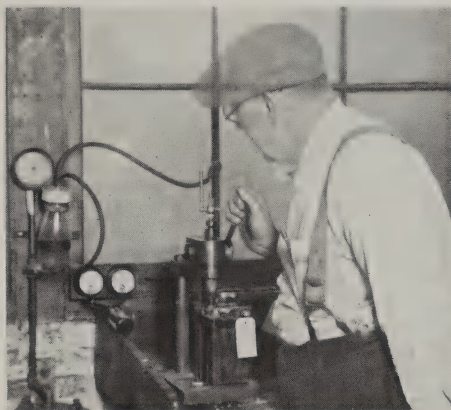
Every battery is tested under air pressure for leakage. They use a hickey with two big meters that look like alarm clocks, and a lot of air hoses, and they can tell right away if there is the least bit of a leak between the cells or through to the outside. After that they check up on all the batteries for capacity. This means the amount of juice the battery can put out in a limited time. By golly, they sure use a bunch of highbrow tools and meters in this test that would make a telephone switch board look simple.

There's volt-meters and ammeters and what-meters, and hydrometers and rheostats (I guess that's how you spell it), and all sort of gadgets. When the battery gets in one of these straight jackets it looks like it was going to be electrocuted for giving off "current juice."

Now the battery is recharged. In other words, given a square meal of electricity and bolted on a vibrator machine and given a terrible shakin'. By the way the foreman tells me this vibrator is of original Harley-Davidson design, and that it is used for vibrating many things to see whether or not they will stand up under long service on the road. Well, anyway, this vibrator rig makes a noise like four machine guns exchanging greetings. It's got a cam wheel with 8 flat sides, and the battery is fastened on a board that bears directly on these cams. A heavy weight holds the board tight against the cams, and when the machine is started the cam wheel turns over about 400 times a minute and the battery does a shimmy that is a wow. Boy, they sure are heartless in the Experimental Testing Department. After about 100 hours—think of it, 100 hours—the battery is taken off the "death" rack and

again checked up for capacity. Say, fellows, it's wonderful how those batteries stand all that rough neck stuff and still put out their normal rated capacity. The foreman told me though that not all batteries can go through this grilling and survive. He says that we've tested a lot of different kinds of batteries, but that few survive the 100-hour test. Some of them proved croppies after only a few minutes of vibrator shaking. He said it took a long time and lots of dough to perfect the Harley-Davidson battery. Believe me, from all I saw in that experimental room, I guess he's right. Personally, I don't know how they can think of so many things to do to a battery.

Finally the top is removed from the test battery, and the insides are examined. The plates must not break off or the brown stuff in the plates, I think they call it active material, must not fall out or else the job is N. G. The boss showed me how the plates are made to rest on a double bridge in the bottom of the battery jar so they won't break off. Extra heavy plate extensions are used, too, to keep the plates from breaking away from the terminal connectors. In the bottom of the jar a large space is allowed so the



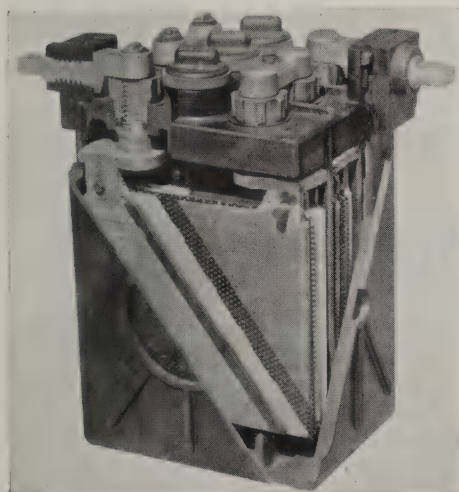
This shows how each battery cell is tested for leaks. Compressed air is used and if there is the least bit of a leak, the gauges and a water bubbler hickey show it up quick.

sediment can collect without short-circuiting the plates. I'll bet it would take a long time before this trouble could ever happen.

In between the plates they use thick grooved wooden separators and also sheets of hard rubber that have been perforated so the acid can get in and out of the plates. This insulation must be mighty good, too; otherwise the plates will touch each other and there will be a short circuit. I was informed that even the wood used in the separators is of a special kind, and that it must be chemically treated to remove all impurities before it can be used in a battery.

They Shake 'Em Up Some More

All I've told you so far is how they try to wreck batteries in the Experimental Testing Department. You'd think after all this the battery would be passed O. K., but, boys, that ain't half of it. Now the test battery is put in a solo machine, and a wild man rider is picked out to do his best to wreck it. Mister, how some of the boys do ride 'em cowboy. They pick out all the rough roads, just like an endurance run, but worse. The road test report card calls for speed, too. I didn't know that the battery had anything to do with speed, but one of

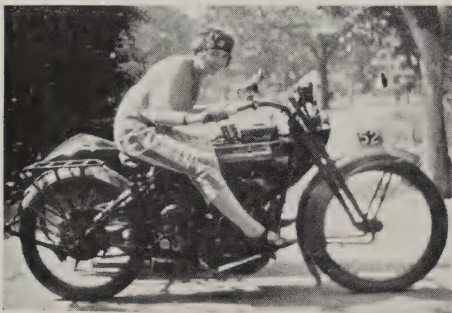


Here she is, fellows! A cross section of your battery showing the class "A" construction.

(Turn to page 18)

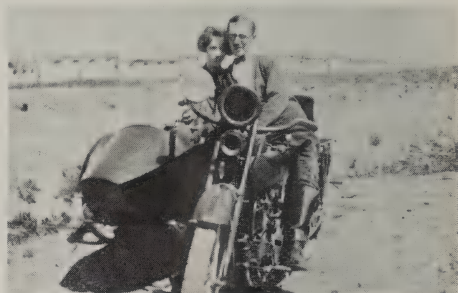


"I am very satisfied with my Harley-Davidson," Dr. Erich Pilz, a physician in Spachendorf, Czechoslovakian Silesia, informs us, and adds: "We are having wonderful trips here in the beautiful country of Silesia. The roads are very good. I have already covered about 8,000 miles with my machine without having any trouble. In my profession as physician, it performs inestimable services." Dr. Pilz, R. Tesarek, our Czechoslovakia dealer, advises us, is one of his oldest Harley-Davidson riders.

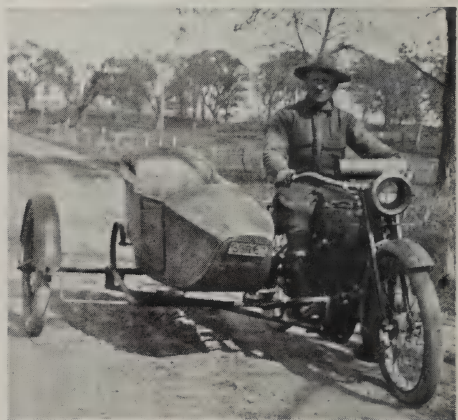


"You can see by the snap that I am sending you, that my friend Phyl is a Harley-Davidson enthusiast," writes W. Kingsley Hall of Melbourne, Australia. "She and I," he tells us further, "have many good times together on the old 'bus' which has never failed us. You certainly can't beat a Harley-Davidson and sidecar for getting to the out-of-the-ways spots in the country." Hall is an active member and secretary of the Harley-Davidson Motorcycle Club of Victoria.

"We are 'all three' better looking than this photograph shows," E. J. Parsons of Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada, modestly tells us. "It's myself," he says, "and 'the best little girl in the world', and the old L20T14000 still going strong. I bought the machine in Smiths Falls, Ontario, in July, 1920. Now she's wandered way out here with me and is still giving me all I could expect out of a machine, and affords me endless amusement and enjoyment, and has been the stepping stone to better health ever since I bought it."



"My old 1918 has seen some service," says A. L. Stephens of Hedrick, Iowa, "but, boy! it sure can still do the work, and at little expense. I own a car, too, but I drive the Harley-Davidson the most because it is always ready to go and makes the trip quicker. Next spring the old pal and I are planning on driving to Portland, Oregon. I expect to have a wonderful time and can hardly wait."





"In hunting wild turkeys," John Hogg, Los Angeles, California, says, "the best way to insure success is to camouflage one's self to look like a stump. Then you take your turkey call, and gobble like an old tom turkey. Next thing you know your dinner comes strutting up through the woods to within gun range." Here John is trying out his own advice—with profit—in the San Geronio Mountains 75 miles from home.

Runaway Win for Harley-Davidson at Angola Hill Climb

THE olive-hued avalanche of Harley-Davidson slant artists took their turns at charging up steep Jackson Hill near Angola, Ind., Sunday, October 26th, and ran away with all the three big events, whitewashing competition. There was simply no stopping the Harley-Davidson boys and they brought down a bag full of hillclimb wins.

L. J. Lepker, from Lima, O., spilled the beans by being the first to shoot over the Hoosier bump when he speared the 61 Novice event in 9 2/5 seconds.

Bruno Teske from Jackson, Mich., proved a terror to all hill comers by knocking off the 74 Expert in 6 2/5 seconds, making the best time of the climb.

"Red" Thayer, another Michigan light, completed the long list of Harley-Davidson wins by reeling in the 80 Open event in 7 seconds flat.

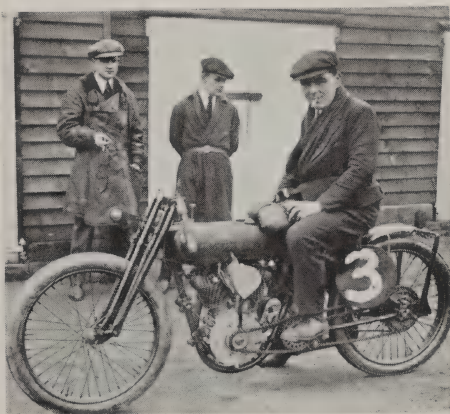
The rest of the Harley-Davidson boys gobbled up all the seconds and thirds in each event and made a clean sweep of the hillclimb series: Summary:

61 Cubic Inch Novice: 1st, L. J. Lepker, 9 2/5 seconds; 2nd, Adolph Miller,

and 3rd, Glen Rathbun, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

74 Cubic Inch Expert: 1st, Bruno Teske, 6 2/5 seconds; 2nd, Oscar Lenz, 7 4/5 seconds, and 3rd, H. L. Rathbun, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

80 Cubic Inch Open: 1st, "Red" Thayer, 7 seconds; 2nd, Oscar Lenz, and 3rd, H. L. Rathbun, all riding Harley-Davidsons.



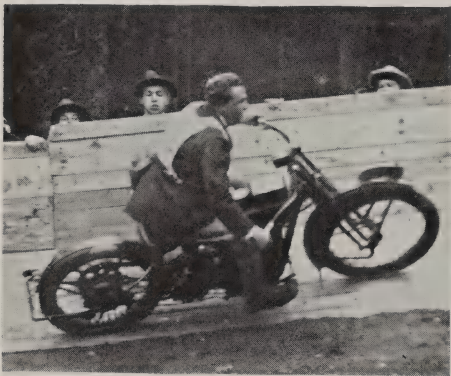
This is R. E. Humphreys, the well-known English racer, who smashed the world's Three Hour 61 Cubic Inch Sidecar record on the Brooklands, England, track recently, by making a distance of 204 miles, 1318 yards. He also won the 61 Cubic Inch 200-Mile Sidecar race.



Albert F. Stuckey, Kansas City, Missouri, with his sidecar passenger, Harry Gaffner, recently established a 24-hour Kansas City-Topeka inter-city endurance run record. This photo shows them at the finish with William Stranahan of the Western Motorcycle Company, our Kansas City dealers, standing in the rear. Read the story below for more details.

Stuckey Makes Kansas City-Topeka Inter-City Endurance Run

ALBERT F. STUCKEY, riding, and Harry Gaffner, in the sidecar, started at 4 P. M. October 27th on a 24-hour Kansas City-Topeka inter-city endurance run. Winding in and out through the traffic encountered on the principal highway and the extra-heavy traffic in and about Kansas City, the two Harley-



No, this isn't a race. It's a hillclimb, and shows E. Vaumund, the Norwegian hillclimb champion, winning the feature event of the climb held recently near Christiania with his 74 cubic inch Harley-Davidson. A story of the climb appears at the bottom of page 21.

Davidson road-grinders traveled between the two cities over twelve times or a distance of 833 miles.

Stuckey was in the saddle for the entire 24 consecutive hours of driving and averaged 34.7 miles per hour. The boys had no trouble whatsoever during the run and finished in great shape. They were checked in at Topeka, Kansas, by E. J. Dustin of the Dustin-Smith Cycle Company, and at Kansas City by William Stranahan of the Western Motorcycle Company, both Harley-Davidson dealers.

Grove Wins Reading Climb

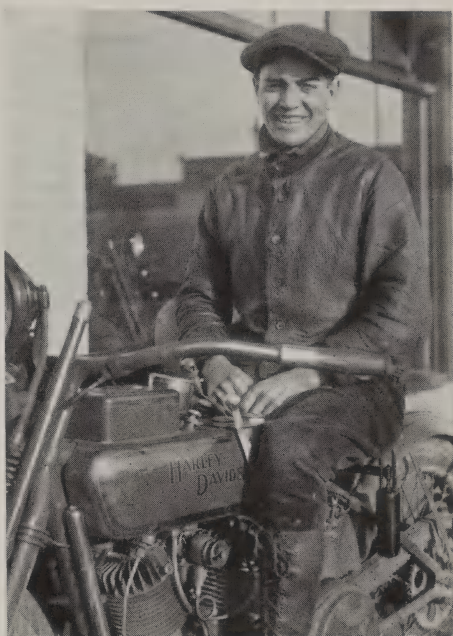
John Grove, Harley-Davidson's nonpareil hillclimber, lived up to his reputation when he nosed out Orrie Steele in the 80 Professional event at a red-hot slant contest down in Reading, Penn. Grove's time of 12 69/400 seconds by electric timing is a new record for the hill. Ben Westerfield added to the Harley-Davidson score by winning the consolation event and placing second in the 61 Professional.

Grand Rapids Rider Shoots Buck and Treats Club to Barbecue

WHEN Matt Arvola of Grand Rapids, Mich., started out with his Harley-Davidson on a deer hunting trip this season, he told the boys of the Grand Rapids Motorcycle Club that he'd bring a nice buck back with him and they'd have a big venison barbecue. The boys laughed at him—some of them had been on deer hunting trips themselves and knew how successfully Mr. Deer and all his tribe can evade the wariest hunter—but Matt didn't mind and just told them that the "laugh would be on them" when he returned. And so it turned out.

Matt went up to Upper Michigan on his hunting trip, and landed his deer, a handsome three-year-old buck weighing at least 175 pounds, the very first day of the season. He shot him just outside of White Pines, his old hometown, only a short while after he had "parked" his Harley-Davidson outfit. A recent snowfall, which covered the ground ten to twelve inches in places, helped matters along, Matt says, and gave him a line on the King of the Woods' whereabouts.

This was on November 10th, and on Thursday noon, November 13th, Matt, since he found it more convenient to return to Grand Rapids via Milwaukee because of the deep snow in the Upper Michigan Peninsula, pulled up before the office doors of the factory and created the biggest commotion and got the biggest crowd outside that anybody has succeeded in doing since the world went upside down on Armistice Day, six years ago. Boy! but those 175 pounds of buck sure looked good to us, and visions of nice, juicy venison steaks floated before our eyes. Matt certainly was one envied lad, and as for the Grand Rapids Motorcycle Club fellows,—well, we couldn't help wishing we were one of that lucky bunch.



Want to celebrate New Year's Eve in a new way this year? Then try putting on a New Year's Eve run like some California motorcyclists do every year. Their run starts exactly at midnight from Los Angeles and ends at Big Bear Lake, 150 miles away. "Smiling" Art Fournier won the event last year riding a Harley-Davidson, with Art Sarnow as his sidecar passenger.

Benstead Breaks World Record Riding Harley-Davidson

TOM BENSTEAD, famous Australian racer, flashed across the racing horizon in a blaze of glory when he shattered the world's 5-mile solo record on a grass track by covering the distance with his Harley-Davidson in 4 minutes, 6 2/5 seconds. He was the hero of the Deagon (Q) Carnival, for he not only set up a new world's record in the 5 miles, but smashed five other Australian marks in a day of hectic speeding. Here is the summary of Benstead's winnings:

Solo Record: 1 Mile, 49 3/5 seconds; 3 Mile, 2 minutes, 32 1/5 seconds, and 5 mile, 4 minutes, 6 2/5 seconds (the new world's grass track record). The previous record, 4 minutes, 7 seconds, was held by Percy Coleman of New Zealand.

Sidecar Record: 1 Mile, 56 2/5 seconds; 3 Mile, 2 minutes, 50 3/5 seconds, and 5 Mile, 4 minutes, 46 4/5 seconds.

Harley-Davidson motorcycles and sidecars are built in a factory that has 12 acres of floor space and employs 1,200 people.



Notice that contented look on Ray Smith's face? Well, you can't blame him, considering that he walked off with perfect score solo honors, the silver cup and A. M. A. gold medal in their recent North Pacific Sectional Endurance Run held at Seattle, Washington.

Riding a Harley-Davidson, Loke Yaik

Foo made the fastest time of the day and won first place in the Unlimited Class in the hillclimb held at Kuala Lumpur, Federated Malay States, recently. This climb was considered one of the most important events this season in motorcycling circles on the Peninsula. The hill was 550 yards long, and with a sharp bend near the top, made an extremely difficult one to climb.



Here are some more Harley-Davidson winners in the Seattle North Pacific Sectional Endurance Run, Oscar Schott and his sidecar passenger, C. Strickland, who are being presented with the Sidecar class award by Hugh Fenwick, clerk of the course.

Big Honors Go to Harley-Davidson in Seattle Endurance Run

THE North Pacific Sectional Endurance Run held at Seattle, Wash., on October 12th and 13th, resulted in a big win for the Harley-Davidson riders. A perfect score of 1000 points in the solo class, first place in the sidecar class and high score in the team division cinched the run for the Harley-Davidson ramblers. An icy drizzle put the course in bad shape and made it tough going for the twenty-odd riders.

Ray Smith was the Harley-Davidson rider who scored 1000 points in the solo class and incidentally won a silver cup and the A. M. A. gold medal.

In the sidecar class, Oscar Schott won first place and the Harley-Davidson cup, making a score of 973 points with his Harley-Davidson outfit. C. Strickland was his sidecar passenger.

Ray Smith, Jack Merrifield, and O. Schott and Strickland comprised the winning Harley-Davidson team, that walked off with the Firestone Team award. Their combined score amounted to 2960 points. Both Smith and Merrifield rode 1925 model machines.

Eight Harley-Davidson riders altogether entered the run, and seven finished. Those who finished besides the riders already mentioned and their scores, were: John Biehn, 977; Jack Lambert, sidecar, 884; Ernie Hirsch, Seattle Harley-Davidson dealer, 880, and P. O. Brandon, 834. Jack Merrifield's score was 987.

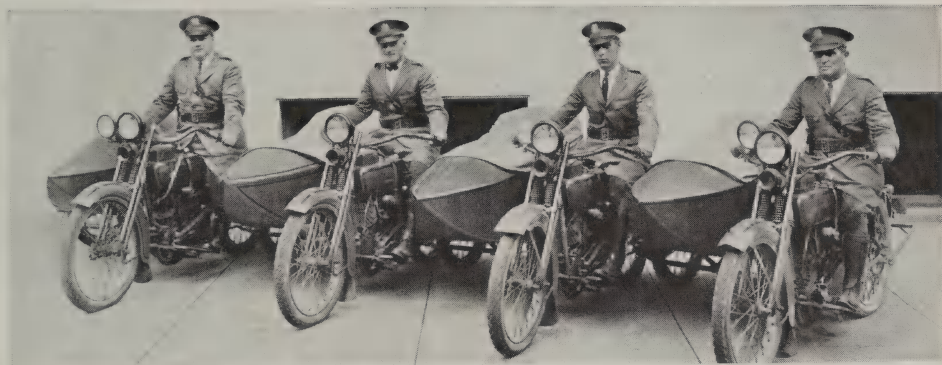
Two Harley-Davidson riders won the 300 kilometer (186.3 miles) race that was held in Copenhagen, Denmark, recently, by the Copenhagen Motorsport Club. R. Olsen captured first place by covering the distance in 3 hours, 19 minutes and 21 seconds, while Primgaard Nielsen took second place in 3 hours, 19 minutes and 27 seconds.

Do you own a 1925 model? If you do, why not have a snapshot taken of yourself and the new outfit and send it to us for the Enthusiast? Thanks, much.

They Make Highway Travel Safe



In Michigan, the State Police mounted on Harley-Davidsons guard the highways. A total of 59 machines are used, 20 of which are new 1925 models. This photo shows the South Rockwood detachment, who are from left to right: Troopers G. De Vaull, H. B. Forman, G. Goodfellow, V. L. Potter, and Lieutenant E. S. Masters. "The new 1925 is the best police machine ever put on the road," Lieutenant Masters says.



In Montgomery County, Ohio, these four Harley-Davidson-mounted police officers uphold most efficiently the traffic laws on all county roads. Left to right: Deputies Ford Long, Herbert P. Stines, F. G. Clark, and Robert Annegers.

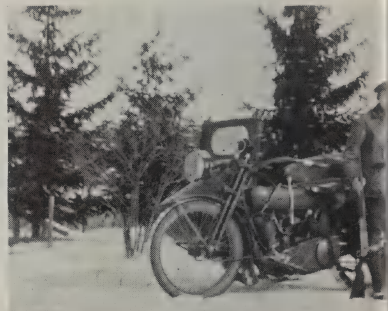


In Delaware, these troopers of the Delaware State Highway Police have established an enviable record with their Harley-Davidsons in patrolling highways and doing all classes of police work. At the right, in civilian clothes, is Superintendent C. C. Reynolds.

"Merry Christmas Every



Here's John Hogg, whose interesting stories you have often read in the *Enthusiast*, and Mrs. Hogg of Los Angeles, California, wishing you "Merry Christmas" from the famous Christmas Tree Avenue in Pasadena.



"Want some 'hasenpfeffer', folks, to Otto Lehman and his companion, who l that this rabbit catch was the result of o



These special delivery boys of the "Merry Christmas" to thousands every C liver. Left to right: M. McIntosh, J. D. H. Jones, Sam Bright, Harley-Davi Clarence Roberts, and E. C. Chapman.



"Merry Christmas!" these folks would say if they knew we were using their photo in this December issue of the *Enthusiast*, Lynn, Lawrence, Worcester, and Leominster, Massachusetts, for the big Harley-Davidson Get-together o

body!" Say These Riders



and out your Christmas dinners?" asks from Rochester, Minnesota. Otto adds our's hunting.



attanooga, Tennessee, Post Office say Christmas season with the packages they de- Shaddon, Clyde Neely, Fred Compton, n dealer (in sidecar), Earnest Garner,



Christmas-time means playtime for most of us, and this is what Frank S. Wilton, well-known camera man of Hollywood, California likes to do then. "A few minutes more," Frank says, "and I'll have a nice wild turkey to show you."

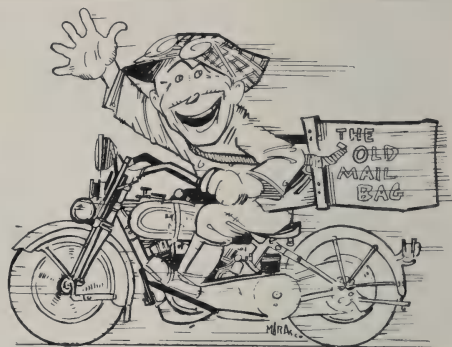


They're the Harley-Davidson riders, their friends and families who turned out from Boston, Cambridge, Wake- October 19th.

Frank's Mail Bag

"Is there anything you want to know about your Harley-Davidson? Tell me what it is and I'll try to help you out. I'll answer all questions with a letter. Questions that are of general interest to our other Enthusiast readers will be printed on this page of mine. Write me, care of Service Dept., Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis."

— Frank



Here's a Call for Mr. Ampere

I'm sending out the S. O. S., Frank, and I know you'll come to the rescue. I have a 1922 machine and the storage battery has "passed out" on me. She was a faithful worker to the last, but I guess she just got tired of being abused and starved for water and thought it best to kick off to the land of eternal peace.

Now, Frank, how much costs it to have my battery brought back to life? Some say have it rebuilt and some say it's cheaper in the end to buy a new one.

Give me your very best, grade A advice, Frank.—H. E. D.

Uncle Frank has repaired lotsa storage batteries and if my judgment is worth anything, I'd say for you to buy a new battery and then you'll know you have juice ready for starting and lights at all times. New elements and labor will make a battery repair job cost within a couple of dollars of the price of a new one and you will still have a repaired battery. Considering the service you can get out of a new battery I'd say to spend the difference and get one. Get one of the new style batteries with extension terminals like used on 1924 and 1925 machines, and then you'll be all set and rarin' to go.

Winter Lubrication

You know, Frank, old "monkey wrench," not all of us are fortunate enough to live in sunny California or Florida in the winter, so us Esquimaux must make the best of it. What I want to know is something about oil for winter use. I intend to ride every day that I possibly can this winter.—L. H.

So you're after callin' me a monkey wrench, and "old" monkey wrench at that. Well, L. H., have your fun while you're young and 'andsome because when you start to lose your hair like Uncle Frank, you'll be a "flat tire" amongst the leedies.

Right now is about time for you fellows living in a climate where it freezes, to change the grade of motor and transmission oil.

Below 40° F. (5° C.) and down to 5° F. (20° C.) below zero, use Harley-Davidson winter oil, or if this cannot be obtained, use a lighter grade than you have been using during the warm weather, of the next best oil you can obtain. It's a good idea to follow your dealer's advice on a question of this kind. In still colder weather, it may even be necessary to thin the winter oil with kerosene (coal oil) until it flows. Do not do this unless absolutely necessary. If the proper grade of winter oil is used, it will not be necessary to mix more than one pint of kerosene (coal oil) to one gallon of oil (one part kerosene to eight parts oil). The proportion of kerosene to oil should never be greater. Use the lighter oil in your transmission also.

By priming your motor with gasoline frequently, as in cold weather, gasoline will work past the piston rings, reach the crank case and dilute or thin the oil so that it loses its good lubricating qualities. I would suggest, therefore, to drain the crank case after approximately every 500 miles (804 KM) of riding and then inject 1 1/2 pumpfuls of fresh oil into the crank case.

Another thing, L. H., don't "rush" a very cold motor until it has had a chance to warm up and cause the lubricating oil to flow more freely.

Whoa, Back!

Soaks, I mean folks, I slipped a couple of cogs in my answer to J. A. S. in the November issue, and now while I'm down, throw all the mud you want to. Well, I suppose everybody must make mistakes; otherwise there couldn't be no rubbers on lead pencils.

I told J. A. S. to use a letter "C" drill for fittin' Alemite oilers, but **the proper drill size is 9/32 inch.** Will you please correct your copies accordingly? I thank you.

How to Start Motor With DeLuxe or Zenith Carburetor

For cold weather starting, I am not sure that I fully understand how to set my De Luxe carburetor in order to obtain the best results. Will you, therefore, enlighten me on this problem as you have on many others through the columns of your Mail Bag? Fine, thanks.—O. G. O.

The low speed knurled button which is located on the rear side of the carburetor is made so it can be raised out of the notches and turned to hold it up in place. This procedure raises the needle valve and insures plenty of gasoline for starting a cold motor. It is seldom, if ever, necessary to prime the cylinders with raw gasoline when Schebler DeLuxe or



Meet Sam Greco of New York City, who has been riding Harley-Davidsons for nine years, proudly displaying his latest machine. "The 1925's the best ever," Sam says, and adds that he's been having lots of good times with it.

Zenith carburetors are used. If, however, it should become necessary to prime your motor through the priming cocks with the priming gun, use no more than 1/3 gunful of gas and then set the priming lever to start position, turn the switch on, and give the starter pedal a kick or two. Other preparations for starting should be made as follows:

After the low speed button has been lifted and turned, move the choke lever to CHOKE or prime position and open the throttle only slightly for priming purposes. Next, give the starter pedal one or two (no more) snappy kicks with the manual switch turned OFF. Now move the choke lever to START position, turn ON the manual switch and give 'er a kick with throttle about 1/3 open. Just after starting the motor it may be necessary to drop the low speed button back into normal position to prevent the motor from loading up with gas. Run the motor with the choke lever in START position until it becomes warm; then shift the lever to RUN position.

On 1925 model DeLuxe carburetors, the low speed button is provided with two steps or positions so the button



Who said we'd have roast duck for dinner? We don't think Jim Sasso of Pueblo, Colorado, is very considerate of our feelings when he sends us a tempting array of ducks like this which can't be eaten. Jim says they're the result of one day's sport.

(Turn to next page)



"As a doctor in a mountain valley I use my Harley-Davidson all the year round," writes Dr. Carl E. Isachsen of Heggnes, Valdres, Norway, adding: "With a good chain and runners under the front wheel, I get through almost everywhere, despite the bad narrow winter roads."

can be set for an intermediate "warming up" adjustment.

You must learn, O. G. O., from experience, the proper carburetor settings that will make your motor easy to start in cold weather. No two motors have the same starting and running characteristics (90 cent word) so it's up to the rider to learn how to operate his own motor properly.

For you fellows who have Zenith carburetors, set them for cold weather starting as follows:

Place the choke lever at P (Priming position), and with the manual switch OFF, and the throttle open just a trifle, operate the starter pedal one or two times; then move choke lever to S (starting position), turn on switch and start the motor in the usual way.

After motor is started, run the machine with choke lever in S position until motor is warm (motor starts to lope and misfire); then shift choke lever to R (running position) for normal running.

In a match race held near Seattle, Wash., recently, between the Harley-Davidson and another make of machine, the Harley-Davidson was easily the winner, having at least 15 more miles an hour speed than the competitive machine.

50,000 Watch Harley-Davidson Clean Up at Oakland Climb

OVER 50,000 motorcycle fans, possibly the largest crowd that ever witnessed a hillclimb, saw their favorite Harley-Davidson hillclimb stars run away with every event and every place at the recent Oakland, California, climb.

Led by Walter Mattson, hero of Pismo Beach, the Pacific champs thrilled the vast crowd with their skillful riding. The hill is 735 feet high and is considered one of the steepest hills in that section. The proof of this is shown in that only two of the riders succeeded in taking a peek at the top. George Faulders was the first one, when he dashed over in the 61 Expert event in 55 4/5 seconds. His mark was untouched until the 80 Open started. Then Mattson roared up the almost straight hillside and set the record at 35 4/5 seconds. A wonderful performance for the Harley-Davidson riders—A new hill record—A win in everything—A record-breaking crowd! Summary:

80 Novice Event: 1st, Vinassi, 543 feet; 2nd, Sudmeier, and 3rd, Slayton, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

61 Expert: 1st, George Faulders, 55 4/5 seconds; 2nd, Sprouts Elder, and 3rd, "Dud" Perkins, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

80 Open: 1st, Walter Mattson, 35 4/5 seconds (new hill record); 2nd, Sprouts Elder, 581 feet, and 3rd, William Crane, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

Dixon Wins Several Events in Yorkshire Speed Trials

F. W. Dixon, the well-known English racer, recently added another victory to his already long list when he dashed off with four first places in the speed trials held at Yorkshire, England. He won not only the 1000 c.c. sidecar and solo events, but the Unlimited solo and sidecar events, and also made the fastest time of the day. His time in the 1000 c.c. Sidecar class was 73.76 miles per hour, and 85.70 miles per hour in the solo class, while in the Solo Unlimited, his time was 84.90 miles per hour, and 74.38 miles in the Sidecar Unlimited.



This photo was snapped at Waupun, Wisconsin, while most of the 26 entrants in dealer, Louis Petterik's Annual Milwaukee Turkey Run were stowing away a hearty chicken dinner. Frank Werderitsch won the turkey; Art Stauff, the goose; Ray Sood, a duck; Joe Ryan, a chicken, and Ed. Grabowiecki, the goose egg. The course was 190 miles long.

Galesburg Run is Big Walkaway for Harley-Davidson Riders

IN the first annual Galesburg, Ill., Endurance Run, Robert Walters rode his Harley-Davidson to a perfect win in the solo class, scoring 1000 points in both the known and secret checks. He was closely followed by eight other Harley-Davidson riders who finished right on each others heels. In the sidecar class Harley-Davidson made another creditable showing by placing nine men in the first ten. Nineteen men finished and eighteen were Harley-Davidson riders.

The course was 228 miles long and consisted of good roads for the most part, with the exception of the last thirty miles, a detour to Galesburg which was in poor condition, and consequently furnished a lot of excitement. Twenty miles an hour was the average running schedule, and there were four known checks and four secret checks.

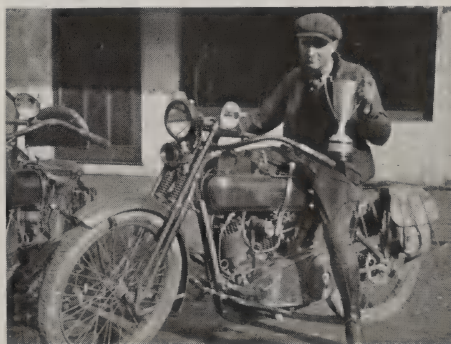
Harley-Davidson dealers turned out in full force for the run. Sam McGinnis, dealer at Rock Island, Ill., was much in evidence, finishing the run in the sidecar class with a score of 1000-996. Bill Novotny, Harley-Davidson dealer at Iowa City, Iowa, also entered the sidecar class, scoring 1000-989. Ed Voss, the dealer at Peoria, rode solo and chalked up a score of 1000-992 to his credit. F. B. Hurst, Milwaukee factory salesman, was also a contestant, and tied with

Sam McGinnis for second place in the sidecar class.

The following is the list of contestants and their final scores:

Solo Class: 1. Robert Walters, 1000-1000; 2. John Hartmann, 1000-998; 3. Ray Frank, 1000-997; 4. Philip Dodge, 1000-994; 5. Walter Andren, 1000-994; 6. Ed Voss, 1000-992; 7. Roger Thatcher, 1000-988; 8. Isadora Delgado, 999-981, and Lyle Roche, 998-992.

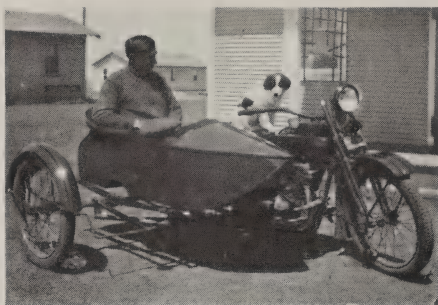
Sidecar Class: 1. Robert Williams, riding another make of machine, 1000-997; 2. Sam McGinnis, 1000-996; 3. F. B. Hurst, 1000-996; 4. J. Heartt Raub, 1000-994; 5. M. A. Dungan, 1000-994; 6. Edward Callander, 1000-992; 7. John Peters, 1000-990; 8. William Novotny, 1000-989; 9. H. F. Jeffords, 1000-984; 10. Joe Corrigan, 1000-977.



Allow us to present Robert Walters, the only perfect score winner in the Galesburg, Illinois Endurance Run, the Harley-Davidson he did it with, and the silver cup he won.



"We would like to see this picture of Miss Florence Grimes, the new sub-dealer that we have appointed in Silver City, New Mexico, in the Enthusiast," writes P. J. Michero of the United Motorcycle Company, Harley-Davidson dealers at El Paso, Texas. "Miss Grimes rides her new Harley-Davidson outfit over her territory and to El Paso frequently, a distance of 165 miles each way. She has owned several cars, but much prefers to use her Harley-Davidson outfit to go anywhere."



"Here's a photo of my 74" Harley-Davidson and sidecar," writes O. W. Dawkins of the Amarillo Motorcycle Club of Amarillo, Texas. "My wife and I have some great times with this outfit," O. W. adds. "We go everywhere with it. Also, I drive the machine every day, rain or shine, collecting for a large firm, so you see it gets lots of use. I'll tell you right now, too, that I never take second place for anyone, as the old 74 has power to spare."

"Hap" Hayes Takes a Peek Into the Making of Your Battery

(From page 5)

the engineers told me a battery must have the right design and make-up for speed stuff as well as endurance. I suppose I registered dumb, but I don't care; I learned a whole lot about storage batteries just the same. A fast motor will turn over about 4000 times a minute, and that calls for fast sparking (I don't mean the flapper kind). Hap, be yourself! The battery must show up class A, too, for the easy starting test. Just think of all the luxury that depends on the storage battery. Good strong lights, a horn that will make a Packard give you the road when you press the button, easy starting, speed, and lights for parking when you need 'em.

Some More Dope

Something else I learned, and that is about the terminals and the way the battery fits in the box. The terminals are heavy he-man ones (not little puny wires) and made so all connections are on the OUTSIDE of the battery box. You see, then, no acid can eat up the terminals on this job. Now the battery is made to fit the case or the box just like a kernel in its shell. Soft sponge rubber mats used on both ends of the battery keep out the severe shocks and jolts, and the paraffin-treated wood liners are used for packing on the sides. The battery must not be perfectly tight in its box, but must sort of float. Just think, fellows, in addition to checking up on batteries on the vibrator rack, they also put 'em in the box and test 'em on the vibrator rack to see how they stand up under actual conditions.

Well, I guess I've said my piece, but I am doggone glad of the opportunity to tell you boys about how the Harley-Davidson battery is checked up. She sure is a wow!

Maybe some of these days I can dig out some more dope from the Engineering Department for a story on some other part of your motorcycle. Those fellows know some mighty interesting things if I can only pry the info out of them for a spasm.

Perkins Cleans 'Em Up in Climb at Los Angeles, California

"DUD" PERKINS, Pacific Coast hillclimb idol, helped Harley-Davidson snow under competition by winning the 61 cubic inch Expert and the 80 Open events at the Los Angeles, California, hillclimb held November 2nd. "Dud" was sure going strong and proved that he is still the same old hill-eating champion that he ever was. George Faulders, Bill Crane and Sprouts Elder were the other Harley-Davidson stars who backed up "Dud" by copping off all the second and third places. Summary:

61 Cubic Inch Expert: 1st, "Dud" Perkins, 15 1/5 seconds; 2nd, George Faulders, and 3rd, Sprouts Elder, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

80 Cubic Inch Open: 1st, "Dud" Perkins, 14 3/5 seconds; 2nd, William Crane, and 3rd, Sprouts Elder, all riding Harley-Davidsons.

South American Sidecar Races Won by Harley-Davidson

A new triumph was achieved by Harley-Davidson in the 203 kilometer (126 miles), sidecar race at Buenos Aires, Argentine, on October 5th. Harley-Davidson riders won first, third and fourth places, and in addition H. Imbert made a new sidecar lap record with his Harley-Davidson. Summary:

First: Tadeo Taddia, Harley-Davidson, 2 hours, 29 minutes, 16 1/2 seconds; sidecar passenger, Egidio Patriguani.

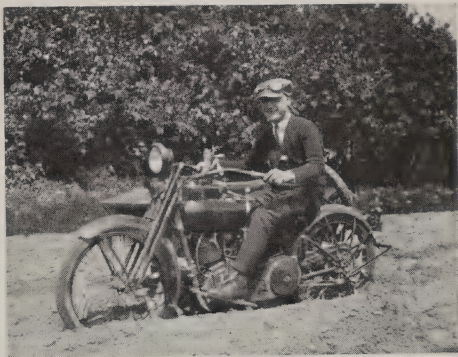
Third: M. Garcia Lamas, Harley-Davidson, 2 hours, 41 minutes, 24 1/2 seconds; sidecar passenger, Carlos Ghezuzzi.

Fourth: H. Imbert, Harley-Davidson, 3 hours, 18 minutes; sidecar passenger, L. Mariani.

Faraglia, the famous Italian Harley-Davidson racer, recently won another victory when he took first place in the 1000 c. c. Class in the Italian Motorcycle Championship races. He covered 226 kilometers (140.34 miles) in 3 hours, 17 minutes and 37 seconds at an average speed of 68.61 kilometers.



"Our mileage for the trip was 3,701 miles, and we used 7 1/2 gallons of oil and 92 gallons of gas," says Mr. and Mrs. V. V. Eberly of Rialto, California, about the trip they made last summer from Jackson, Michigan, to California. "We took in everything of interest enroute, too, and our repair bill for the entire trip was 85 cents. Altogether we've covered 10,300 miles with our machine and our expense, outside of gas and oil, has been \$46.60."



"Here's a picture that was taken during an endurance contest of myself and Harley-Davidson," writes Rocco Tieri of Chicago Heights, Illinois. "I'm the smallest Harley-Davidson rider in this locality, only 4 feet 11 inches tall, but size doesn't make any difference, for I proved that by winning the endurance contest. Have you any record of the smallest Harley-Davidson rider? If you have, please send me his name, address, and size."



"Looking for some 'rough riding?'" asks John Addy who, with his friend, Alfred Davidson, made a trip from South Manchester, Connecticut, to the state of Washington, with two Harley-Davidson sidecar outfits. "If you are," he goes on to say, "we'd recommend this particular spot on the Yellowstone Trail in South Dakota."

Harley-Davidson Riders Make Good Showing at Lancaster

WITH "Smiling" John Grove, the Chambersburg celebrity, astride his powerful Harley-Davidson record-buster, the hill climb honors at the big Lancaster, Penn., climb went to the olive-green and maroon striped warriors.

Plunging up the lofty ascent in the feature event of the day, the big 80 Open, the Quaker State star cracked the previous hill record by roaring over the top in 6 4/5 seconds, slicing 2 1/5 seconds off the former mark.

Lutz, riding a Harley-Davidson, easily captured the 37 Cubic Inch event, and the 80 Novice was a walkaway for the Harley-Davidson boys, Reich taking first place, Carthage, second, and Snyder, third. Ben Westerfield, Baltimore, nosed out John Grove and took second in the 61 Open.

Ralph Clouser of Harrisburg, Penn., tells us that he and his friend Ned Miller made the trip recently from his hometown to Toronto, Ontario, Canada, and return, a distance of 900 odd miles, in less than 23 hours, and on 21 gallons of gas and 5 1/2 quarts of oil. "The machine worked great, too," Ralph adds.

Two Danish World Tourists Reach Turkey, Advise Denmark Dealers

IN the November Enthusiast we told you about the two young Danish motorcyclists, Svend Heiberg and Axel Svane, who had just started on a trip around the world with a Harley-Davidson sidecar outfit. Word has just reached us from C. Friis-Hansen & Co., our Copenhagen dealers, that the two world tourists reached Turkey safely on October 22nd, and were heading for Angora, Asia Minor, as scheduled.

Heiberg and Svane started out on their trip from Copenhagen, Denmark, on September 2nd. They are using a 1916 model Harley-Davidson, and carry a complete camping outfit. From Asia Minor, they expect to go through Syria to Bierut, then into Bagdad through Persia to India. China is their intended destination from India, then Japan, and via San Francisco through the United States to New York. They expect to cover about 12,000 miles altogether with the Harley-Davidson. The trip is being supported by the Royal Danish Automobile Club.

1925 owners, don't lose any time getting a photo of yourself and your new machines and sending it to us for the Enthusiast because one of these days we're going to let you fellows have a couple of pages all to yourselves.



This is Svend Heiberg, the young Danish motorcyclist, who is making a trip around the world via Harley-Davidson, accompanied by Axel Svane. The photo was taken in front of the store of our Copenhagen, Denmark, dealers, C. Friis-Hansen & Co.

Harley-Davidson Rider Takes Big Honors in Texas Races

HIRAM F. THOMPSON of Amarillo, Tex., was the outstanding star of the motorcycle races held in Potter County at the Amarillo Tri-State Exposition Speedway Races. The Lone Star Ranger won all the four races of the day with his mile-eating Harley-Davidson and incidentally beat the best time that the automobiles could make in their races. Summary:

Friday, September 26th, 10-mile Event: 1st, Hiram Thompson, Harley-Davidson, 9:36 2/5 seconds; 2nd, Austin Kathcart, — — — —; 3rd, Albert Jones, Harley-Davidson.

7½ Mile: 1st, Hiram Thompson, Harley-Davidson, 8:09 3/5 seconds; 2nd, Albert Jones, Harley-Davidson.

Saturday, September 27th, 10-Mile: 1st, Hiram Thompson, Harley-Davidson, 10:17 seconds; 2nd, Rural Murray, — — — —, and 3rd, Jazz Thompson, Harley-Davidson.

7½ Mile: 1st, Hiram Thompson, Harley-Davidson, 7:34 4/5 seconds; 2nd, Rural Murray, — — — —, and 3rd, Albert Jones, Harley-Davidson.

Comparative Two Lap Time Trial: Hiram F. Thompson, Harley-Davidson, 74 3/5 seconds; Baugus and Fronty, Automobile, 77 2/5 seconds.

Lockhaven Wire Flashes News of Harley-Davidson Victory

TICK—tick—tick—and the wires flashed the clean-up results of the recent Lockhaven, Penn., hillclimb. Here's the summary of the big Harley-Davidson victory, taken from the telegram the Western Union bunch handed us:

61 Cubic Inch Class: 1st, C. H. Hemmis, 19 1/2 seconds; 2nd, L. J. Hefright, 25 3/4 seconds, and 3rd, D. M. Page, 328 1/4 feet; all riding Harley-Davidsons.

80 Cubic Inch Class: 1st, L. J. Hefright, 20 seconds; 2nd, D. M. Page, 20 3/4 seconds, and 3rd, J. J. Hemmis, 21 1/2 seconds; all riding Harley-Davidsons.

Harley-Davidson riders defeated all competitors.



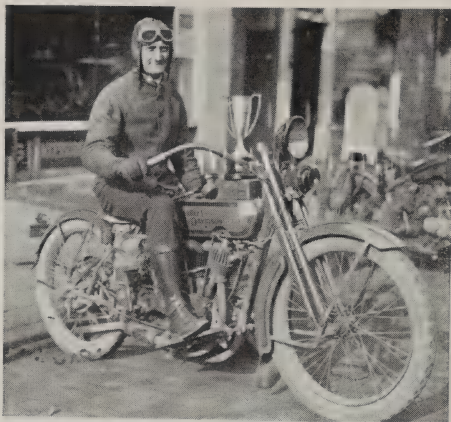
Hiram Thompson, the Texas whizzbang, who in a regular cyclone of speed, copped off all first places in the four events held in the recent Amarillo Tri-State Exposition Speedway races. Read all about it in the opposite column.

Three Harley-Davidson Riders Win East African Trials

In the annual motorcycle trials of the Royal East African Automobile Association held at Nairobi, British East Africa, recently, Harley-Davidson riders captured all the big honors. First place went to J. S. Douglas and the 1924 Harley-Davidson he purchased just three days previous to the trials. His petrol (gas) consumption was 98 miles per imperial gallon. M. S. Powell won second prize, riding his 1918 Harley-Davidson about 88 miles to the gallon. The gold medal for the best petrol consumption record also went to a Harley-Davidson rider, F. H. Johns, who obtained more than 100 miles per imperial gallon.

The course chosen was approximately fifty-four miles long, and covered to a great extent extremely hilly country and unfinished roads.

In a hill climb held near Christiania, Norway, recently, E. Vaumund won the long climb of 2520 meters in the excellent time of 2 minutes, 13.9 seconds, thereby setting a new record for the hill. Harley-Davidson also won the 61 Cubic Inch Solo Class, and both the 61 and 74 Cubic Inch Sidecar Classes. Thirty-four machines representing all the important makes started in the different classes.



Congratulations are now in order for Joe Warne of Rockford, Illinois, who won first prize in the Solo Class in the recent Freeport Endurance Run.

Grove Makes Best Time at Newark, New Jersey, Hill Climb

John Grove, Pennsylvania hill-hound, added to his long list of laurels when he steeple-jacked his way up the famous hill at Cedar Grove in New Jersey, October 26th, and won the 80 Professional event, making the best time of the day. "Smiling" John and his Harley-Davidson couldn't be touched and the rest of the boys had to be content with watching his dust. Alf Leng added to Harley-Davidson's string of wins by snipping off the 80 Amateur event in easy fashion. A big crowd of 20,000 sport hungry fans witnessed this demonstration of Harley-Davidson's hillclimb supremacy.

Kirk Breaks Hill Record at Akron in Sensational Climb

A. E. Kirk of Fairmont, West Virginia, bounced over the top of the Rubber City hill at Akron, O., recently, and set up a new hillclimb mark with his Harley-Davidson. In the 61" Open, Kirk took things easy and was content to win the event in 8 1/5 seconds. But in the 80 Open, he must have had his dander up because he flashed skyward like a bolt of Blue Ridge lightning and smashed the hill record, hitting the tape in 5 4/5 seconds. The 80 Closed Club event was also won by the Harley-Davidson, Schuelein taking it in 13 seconds.

Harley-Davidson Riders Win 227 Mile Freeport Endurance Run

WINNING both the solo and sidecar events, the Harley-Davidson boys down around Freeport, Ill., came through for a most convincing victory in the 227-mile grind put on by the Freeport Motorcycle Club.

Joe Warne, president of the Rockford Club, won the solo event with a 1000 perfect score and a 998 consistency mark. He was followed closely by four other Harley-Davidson riders, Henning Johnson with 997, Julius Kegel with 996, Harold Dole with 995, and Lester Rayhorn with 994.

In the sidecar event, Frank Hurst, Harley-Davidson factory salesman, ramblled into first place on a 1925 outfit, scoring 1000 perfect points and 993 for consistency. Ray Lorenz, also on a Harley-Davidson, was right behind him with a 992 mark.

Harley-Davidson Riders Win Swiss Championship Awards

BASING their decisions upon the results of the various championship races held during the year, the Switzerland Motorcycle Association recently honored five Harley-Davidson riders with the coveted Swiss Championship Awards. These annual awards were made as follows:

In the 61 Cubic Inch Amateur class, Ceresole, Harley-Davidson, was awarded first prize, and Gallera, Harley-Davidson, second.

In the 61 Cubic Inch Expert class, Carmine, Harley-Davidson, was given first prize, and Blickensdorfer, Harley-Davidson, second.

In the 61 Cubic Inch Expert Sidecar class, Charles Laeser, Harley-Davidson, received first prize.

"The Harley-Davidson Enthusiast" is published by the Harley-Davidson Motor Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and furnished gratis to all registered riders of Harley-Davidson motorcycles. Its circulation this month is 51,000.

Opportunities!

"It is not extraordinary circumstances, or rich friends, or large capital, that create the golden opportunities of life. It is something in the person that thinks and gets an idea, and seizes the first possible moment to do what he can toward developing it."—John Wanamaker.

HERE'S the story of a man who followed a "hunch." A. E. Kirk of Fairmont, W. Va., has been setting sales records in a territory that in previous years has been regarded as "dead," so far as motorcycle sales were concerned. The manner in which he became interested in the motorcycle business is particularly interesting, in view of the fact that he had no previous experience with motorcycles whatever.

One fine fall day Mr. Kirk happened to be traveling along a highway down toward Frederick, Md., when he chanced to come upon a large group of motorcycle enthusiasts, all of whom seemed to be having the time of their lives. Then came the "hunch"—why couldn't a lot of young fellows in Fairmont be interested in a proposition which offered as much real outdoor sport as these motorcyclists were having? Mr. Kirk's let-

ter to the Harley-Davidson Motor Company requesting a catalog was soon followed by his order for a demonstrator. During his first year as a dealer Mr. Kirk sold three new Harley-Davidson motorcycles and thus laid the foundation for a permanent and profitable business, selling 17 machines the next year, and 25 in 1924.

The motorcycle industry abounds with similar opportunities for intelligent wide-awake fellows who have the courage to step out of the line of plodders and get into the line of pluggers. Perhaps there is an opening for you in the Harley-Davidson dealer organization—a request for information addressed to the "Opportunity Desk" will be answered promptly.

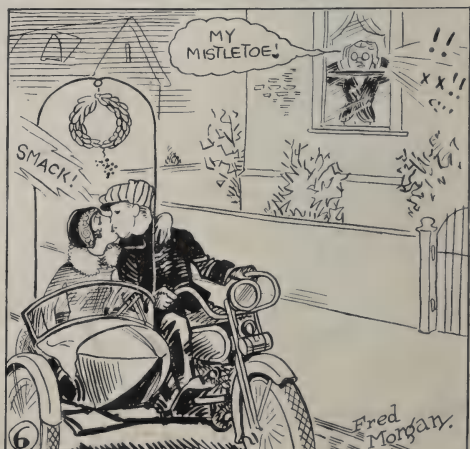
"The great secret of success in life is to be ready when your opportunity comes."—Disraeli.

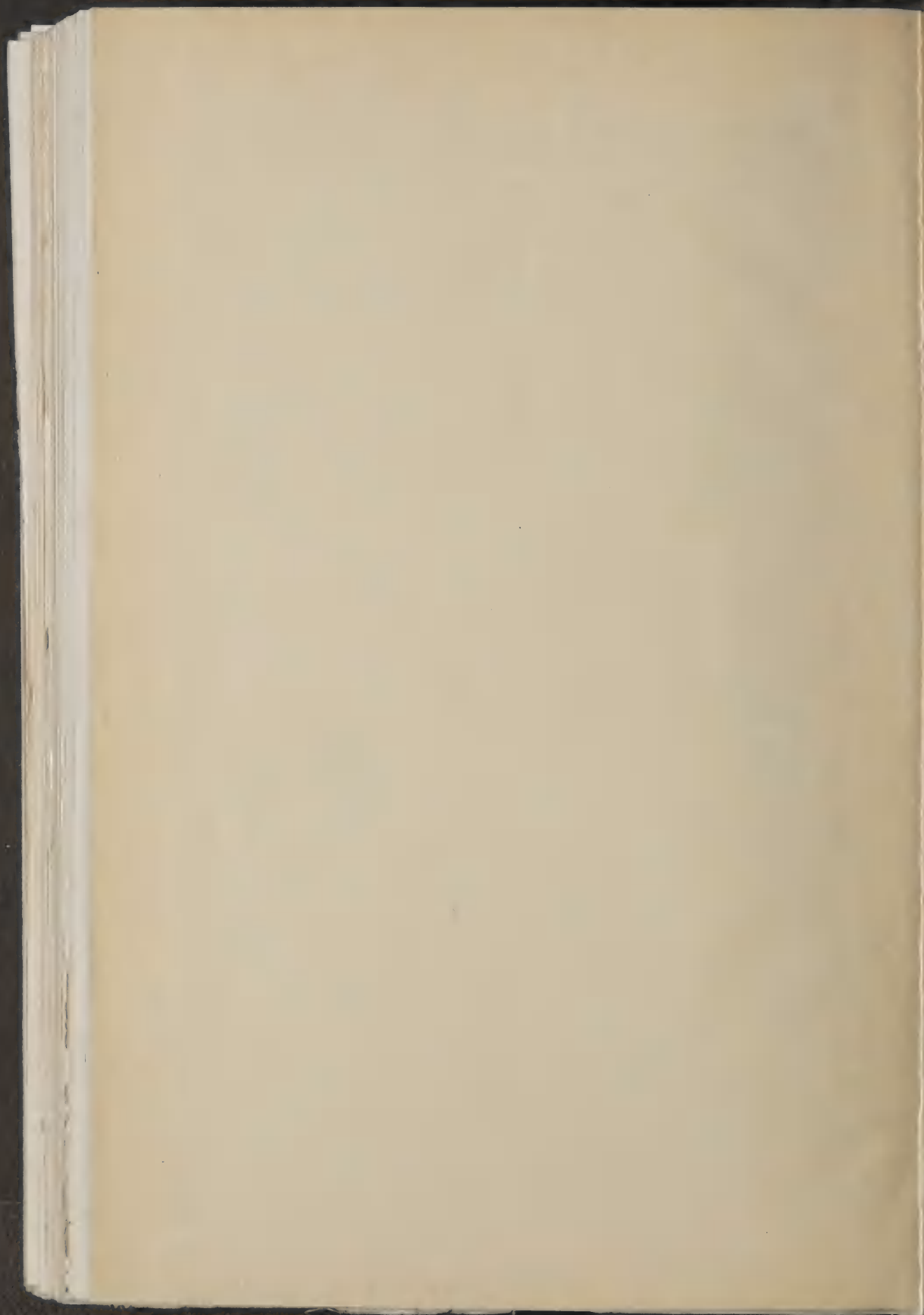


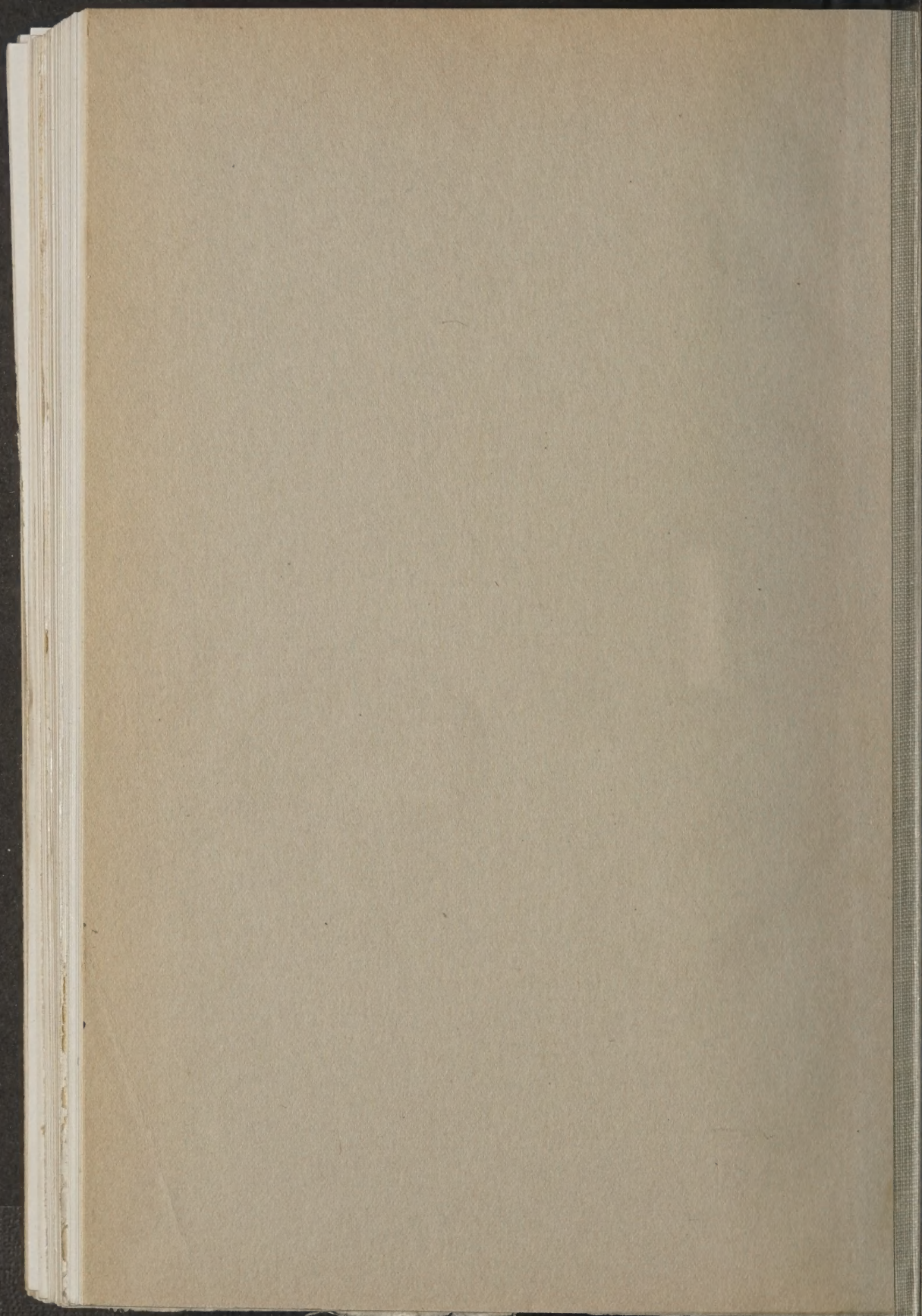
A line-up of some of Mr. A. E. Kirk's enthusiastic motorcyclists ready for a big day on the Open Road. Mr. Kirk's store is at the left.

Nobby Ned

SOME IDEAS ARE GREAT
IF BACKED BY SPEED AND
A HARLEY-DAVIDSON!







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